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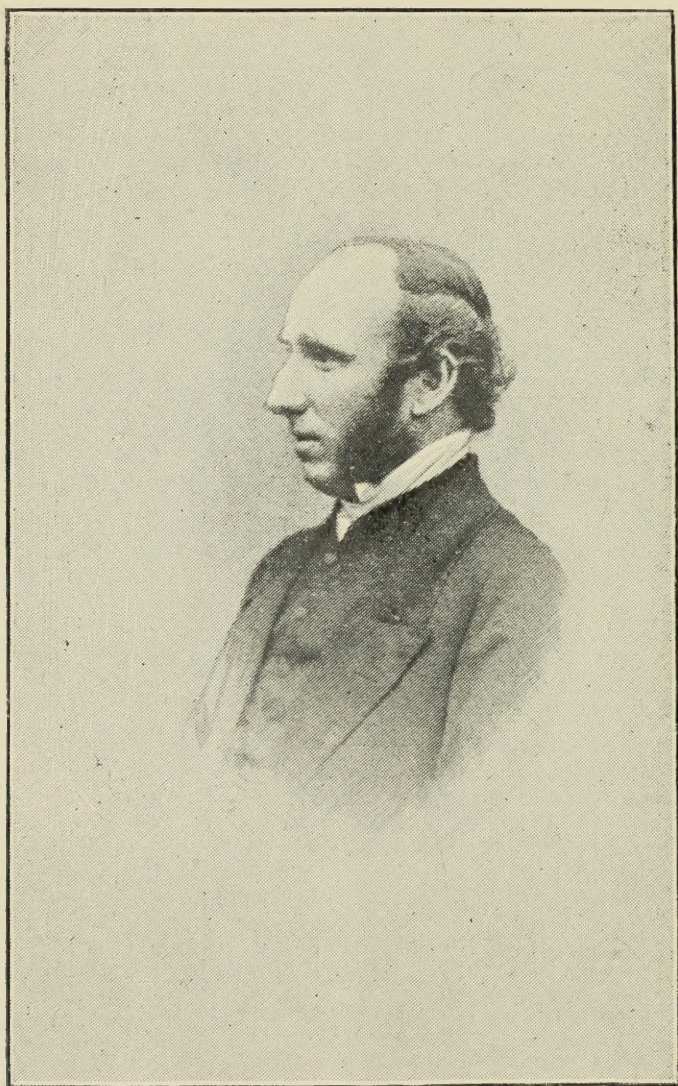
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ALEXANDER CAMERON

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# RELIQUIÆ CELTICÆ

TEXTS, PAPERS, AND STUDIES

IN

## Gaelic Literature and Philology

LEFT BY THE LATE

REV ALEXANDER CAMERON, LL.D.

EDITED BY

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A.,

AND

REV. JOHN KENNEDY.

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VOL. I.

### OSSIANICA.

Nach éisd thu tamull ri sgeul  
Air an Fhéinn nach fhac thu riamh?

*Oisean agus an Cléireach.*

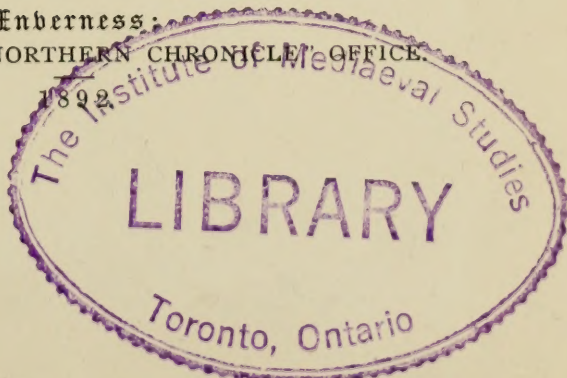
WITH MEMOIR OF DR. CAMERON.

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TEXTS, IMAGES AND SYMBOLS  
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In Memoriam

ALEXANDRI CAMERON, LL.D.,

*Nat: 14 Jul. 1827 ; ob: 24 Oct. 1888.*

“ Is fèarr gnúis Mhic nèimhe  
R’a faicsin ré aon lá,  
Na bh-feil do ór sa’ chruinne  
Bheith agad gu h-iomlán.”





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## PREFACE.

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It is now over three years since the death of Dr Cameron, of Brodick, and it is also over half that period since the Editors announced that his literary remains were in course of publication. The first part of these years was fully occupied in sorting the amorphous mass of papers that were left—it being no light task to bring the nameless *disjecta membra* together, in preparing them for publication, and, further, in procuring the wherewithal to publish them. The character and contents of this first volume will explain the slowness of its publication ; the mechanical difficulties of the printing, which have been so successfully and intelligently coped with by the individuals concerned in that work, the extreme care necessary in the proof-reading, and the writing of a biography, may be mentioned side by side with the fact that the Editors are both men busily engaged in the duties of their respective callings. The second volume, in the case of which some of the difficulties of the other do not occur, is expected to appear early in the coming publishing season.

Dr. Cameron's papers contained little beyond the raw materials of his studies : the transcript of the Edinburgh and other Gaelic MSS. formed by far the largest portion of them, and only in a few cases were these translated and edited, when such was necessary. In fact, the mind which could interpret these laboriously gathered facts of Gaelic literature, antiquities, and philology, was unfortunately but too little represented in the vast mass of papers that were left. His sense of accuracy in these matters was fatal to much output ; for example, when he made a mistake—even a slight literal mistake—in a sheet of transcript, that sheet was at once thrown aside ; and a goodly pile of the papers was composed of such “ broken fragments.” Nor was he always satisfied with one

transcription. Several of the poems in the Dean of Lismore's Book were transcribed over and over again, or they were read over and corrections or suggestions were entered on a transcription already made. These peculiarities have been retained in our issue of the poems from that book ; as Dr Cameron himself had not decided on—or, if he did, had not indicated—the reading which he preferred, we felt compelled to give his text as it stood, so far as this was possible in print.

We shall now briefly indicate all that Dr Cameron's papers contained. First, there were the contents of the present volume, save the last hundred pages, all more or less bearing on Ossianic poetry. He had further transcribed other Ossianic collections, which are, however, in print. Campbell's *Leabhar Na Féinne* is not an accurate book considered *literatim*, and Dr Cameron was impelled to transcribe one or two of his collections. In this way, he transcribed Fletcher's Collection (2500 lines), Macpherson's Staffa Collection, and the late M'Donald of Ferintosh's Collection. The latter he published in full in the 13th Volume of the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*. Jerome Stone's Collection he also transcribed, but this will be found under Professor Mackinnon's careful editing in the 14th Volume of the same Society's *Transactions*. A great part of M'Nicol's Collection—1063 lines—is also among his papers. Further, he wrote out a full copy of Ewen Maclachlan's transcript of the Dean of Lismore's Book ; and there are many minor poems and pieces that need not be detailed which he transcribed from their original sources. Besides this, there were the contents of the second volume, of which we shall speak presently.

The present work may be called a complete corpus of Ossianic poetry, for it contains at least one version of almost all the ballads in Campbell's *Leabhar Na Féinne*, besides having some poems peculiar to itself. In addition to pure Ossianic materials, there are several other poems from the Dean of Lismore's Book, while the Edinburgh MS. XLVIII. is printed nearly, and MS. LXII. altogether, in full. All the Ossianic poetry in the Dean's Book is given in this volume. The Book was published, though not in full, by Dr Maclauchlan in 1862. Of this really wonderful piece of pioneer work, Dr Cameron had, however, a mean opinion,

which he did not even shrink from putting into print, for in a note at page 175 of his *Scottish Celtic Review*, he says :—"The transcript of the Dean of Lismore's version of this ballad now published is free of many of the inaccuracies of previous transcripts." As will be seen, Dr Cameron has left modern versions of a few of these ballads of the Dean's, and translations of four of them into English. Of the 54 pieces here produced, only 6 are printed for the first time ; these will be found from page 106 to the end. The rest are in Dr Maclauchlan's edition. A few poems transcribed from various Edinburgh MSS. are thereafter printed, which were no doubt intended to elucidate the darkness of the Dean's text. In this way, we meet with two excellent versions of the ballad of the "Heads," which tells of the revenge taken by Conall Cernach for Cuchulinn's death.

The Edinburgh Gaelic MS. XLVIII., which comes next, is, like the Dean's Book, in the Advocates' Library. It is a paper manuscript of the 17th century, written by one of the M'Vurichs, the hereditary bards of Clanranald. Although it contains only two Ossianic poems, it was felt that its place was in the first volume, especially as it contains a version of the really beautiful poem beginning, "Se la gus an de," the Dean's, "Sai la guss in dei." This important MS. was never published before ; nor was MS. LXII., which follows it. This MS. belongs to the last century, and is in various writings. It forms one of Turner's collection of MSS., and its contents are sufficiently diversified—proverbs, English and Gaelic poems, an epitaph and a recipe, and two or three Ossianic ballads. Then follows the Rev. Alexander Campbell's (Skye) Collection of Ossianic ballads made about the year 1797. It is here printed for the first time, for Campbell of Islay did not get it in time for his *Leabhar Na Féinne*. Its intrinsic value is not great, but it is interesting as showing how Macphersonic poetry was manufactured last century in the fierce fight over the authenticity of "Ossian." Then there follows a series of highly important collections of Ossianic poetry never before published, and indeed regarded by Campbell of Islay as entirely lost. One of the best and most accurate collections ever sent to the Highland Society of Scotland at the beginning of the century was Peter Macfarlane's Collection, which is here printed



from the copy in the Maclagan MSS. Thereafter come Ossianic ballads from the Maclagan MSS. Mr Maclagan was minister of Blair-Athole, and died in 1805. His Collection, sent to the Highland Society, has been lost, but the materials from which he worked it were kept in his family, who kindly lent them to be utilised here, to make good the loss of the original. Mr Maclagan gave several of his collected ballads to Macpherson when he was on his tour of collection for his "Ossian;" Macpherson's letters to Maclagan are published in the Highland Society's *Report*, and in them he acknowledges and criticises the two ballads of *Duan a' Ghairbh* and *Teanntachd Mhor na Féinne*, both of which he distantly made use of for his "Fingal." The Collection made by the Rev. Mr Sage of Kildonan is important merely as being a Sutherland recension of the general stock of ballads. It is published from one of Dr Cameron's own MS. Collections—an MS. which would appear to have belonged once to Dr Stewart of Luss. It is a copy of the original Sage Collection, and the transcriber here, and in the other transcribed collections, makes editorial remarks and suggestions, which are all reproduced. Dr Cameron published Mr Sage's "Muireartach" in the *Scottish Celtic Review* for 1885. Sir George Mackenzie of Coul also transmitted a Collection of Ossianic ballads to the Highland Society, and the original cannot be found. Fortunately the loss can now be repaired from the copy in the MS. above mentioned as containing the Sage Collection. The importance of this Collection consists in the ballad descriptive of Cuchulinn's Chariot, of which only one other version really exists. The Maclagan, Sage, and Mackenzie Collections were made much use of by Dr Donald Smith in that extraordinary *tour de force* known as Appendix XV. to the Highland Society's *Report*, where he reproduces Gaelic for much of Macpherson's English "Fingal," from lines scattered through divers ballads, torn from their context and impressed into quite other surroundings. A comparison between the ballads here produced and his work will not tend to lessen our admiration for his ingenuity, though it may not heighten our regard for the honesty of the whole performance. Our volume ends with corrections on Campbell's *Leabhar na Féinne*, from Dr Cameron's transcript of the M'Nicol MSS.

The Second Volume will be of a more diversified character than the present, for texts and transcripts will be supplemented by literature and philology. The Fernaig MS. will hold the first place; this is a collection of original and other songs made by Duncan Macrae in Kintail at the end of the 17th century—just two hundred years ago. It was only lately discovered, and has not been printed before. Next to the Dean of Lismore's Book, it is the most important document we possess in the history of Scottish Gaelic; it is, like the Dean's work, written phonetically and in native Gaelic. Then will come an important collection of poetry made by Turner at the beginning of the century, and preserved in the Advocates' Library, where it is marked XIV. Dr Cameron himself thought very highly of this collection, and it will now for the first time see the light. The story of Deirdre will also be given, as it appears in the Edinburgh MS. LVI., belonging to the 17th or 18th century; this is the fullest form of the story. The account in the famous Glenmasain MS. will also be given. A translation into English will accompany the story. The early history of the Macdonalds will be given from the Clanranald manuscript, written by M'Vurich, the seanachie, towards the end of the 17th century. Proverbs not appearing in Sheriff Nicolson's book, and a collection of Dr Cameron's translation of some English hymns and poems will follow. Then some essays and papers will come, dealing with topography (two papers), Gaelic books and Gaelic speech (two papers, one in Gaelic and one in English), and one or two philological essays. Thereafter will appear several philological analyses of old Gaelic passages, such as the Legend of Deer, Deirdre's Lament for Alba, &c. And, finally, will be given a full lexicon of all the Gaelic etymologies which Dr Cameron has left, published or unpublished.

The Etymological Dictionary of Gaelic, which Dr Cameron was engaged upon, and of which such high expectations have been expressed to the Editors, was unfortunately never completed. It deals with considerably under a third of the Gaelic vocabulary, and Dr Cameron had added nothing to it since about the year 1878: nearly all the etymological work that he did after that date appeared in the *Scottish Celtic Review*, while his work previous to the Dictionary, and embodied therein, appeared in the first three

volumes of the *Gael* (years 1872-74). Dr Cameron's etymological work up to the last covers scarcely a third part of what would be necessary for a complete Etymological Dictionary. In the circumstances all etymologies that he has at any time and anywhere—published or unpublished—offered, will be brought together in alphabetic order under the heading of a "Glossary of Gaelic Etymology," at the end of the Second Volume as already mentioned, and the sources of the derivation will be indicated in such a way that the old derivations offered in the *Gael* will be differentiated from the newer and better work in the *Scottish Celtic Review*. Where the derivations seem to be behind the requirements of modern research, as in the case of many derivations which appear in the *Gael*, an addendum will be made by the Editors in each case which will give what is now believed to be the correct etymology. The idea of publishing a separate Etymological Dictionary, completing and incorporating Dr Cameron's etymological work, has been abandoned, and that work will appear independently in all respects.

The Editors—and in what we are about to say all lovers of the language and heroic literature of the Gael will agree—cannot close this preface without expressing their deep debt of gratitude to those through whose kindness it has been possible to publish these volumes. To Sir William Mackinnon, Bart., Balinakill, in especial, and to R. Kidston, Esq., Ferniegair, is due the appearance of these volumes; on the initiative of the former, and by the influence of both, the proprietors of the Lamplash Iron Kirk, as detailed in the Memoir which follows, devoted more than the half of the money realised by its sale to the publication of Dr Cameron's literary remains. Nor need the people of Lamplash, though at first disinclined to purchase the church, which was afterwards re-sold, feel regret that they have indirectly done a double and graceful duty in enabling these two volumes to appear as a monument to Dr Cameron's memory, and as the best contribution yet made to the study of the antiquities and literature of their native Gaelic tongue. Thanks are also due to the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland for permitting the publication of the transcripts made from their manuscripts in the Advocates' Library.



# MEMOIR OF DR CAMERON.



## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY DAYS.

BADENOCH is one of the most interior and elevated districts in Scotland ; it lies on the northern watershed of the Grampians, and forms a long valley with many abutting glens, which is bounded on the north by the lofty Monadh-lia range, and stands some eight hundred feet above sea level. No place can more truly answer Scott's description of general Scottish scenery ; it is a

“ Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood.”

Indeed, the local etymologists maintain that the name means the Land of Wood-clumps, nor does the scientist in language detract from the descriptive accuracy of Scott's lines as applied to Badenoch by resolving the name, doubtless with accuracy, into the Land of Floods. Mountains and Alpine grandeur, however, are its most prominent characteristics.

A land, too, of storms, with a short stormy history. The first historical references to Badenoch occur in the thirteenth century, when it formed the strong place of the princely family of Cumming. John Comyn, Lord of Badenoch, for three generations—father, son, and grandson—stood forward as the most formidable rivals of the Baliols and Bruces for the throne of Scotland. A century later, Alexander Stewart, King Robert's son, earned by his sanguinary embroilments with prelates and peers the ominous title of Wolf of Badenoch ; but he died in the odour of sanctity,

leaving the Badenoch clans in a state of turmoil which the enigmatic fight at the North Inch of Perth (1396) does not seem to have done much to calm. Then the Gordons, Earls of Huntly, after a time of trouble, succeeded to the lordship about the middle of the fifteenth century (1451); and they ruled the native Clan Chattan with policy and prudence, which met with fair success. The various rebellions in favour of the Stuarts saw Badenoch loyal to the Royal cause. Macpherson, younger of Cluny, with three hundred of Clan Chattan, joined Montrose in 1644, and in the two risings of the eighteenth century Badenoch was art and part. Indeed, there is a fond belief that had the hardy Macphersons, the finest troops in Prince Charlie's army, been not too late for Culloden Field, that day would have been another Bannockburn for the Stuart cause :

"Another sight had seen that morn,  
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,  
*Culloden* had been Bannockbourne."

The inhabitants of Badenoch, previous to the Saxon immigration that has marked the last generation or two, were a comparatively homogeneous race of Celtic descent. Clan Chattan names were, and as yet are, predominant, such as Macpherson, Mackintosh, Cattanach, and Shaw, with off-shoots of the same like Macbain, Gow, and Clark. Intrusions of long standing from neighbouring clans existed in the case of the Camerons and Macdonalds from Lochaber, the Grants from Strathspey, and the Macintyres in Glentromie, besides some Stewarts and other sporadic clan names. A more distant family name, hailing from Celtic Ayrshire originally, was that of Kennedy, long established in Badenoch; and the Border name of Bell had intruded itself for some time. In physique the people of Badenoch were a stalwart race, a darker haired edition of Tacitus' large-limbed and ruddy Caledonians, whose true descendants they were in physical and mental respects, and more especially in their martial character. Badenoch, at the end of last century and the beginning of this, had produced almost numberless officers for the British Army, not to speak of private soldiers and others in minor positions of military trust. Almost every second tacksman in the first quarter of this century in Badenoch was an officer, and the name

“Captain Macpherson” recurred with a frequency that must have been sorely trying to the postal arrangements of the time.

The people lived on the produce and products of their own district. Oats, barley, rye, and, when introduced, potatoes, formed the staple of cultivation. The Highland or black cattle was their mainstay ; and these, with horses, sheep, and goats, were reared in fair abundance and exported to be sold for payment of rent and the providing of luxuries. The chief trades were those of blacksmith, weaver, shoemaker, and tailor ; for the black houses which formed the only abodes of the people did not much require the skill of mason and carpenter, though these did exist. Badenoch was in fact an Alpine Arcadia, tempered with the visitations of raiding and war in earlier times, and of famine and epidemics at all times. Illicit distilling of whiskey was, as might naturally be expected, carried on pretty extensively in the mountain fastnesses of Badenoch ; and stirring incidents by moor and corrie are yet related of grandsires, often men of undoubted piety, who were engaged in this traffic, risky as it was, but rarely, if ever, regarded as morally wrong.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century Badenoch could boast of having the only school existent between Speymouth and Lorne : it was established at Ruthven village, the then capital of the district. The reverend authors of the “Survey of the Province of Moray,” published in 1798, record that few of the older people could read, and that the population was characterised by “moderation in religious opinions” (Kingussie) or by being “rather ignorant of the principles of religion” (Alvie) ; they were hospitable but given to dram-drinking, brave but quarrelsome, and so forth. Waves of religious awakening, long in movement in the Lowlands, were slowly penetrating the Highland glens, and Badenoch too felt them. As a consequence, there arose a number of earnest men who by word and example taught the people Christian truth and practice. The efforts of these good men were ably seconded and guided in Badenoch for the greater part of the first quarter of this century by the Rev. John Robertson, minister of Kingussie, who in his character “was a happy union of great intellect, fervent and rational piety, unswerving fidelity in his Master’s cause, and zeal tempered by wisdom and controlled by



discriminating prudence." The result of this was that the moderatism and lack of evangelical zeal which marked the clergy elsewhere, and developed separatist tendencies in the earnest and devout men of their congregations, thus raising these to a separate caste known as "the Men," did not exist in Badenoch, and ministers, office-bearers, and people worked harmoniously together for good. But the old semi-pagan, semi-Christian ideas died hard, as one amusing case may illustrate. The head of a certain household failed badly in answering the questions put by the minister, prior to granting baptism, but brought the matter to a sudden conclusion by offering his examiner, as a substitute for religious knowledge, the best cart of peats he ever got in his life !

The old Celtic Paganism survived the several centuries of Roman Catholic and Protestant religious domination in the form of superstitious beliefs and practices ; and its mythology became the hero and folk tales current among the people, those "idle, hurtful, lying, secular stories" about the De Danans, the Milesians, and the Feinne, which Bishop Carsewell complains of in 1567 as being the literary and intellectual pabulum of the time, instead of the "faithful words of God and the perfect way of truth." Superstition in Badenoch lost its hold sooner almost than in any other place in the North : at the beginning of this century it was decidedly in the background of belief and practice, despite the rude shock which the popular imagination received over the Loss of Gaick—Call Ghàig—that epoch-dating event, when on the last Christmas of last century, Captain Macpherson of Ballachroan and four others were choked to death by an avalanche of snow which carried away their bothie and one of their number. The Captain was a noted press-ganger, and his death was attributed to compacts which he had made with his Satanic majesty according to the fashion usual in folk tales.

The history of Badenoch as a land of literary talent dates from 1758, when James Macpherson published his poem of "The Highlander." This gifted man was then schoolmaster at Ruthven and also a student of Divinity. Under inducements from Home and Blair, he published, in 1760, "Fragments of Ancient Poetry," and soon thereafter there appeared his "Ossian" in two consecu-

tive volumes, which purported to be a translation from the Gaelic. The work became immediately popular, and Macpherson's fame soon spread over the civilised world. His contemporary and friend, Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashie, was a Gaelic poet of no mean calibre; and towards the end of the century Mrs Grant of Laggan made Badenoch classic ground by her "Letters from the Mountains" and other works in prose and verse. The theme of the Loss of Gaick was sung of by Duncan Gow, and in still more beautiful poetry by Malcolm Macintyre, better known all over the Highlands as Calum Dubh nam Protaithean. Calum composed several poems, and he takes a good position among the minor bards of the Gael. Religious poetry finds, at the beginning of the century, a most fitting exponent in Mrs Clark, better known as Bean Torradhamh, whose lyrics are full of Christian fervour and alive with touches that denote deep experience of a soul in communion with God.

Such, then, were the surroundings alike of place, people, and culture wherein were cast the early days of the subject of this brief memoir. Within three miles east of Kingussie, not far from the foot of the Grampian range of mountains at Torcroy, Alexander Cameron was born on the 14th of July, 1827.

The spot is still pointed out in a sequestered nook, from which there is a fine and far view of the fertile valley of the rapid River Spey, which here moderates its speed and winds slowly through many miles of meadow. It is worthy of note that scarcely two miles distant is Ruthven, where James Macpherson, already alluded to, taught his little school in his earlier and less famous years. Thus the boyhood of the renowned "Translator," and of the famous Celtic Philologist, was passed amidst the same scenes, and both were destined to make and leave their mark in Gaelic literature and Celtic scholarship according to the respective bent of their genius. If there is much in a name there is also something in certain places—an indefinable influence or inspiration which seizes and sharpens the mind and seems to revivify the past. Witness Wordsworth visiting and revisiting Yarrow, and Dr Johnson's encomium on Iona and Marathon.

"There are in our existence spots of time,  
That with distinct pre-eminence retain  
A renovating virtue."

John Cameron, the father of Alexander, and Grace Cattanach, his mother, were both very shrewd, far-seeing, and industrious people, who had to make the best of somewhat narrow and difficult circumstances. I had the good fortune, lately, to meet Isabella Macpherson, Drumguish, who is at present within two years of being a centenarian. She expressed great admiration for John and Grace Cameron, whom she knew well—adding, that the former was disposed to view things in a calmer manner than the latter, who was invariably full of vigour and activity. The early years of Alexander were passed in the ordinary way in the playful companionship of his younger and only brother, John, but even then it was noticed that the bent of his mind was of a serious and inquiring character. His parents, while the family were yet young, removed to Drumguish, where they resided for the rest of their lives. The attachment which Mr Cameron formed and always felt for this place appears from a story he was fond of telling about a Drumguish native who had been over a great part of the world and who used to remark, “After all, I have seen no prettier spot than our own black hillocks here.”

While still young, Alexander went to reside with a maternal maiden aunt—May Cattanach—at Kingussie, to be near the school; and it would seem from repeated statements of his that this good woman had as much as anyone to do in the forming of his future character and career. She was one of the most pious and upright women of her time, and her memory is still fragrant throughout the whole district. She was exceedingly kind to her charge, and, doubtless, early directed his thoughts to the things that are unseen and eternal. She was one of the most unassuming of Christians, and would have been most surprised if anyone were to regard her save as one of the most unworthy. And yet that was one among many proofs that she was rich in faith and an heir of the kingdom of heaven. Under such good influence, and with such a bright example brought daily to bear upon him, he began to turn his thoughts to serious subjects.

But he was not without interest in mundane matters, for one of his earliest recollections was the crowning of Queen Victoria—the glad event having been associated in his memory with the unusual appearance of the Royal Mail, which displayed a great



deal of bunting and many flags in honour of the occasion. At that time in the quiet village of Kingussie, the passing of the "Big Coach" was the great event of each day, when home-going or school-going, or perchance occasionally truant-going children, unobserved by the guard—and if he were a kindly man sometimes not unobserved—used to stealthily climb on the step behind, and for a mile or two quietly cling to it—a feat that made a boy proud and envied for many a day. How changed the scene has become since then! Trains by the dozen hurry through the place now, and hundreds of tourists locate themselves in every available corner for the summer and autumn months.

It is hardly necessary here to do more than merely advert to the "Ten Years' Conflict" that culminated in the Disruption of the Church of Scotland in 1843, and in the founding of the Free Church. It was a time of profound anxiety and upheaval throughout the land, and not less so in the Highlands. The Headship of Christ over His Church and over the nations, that is to say, spiritual independence combined and co-ordinate with national recognition of Christ as Governor among the nations, was the great underlying principle that created the fervour and called forth the faithfulness that caused the Disruption. Badenoch felt the force of this far-reaching movement, and responded thereto as pastor and people left the Church of their fathers, which they dearly loved, because loyalty and duty demanded the sacrifice. The sudden severance of life-long ties, and the loss of this world's goods, must have been poignantly painful, but the reward—immediate in their own hearts, and prospective on earth and in heaven—was amply sufficient to sustain them in every difficulty and disappointment. Nor were their hope and faith in vain, as the event proved.

May Cattanach and her favourite ward and pupil took a lively interest in the proceedings, and cast in their lot with the Church of Scotland, free. Perhaps this struggle through which Mr Cameron passed at scarce sixteen to some extent accounts for his firm attitude in dealing with ecclesiastical questions to the very end of his life. Be that as it may, it was shortly after this that he was observed to be a keen listener and an appreciative hearer of the powerful addresses delivered by the famous Apostle of the

North—Dr John Macdonald of Ferintosh. And, not satisfied with all that he heard at Kingussie from the great preacher, he was accustomed, when comforts and conveniences were not so common as now-a-days, to follow him to Rothiemurchus and elsewhere—the outward and widely-noted beginning of that seeking after God which did not cease until breath failed and the seeker passed through the gates into the city to find and eternally enjoy the beatific vision.

It is slightly difficult to fix the dates of his attendance at school, or discuss the merits and influence of his respective teachers, although the writer has heard him once and again refer to this interesting part of his past career. Mr Rutherford, a well-known and widely respected teacher at Kingussie, would appear to have been his first master. But he was for a short time in attendance at Insh School, under Mr Patrick Grant, who was better known afterwards as a successful teacher for many years at Baldow, Alvie. Probably it was at Insh that he got his first smattering of Latin, where several not unknown scholars afterwards pored over their rudiments and formed friendships which the fleeting years have only consolidated. He then returned to his former teacher, who was, like most of the old dominies, a somewhat strict disciplinarian, but who seems to have taken kindly to his promising pupil and to have encouraged him in every possible manner. Like many others similarly situated at that time, Mr Rutherford, while teaching others, was himself acquiring knowledge, and had in view to study, or was actually studying, for the ministry. He was thus, naturally, more interested in, and perhaps more fitted to teach and help, boys of parts in their efforts to better themselves. Eventually he attained his goal, and became parish minister of Rothiemurchus. It was to him that the thirty lost poems of Mrs Clark, of Torra-dhamh, already alluded to, are believed to have been entrusted, but what became of them is unfortunately unknown.

Mr Cameron had by this time made such progress as to be deemed fit to conduct a side school at Glenfeshie, when, as he thought himself, he was hardly fit to teach, but rather required to be taught—an estimate of his own attainments which remained with him to the end. There are not a few of his old pupils still

living who have testified to the unusual amount of painstaking labour he bestowed upon them—many of whom were far older and taller than their teacher. It was the general habit then for lads—and others beyond their 'teens—to work manually in summer and attend school during the quiet winter months. His short term of teaching in this then somewhat solitary, though well-peopled glen, earned for him a reputation for thoroughness in work and good discipline that has not yet ceased to be talked about.

Relieved from his winter task, he returned to Kingussie School, now under the able guidance of Mr David Bruce—a native of Kirriemuir, the birthplace of many distinguished men, and likely to be immortalised under its new name of “Thrums.” Mr Bruce was a very good classical scholar and a splendid teacher, who succeeded in imparting to his pupils somewhat of his own enthusiasm. Under him Mr Cameron made great progress in Latin and got on well with Greek, and the good grounding thus given accounts for much of his subsequent success, and for part of his indomitable perseverance in confronting and solving difficulties. He was also indebted to Mr Nimmo and to Mr Henderson, who relieved the principal teacher while prosecuting his own University or Hall studies. The former and himself used to meet and study after school hours, and they became fast friends; and the latter used to encourage him to proceed with his literary pursuits whatever obstacles might obstruct his path. But without doubt Mr Bruce exercised most influence over him, and the intimacy early formed was continued, as a subsequent correspondence proves. And perhaps the best possible portrait of the teacher, and a not uninteresting glimpse of his environment at Kingussie, as well as instructive side-lights on a later period in his pupil's career, can be got by the perusal of the four following letters from his own pen. A deep undertone of sadness, bordering on melancholy, mainly due to ill-health, pervades the otherwise bright and cheerful character revealed in these unpremeditated utterances, which are worthy of preservation for intrinsic merit and interest, in addition to being, so far as I know, the only remaining memorials of a man whose worth and gifts, had health been his, would have secured for him a place—not the lowest—in the literary galaxy that arose from and sheds lustre on “Thrums.” At the date of



the letters, Mr Cameron was pursuing his studies at the Edinburgh University.

“Kingussie, 5th May, 1854.

“DEAR SIR,—I was agreeably relieved from my uncertainty as to your whereabouts by the receipt of a letter yesterday. I had previously sent off a letter to Edinburgh, having lost all patience, which perhaps may have been forwarded to you from thence.

“I supposed you had found some employment for the summer in that quarter, not thinking that you had after all gone to the Western Isles. I daresay Islay is a rather more agreeable place of residence than Skye, and the preaching will be more pleasant when not combined with the teaching, which at best is but drudgery. I wish I could get a person to whom I could hand over the school and join you in your retreat, but I fear the matter cannot be well managed at present. If no unforeseen event do not prevent it, I shall try to gratify my long-cherished wish to visit the Hebrides in the autumn—at least it will afford some gratification the dreaming over the pleasures that I will enjoy there, to say nothing of the restored health, which certainly needs some renovation. You will have fine opportunity of study—nature and books—long walks, and an open-air closet in sight of the rolling sea. But I must not envy you ; there is work for you in addition to these.

“My own life here is still as dull, as irksome as ever—nothing to keep the spirits from flagging—no comforts, no hope. For the last fortnight I have been again very far from well—the side and chest, and other symptoms highly developed—and the cough still remains constant. I am able to keep the school on ; the work is now lighter, but I never enjoy one agreeable moment—one quite free from pain.

“The letter arrived before the parcel, which your aunt delivered in the evening. Perhaps it was too heavy for Alick, who is but a tender boy, or you may have enclosed it in that addressed to your mother. I delivered the parcel at the bank, but the lady was at Ballachroan, so I could not give it into her own hand. The other I entrusted to Miss M’K.

“Macaulay I am well satisfied with, but he is not a profound writer, though he possesses the art of making his matter interesting. How different from Coleridge’s glances, which can pierce through millstones. Heine is but a trifle ; but I should like the whole of the poems of that writer, who is a great favourite, could I get a bargain. I am very ill-off at present, having no means of getting catalogues or knowing what books are to be had. I expected Poetoe Gnomiei along with the Anacreon, but I supposed you overlooked it. The Oxford Herodotus I should have liked but for

its price ; but I think it was more prudent in me to get rather an additional Tauchnitz or two and be content with inferior paper. Was it in boards ? If not, it would require to be bound before it could be used much. I was thinking since of getting De Quincey—second vol.—and the Landor, there being scarcely another choice at present, and to live here at all I must have books ; but I am at a loss as to how to get them. Could you recommend me to your friend, or order for me—the deduction on foreign books seems tempting.

“The *Athenæum* is rather dull, but there seems no substitute but the *Critic*. The *Critic* was offered at half-price to all the clergy I know, direct from the office, and it is twitted with it in the last *Athenæum*. The *Critic* is flimsy, but it contains extracts from the new books, and a greater amount of literary gossip—including Continental, which the *Ath*- does not deal in. The *Revue* is dear. But enough of books at present.

“I can hardly venture on the country news, for I hear very little, and reports are not always faithful. Nothing but Australia—Peter Ferguson among the number. Miss Grant is still in the country ; she arrived in Kingussie yesterday from Lynwilg, but I have not been blessed with an angel glimpse. Perhaps you saw Ann in Edinburgh ; she is receiving a month’s polish before the voyage. I heard the Catechist, &c., were again in Ross-shire laying snares for the Rev. D. Campbell—he seems very difficult to take. If you make haste you may yet be in time for Kingussie Church, for it does not appear likely to be filled soon. My stock seems scantier than I thought it, for I can recollect no new particulars at present. I never stir abroad to get news, and my own thoughts are chiefly occupied with books, when cold or rain or other evil does not prevent all thinking.

“Have you made any additions to your book store ? This winter I have got next to nothing, and now I would fain buy if I knew what, or how they could be conveniently and cheaply procured. It will be better that the *Athenæum*, if we continue it, come to me first, as I suppose it will make little difference to you, but a good deal to me. Do tell what your posts are, how long a letter takes to reach you, and on what day it were better to post. I shall be delighted to write once a week ; but I am afraid my letters will be found rather barren. I shall expect to hear from you soon, and as I want both time and matter to fill another sheet at present, I shall make my next one the longer. I shall be able then, I hope, to give my impressions of Miss Gr——, and shall meantime keep my ears open for all sort of news. Miss M——, though anything but a favourite, has a tongue which very few indeed can match. I am in constant admiration of its wonderful pliability, but as



horned cattle pay for the superfluous bone by wanting the upper teeth, so that lady pays for the development of her tongue by the total want of a heart. Write soon.—Yours truly,

DAVID BRUCE."

"Kingussie, 1st July, 1854.

"DEAR SIR,—I received this morning your letter. I had all but given up hopes of again hearing from you, as it was reported you intended coming immediately to Badenoch, and your silence seemed to confirm it. The arrival of the newspapers somewhat shook my belief, and now your letter sets me to inquire how such a report could have arisen. The winds and waves seem of all things the most capricious and least to be depended on—it does seem strange that my letters, written with a week's interval between them, should arrive together; but stranger still that you should not have received the two *Athenæums* I sent off at the same time with the last letter. I hope you have got them before this, but the letter and they ought to have been received at the same time.

"I am glad to find that you are in such good health, for I was inclined to fear, knowing that you would not quit Islay unless there should be a serious break down; but too much of that absurd affair—I mean the report. My own health is still indifferent—I can scarcely say whether I am better or worse. I cough less, but the pains in the side and chest, shoulder, &c., have rather increased in intensity. The weather this week has been cold, and I have suffered much from rheumatism. Happy you who are blessed with a mild climate; and as for the dullness, I suppose this anomalous season, it prevails everywhere. I do not altogether let my spirits sink, uncomfortably as I am situated. Surely you ought to think better of a disciple of Carlyle, one at least who admires his Stoical preachments, though one can only approximate to the putting of them in practice. I am glad you have got the *Johnson* (of course I have it); it is Carlyle all over, and is considered one of his best papers. I think *Johnson* is greatly over-estimated, as well as the book which records his sayings and doings, viz., *Boswell*; and I can only account for the extraordinary value put upon it by supposing Carlyle to have formed a liking to it in his youth; and as it is suggestive enough, to have derived some of those ideas from it which he knows how to make the most of. You must have noticed that Carlyle's is not a very rich mind in new thoughts, ideas, whatever the case may be with images—that his forms but a scanty stock, and that he deals greatly in self-repetition. There is little in the article on *Johnson* which is not to be found in the *Sartor*, except some vivid descriptions, and these Carlyle is a master of. I would advise



you to get the article on *Burns*, I think it much superior to the *Johnson*. I should like Carlyle's Miscel. infinitely, but I will not be able to get at them at present. In the meantime I shall be satisfied with *Lamb*, which I hope you have ordered. I was disappointed in your not having mentioned it in your letter. My reason for troubling you was that I was not pleased with Mr Macdonald's, and was afraid he would keep me waiting months, and yet I may gain nothing in point of time by writing to you. The distance between us is so great, and though I request you particularly to say ay or no, you neglect, and I am left at a loss. Do let me know as soon as possible if you have ordered Lamb's Works (12s, Bohn), containing his letters and final memorials, and advertised in the *Athen.* for June 24th. Along with *Macaulay*, I should like De Quincey's Autobiogr. Sketches, vol. II. (I have the first). I do not think it is over the weight, and forms a readable book. I am intent on buying German books, but am at a loss how to get them from London. The P.O. does not suit for large books any more than for small ones, like Trübner's Classics. But enough of book buying. I have been driven to my Greek of late, and been making great effort to admire. You may judge from that how hard up I am for something fresh.

"You were amused with the parasol, but I see nothing wonderful in a young lady's making the best possible use of it. In the case I mentioned, the gentleman was in delicate health and might have been injured by the rain; and perhaps the story may be apocryphal after all. I had it from a lady whose youngest son had tackled her by asking "Is Miss H. and Mr M. papa and mama?" He had observed them returning from a walk protected from a shower by the same parasol. They were in the country at the time, and it was summer, and in setting out, rain had not been expected. I hear of no more marriages in this quarter. The Miss Grants have sailed—at least, I suppose so, for I have not seen the father since the important day. I am sorry for Dody, for they scarcely allowed her time to know her own mind. I was sorry to hear of the death of your cousin at Strone; it was very sudden; he was taken ill at the market, and died next day. At least, I suppose it to be your cousin, as the young man's parents attend Mr G.'s Church. The great Australian Robertson is also reported to be dead—in real truth he was dead long ago, for such life as he led was no life. People still keep moving in that direction—Australia is still in favour. I hear that a deputation has gone off to take home the great Mr Campbell, but have learnt no particulars.

"I have been interrupted by a visit from the Insh Enlightener. He is welcome, because I have so seldom an opportunity of opening my mouth with anything like freedom; but really he is too far

back. It becomes quite painful to hear the notions of books and literary matters he gives vent to. He had had my Carlyle's *Johnson* on loan, and he is quite delighted with the funny things C. says. He is of opinion that it is a very diverting book, and that reading such nonsense makes good pastime. Only think—C., who makes of literature so serious a matter, and to whom the great charge laid by lovers of amusement is that he makes too great demands on his readers—that he is obscure, unintelligible—viewed only as a diverting writer. Do you think my friend understood him in the least, for all the Carlylean doctrines are implied (in), and may be evolved from, that article? But it is the same with all books in this man's hands, yet I have allowed him to carry off "*Tristram Shandy*," notwithstanding my fears he may make a bad use of it in more senses than one. He has prevented my scrawl being sent off to-night, and brought me no news to help make up for it, but wind and tide being so uncertain it may make no difference. Don't forget *Lamb* at least. I have not yet got a list of the University Library. I see the cheap edition of *Waverley* is out, but I am not particular about that. The Classics I wish much. If the postage for *Lamb* do not exceed 1s I should like it by post; but perhaps these minute directions are rather troublesome. I do so long for something new, you will excuse me. I saw the prospectus of Stewart's works, but they did not excite any strong wish to possess them. Hamilton's Notes on the Dissertation, if as copious as on *Reid*, must be curious. Many of Stewart's blunders are rather of a glaring sort; while Hamilton's acquaintance with the history of philosophy, even in its obscurest departments, is unmatched at least in this country. Write soon.—Yours sincerely,

DAVID BRUCE."

"Kingussie, 24th July, 1854.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I received both your letters with the 'Witness' yesterday, though they bore the post-mark of the 22nd. How it came about that I did not receive them on Saturday perhaps Miss M'K. could explain. She knew I was impatient for a letter, and perhaps wished to annoy a little. I sent a boy to the Post-Office on Saturday to inquire, and the way to punish me was to deliver them on the morning of the Sunday, with the information that they had had occasion to send. Your explanation as to the posts and the marks on the back of the letters, leave little doubt as to how the matter really stood, which I regret the more because I am prevented from returning an early answer to your letters. The present scrawl, though I send it off to-night, will scarcely reach you sooner than if posted on Saturday next—at least it is a doubtful point. Those winds and waves are unmanageable things.



“As to the report of your return to Badenoch, I learned on subsequent enquiry that there was no good foundation for it, and I would not have given credence to it for a moment had not your silence of a month’s continuance seemed to confirm it. My other intelligence of your cousin’s death is only too true. The young man intended to have gone to Australia, but was taken ill on the day of the market, and died after a day’s illness. The father is still hale and vigorous. He was present at church at the Sacramental services, and Mr Grant having to speak of him I mentioned the son’s death, which he confirmed. The old man was present at twelve battles, and came off without a scratch. How few are able to tell the same tale ! Certainly he was a favourite of fortune ; and as he was are all fighters more or less in some sense or other. I hope you will get as safely through your life-battles. I am sure you would not take it as a compliment to be left with the baggage.

“I have dined thrice at the Manse on these occasions. It is wonderful, but I cannot say “no” when I have no reason to give that I like to put forward. I suppose it will take me a week to digest these dinners, which were very good, and which I got over without my cough being in a considerable degree ruffled. I have even got a couple of invitations, from Mr Rutherford and Grant of Cromdale—the first may be sincere—but I am not very anxious to comply with either. I would rather Islay, which I must still look upon as rather uncertain. I expected to have been able to give the play early, but that house of mine is such a tormenting business, and I must try to have a meeting brought about and something definite come to before I can leave for anywhere. I cannot pass a winter with the —, anything rather than that, and there is no other lodging to be had. I am altogether in a perplexity, and do not know what plan to fall on, or what is best to do. That cursed house has been a source of infinite torment to me, more particularly the last twelve months, and I do not see how it is to end. I had given over quite the thought of being next winter in Kingussie, and now that I am again vexing myself about making provision for it, I suppose I must be considerably better in health than I was. The side, &c., are still troublesome, but I do feel better generally. I hope I shall be able to get things in order so as to pass a few happy weeks with you in Islay, but it can only be in September.

“I am ashamed at putting you to so much bother about the books, and yet I am very much pleased that you have taken the trouble upon you. I am afraid Mr J. will not get the Classics at the price, but I will be satisfied with *Lamb*, &c. I suppose I am not to expect them till next week, and yet I will be longing.

“Mrs Grant has not yet returned ; she is in Edinburgh under Dr Simpson’s care. Perhaps had she been at home I would not



have dined so often there. The Catechist's son is not in Kingussie, and the great Mr Campbell, who had offered his services for five months, is reported to have got sick. There is rather a scarcity of preachers of your body apparently. Mr A. Gordon was expected to have preached at Kingussie a fortnight ago. The congregation was met, Miss M'P. had arrived, there was the silence of expectation, but the quickest ear could not catch the sound of clerical boots approaching. People got impatient at last, the bellman, who was sent out to reconnoitre, brought back the mournful intelligence that Mr G. was not in Kingussie, neither at Mr Grant's nor elsewhere, and there was no help for it but to go home. Miss M'P. walked down with the banker to his house, and ordered her carriage to be brought there—it seemed she was ashamed to be seen in the act of retreat; and when people came to ask each other what reason they had to expect Mr G., it turned out there was none. The Catechist had said that in such a dearth of preachers he must have A. G. up before them, but he had never written to him on the subject. Mr A. had happened to be in the village some days before, and it was considered to be an undoubted matter that he would come to have his gifts tested on the Sunday, so the bells were rung and the guests were met, but the bridegroom failed. I suppose Mr G., who remembers the Catechist's questions at the Presbytery, rather shrinks from his testing powers. No wonder the young men hesitate to come before those who know the marks—not of the beast, but of the spirit. I am afraid they are too hard—the horns of a calf when beginning to bud are not very perceptible. Excuse this nonsense, but attribute it to a lack of news.

“I forgot the Duke of Athole has been for some days at the Inn with 25 dogs and I don't know how many men. The head keeper would have been prized in ancient times when the wisdom was meted by the length of the beard—his is two feet long—rather uncomfortable at times, you would think, but he plaits it when it is likely to be too much in the way. The Duke's craze is the murder of others, and to gratify this propensity he maintains all these dogs and masters the energies of all these men—better be a bookworm. He has not succeeded in killing any in this quarter, though one was seen on Saturday. One might blush for the grandees of their country and the way they show their sense of the duties incumbent upon them.

“I suppose the books I am to receive will be sufficient at this time. During the vacation I could not use them, and how to store what I have is one of my perplexities. After the vacation I will be inclined to buy a few more, and then I shall feel so glad, &c., but I hope we will be able to arrange that in Islay. I will write again on Saturday. I hope you got all the *Athenæums*.

[Signature omitted. Letter written across on the last page.—  
J. K.]”

“Kingussie, 30th December, 1854.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I received your letter this morning, which I had been expecting for several days. I was sorry to learn that you had been ill, but I hope the holidays will restore you quite to your former state of health. You have, indeed, too much work on your hand; the preparation for so many classes will tell in time, even though the season of the year did not bring coughs and colds along with it. I, too, have been ill all the week, but feel somewhat better to-day. I have less fever, and a smart cough has taken form. That I would not mind much, were it not for the accompanying pain in the side and chest, the difficulty of breathing in a frosty atmosphere, and the deadening effect of the cold. Indeed, all is gloomy and cheerless about me, and there is no possibility of viewing things in their brighter aspect, when there is no bright side. While I remain in Kingussie I never expect to feel contented or happy. I have, however, shaken off one encumbrance from my back, or rather been obliged to suffer it drop off. I am no longer Registrar. It entails some sacrifice, but something like tranquility, freedom from annoyance, on which my health so much depends, must be purchased at any price. If I had had but one trusty friend on whom I could rely in Kingussie—but a Registrar obliged to use other people’s feet and ears, and with enemies not disinclined to bother him, with no house of his own, his lodgings inconvenient, even were he in good health, could not be very pleasantly situated, even though the pay should more than counterbalance the labour.

“But to quit disagreeables, your account of the book sales made my very mouth water. I hope you will send the catalogue if possible, that I, too, may have a nibble at such tempting bait. My choice of books would, however, be different from yours, though some of your purchases seem valuable in their way. I should have bought Coleridge’s Lay Sermons, if I had fallen in with a cheap copy. I suppose it is M——n’s “Lamb” you have got for me, from their being no deduction from Bohn’s price, in that case, it is cheap. I think it will be as well to defer the sending of it for a week or two, till it be seen what turn my health is likely to take, or whether the roads are to be blocked up or no! (Is not that a well-constructed climax)? I am sorely in want of the slips, however, and if they be allowed to travel through the post in company with De Quincey I shall feel obliged by your sending them. I shall be glad to take the Greek Testament. I was in negotiation with a Kirriemuir acquaintance settled in Edinburgh, a Mr Paterson, for a similar vol., but we did not conclude the bargain. Perhaps you may have met Mr P. He



teaches writing and arithmetic, and had at one time, at least, a schoolroom in the same house with Mr Macdonald. He is very amiable, but a little whimsical in certain matters—medicine for one.

“I should like Alick to read Sallust along with either Virgil or Ovid. The latter, perhaps, would be most convenient for me in the meantime, as I have John Macrae reading Latin also, and he might be able in that case to go on with the other boy, which would be for the advantage of both, and a relief to me. I shall mention the Greek to Alick, but I am afraid he has enough on his hands. Would you write him a few admonitions, to be studious, &c. His imperfect knowledge of English is against him.

“I hear no news and perhaps as well for me. I might almost as well be in a cell of a penitentiary worked on the solitary and silent system. The Badenoch gents have been liberal to the Fund; but I have not yet found out how many soldiers from Badenoch serve in the Crimea, or whether their widows and orphans are likely to be bardensome. Rev. Mr Grant gave £3 3s besides flannels, &c., furnished by his wife. I gave 2s 6d. I might have given more, but for several reasons I limited myself to that sum. Besides I have not yet been able to see what Britain had to do interfering in the quarrel, or to satisfy myself that Turkey deserves to be supported.

“The Rev. Mr Campbell has been labouring for the last three weeks in Kingussie. I hope he finds the Kingussie winter agree with him; for if he has suffered as much from the cold as I have he will give up all thoughts of settling permanently there.

“My own reading at present is chiefly Greek. I have read 8 or 10 books of Homer and some plays carefully and making good use of the Lexicon. But it is in general rather heartless work, and prompted more by a desire to keep myself occupied than by any ulterior views. Have you seen Donaldson’s Grammar of Modern Greek, and what is its character? If good for anything I should like to have it, as it professes to give a view of modern Greek literature—and only costs 2s. I am sorry your enquiries after German lit-paper were unsuccessful. I have seen the *Lit-Blatt* in the Waterloo Newsrooms, but I suppose there is no chance of getting it from there. Have Edmondson & Douglas anything good among their second-hand books, but usually the good things are at once carried off?

“I have now all but filled my paper, but I scarcely think you will have patience sufficient to read it to its close—the cure, however, is in your own hands. Write soon.—Yours sincerely,

DAVID BRUCE.

“P.S.—I send a sort of list of books which I made out lately, but it is not very complete even as far as it goes, and I fear you will be able to make but little use of it.”



The list is "a never ending one," and includes the chief works of Shakespeare, Southey, Ben Johnson, Landor, Coleridge, Carlyle, Pope, Thomson, Chatterton, Johnson, Swift, Bunyan, Hooker, Brown (Sir T.), Dunbar, Burns, Milton, Cowper, Hallam, Taylor; also, Goethe, Lessing, Rosenkranz, and Plutarch, Herodotus, Thucydides, Aristotle, &c.

In parting with this episode in Mr Cameron's career, a word may be added in reference to the subsequent but brief course of Mr Bruce's life. Whether due to intense longing for a larger sphere of usefulness and better opportunity of mental improvement, or, as is more likely, to impaired health—of which there is ample indication in the above letters—and to the constant exercise of the sword proving too much for the worn scabbard, Mr Bruce shortly after this date felt the labour and tension of teaching more trying and irksome than profitable. He felt keenly the necessity, but fully realised the wisdom, of retiring from all duty, which he did in the autumn of 1856. And it was not long afterwards when the mind once so full of activity and promise succumbed to the unequal strain, and the imprisoned vital spark found final release from the rough and tumble of this work-a-day world.

## CHAPTER II.

## STUDENT DAYS.

It is very remarkable how oftentimes the man and the hour arrive at the right moment, or the opportunity offers and being seized success is assured. This is the tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.

One day as Mr Cameron was returning from school, with his small collection of books under his arm, he was met on the meadow below Ruthven by Professor Bannerman, who may have heard some one speak of the precocious youth, or who may have remarked something striking and interesting in the frank open countenance. At anyrate, he entered into conversation with him, and asked if he would like to become a minister. The instant reply was, "Yes, but circumstances render it impossible." Dr Bannerman indicated a way of overcoming obstacles that loomed large in the distance, and from that day the ministry became the aim and ambition of the young man, who had already made no little progress in his studies. It is a trite observation that on small events hang great and incalculable issues. This casual colloquy proved the turning point of the career awaiting the future able preacher and distinguished Celtic philologist.

When Alexander Cameron entered the University of Edinburgh, he was about twenty years of age, but he was not so well equipped for the studious and arduous task awaiting him as many of his compeers. He had not passed through the regular training of a secondary school, and had never attempted any composition in English—his first essay having been written for one of the professors. And yet in all his classes he took a very high place, in several he gained eminent distinction, and in Logic he stood second. He indicated possession of indomitable energy and great determination to succeed in any object taken in hand. He was known to give up contemplated attendance on certain classes in order to attain a foremost place in others. He got on exceedingly well in Mathematics, and frequently solved problems that none

else in the class succeeded in sending in correct solutions for. And some of these he used to give as pastime posers to mathematically-inclined students of recent times. Towards the close of his student period at the University, his mind was occupied mainly with Logic and Philosophy, for distinction in which he obtained first-class prizes and special praise from his professors. As proof of the progress made by one whose acquaintance with essay-writing dates from his college days, it is worthy of note to find that Professor Macdougall presents him with a prize "as a token of high appreciation of his spirit and ability as a voluntary and very successful essayist in the Moral Philosophy Class, University of Edinburgh, session 1853-4." Professor Kelland awards Potts' Euclid "to Alexander Cameron as a prize in the First Class of Mathematics, 1850." Professor Fraser presented "Brown's Philosophy" to him "as a memorial of distinction in Logic and Metaphysics at New College, Edinburgh, 1848." When afterwards Mr Cameron became a candidate for the Celtic chair in the University of Edinburgh, Professor Fraser, in recommending him, said:—"The Rev. Alexander Cameron was known to me as a meritorious student during his undergraduate course, distinguished in particular in Logic and in Moral Philosophy."

During this period, as is customary with students, he formed life-long friendships—some of his college contemporaries being Professor Veitch; the late Sheriff Clark, Glasgow; Sheriff Nicolson; Dr Oliver, Denniston; the late Rev. A. Urquhart, Glasgow; Rev. E. Gordon; Rev. N. Dewar, Kingussie; Rev. J. Geddes, Glasgow; the late Rev. J. Baillie, Gairloch; the late Rev. Mr Rose, Poolewe; the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., Greenock, &c. Frequently in later life he was wont to refer to the positions and career of all who, in his time, held prominent places at college, and to compare the promise of youth with the performance, or reverse, of after life.

One minister from Badenoch has said that he, when a young man, cordially hated Mr Cameron, because he was always instanced and insisted upon as an example to imitate, and to spur on to greater effort and diligence. On this point the Rev. Alex. Urquhart, Glasgow, one of the most popular and best beloved of Highland ministers, said at a later date:—"I have known the



Rev. Alex. Cameron, F.C. Minister, Brodick, from his boyhood—at school and during his university course—and never ceased to admire his studious habits, earnest purpose, and indomitable perseverance in the face of many difficulties and much discomfort.”

It was a common thing for students who were not possessed of independent means to occupy their time during the summer holiday teaching, and sometimes, as is still frequently the case, the student remained at his post during winter—thereby missing a session. Mr Cameron, towards the end of 1851, went to Thurso to teach, where he continued until well on in 1853, performing most conscientiously and successfully all the duties devolving upon him ; but some were of opinion that his discipline was, if anything, somewhat too strict. Yet, there are many at this date occupying influential positions who acknowledge great indebtedness to his thoroughness in teaching, and the enthusiasm with which he inspired them. He also took part in the instruction of children at the Sabbath School, conducted a Bible class, and delivered occasional addresses, which were very much appreciated by the older people, as testified in casual correspondence. Mr David Mowat writes from Thurso, under date Dec. 6th, 1853 :—“ We received your very welcome letter, and were happy to know by it that you were well—as this leaves us all well at present. We were talking much and long that we did not hear from you for such a length of time. I would not wish that we were so forgetful of your good company while you were with us, for I am sure there is not a day passes but what your name is always spoken of by us, nor, I hope, time will never efface your remembrance amongst us.”

Divergence of opinion still obtains as to the desirability of young students attempting any stated religious service, and at that date the prevailing opinion was more pronounced against the plan than at present. And, probably, in fairness to probationers or licentiates, restrictive limits should be assigned. But in the case of a young man like Mr Cameron, it could not fail in being beneficial educationally as well as monetarily.

During the summer and autumn of 1854, Mr Cameron was stationed as missionary at Portnahaven, in Islay. Here his services were very acceptable to the people, as the sequel will show. Many traced the beginnings of their spiritual life and experiences

to the impression made by his carefully prepared and able addresses. The attachment to the missionary then and thus formed continued for many years—indeed, to the end of life. This is how he speaks of the people of Islay in a letter of later date, which connects this with his future sphere, addressed to an old and intimate friend :—

“Renton, by Dumbarton, April 20th, 1855.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have now been in Renton for four successive Sabbaths, and it seems that I am engaged to remain in the place during the summer. I shall now endeavour to inform you how this arrangement came about.

“I was expecting all the winter that my former station in Islay should be my summer destination. All over the winter I thought, wrote, and spoke as if this were a settled point. The people of Portnahaven were expecting me back, and the Committee were expecting that I should go. I was not privately engaged for Islay, but there was an understanding between every party concerned that I should return thither as soon as I should be free from the labours of the Session. I experienced so much kindness, and I may add encouragement, from the people of Portnahaven last summer that I was longing very earnestly to return to them again. Indeed, my regard for Islay is at this moment scarcely less strong than my regard for Insh and the scenes of my boyhood.

“I was longing the more to return to Islay because the Highland Committee found it impossible to send another in my place when I returned to Edinburgh before the beginning of last session. The station has been since supplied by Mr Ross, the teacher, a pious and intelligent man, whose services ought to be more acceptable to the people than those of perhaps any probationer or student-catechist the Committee could send. You are well aware, however, that the majority of hearers everywhere prefer one whom they may, whether legitimately or not, daub with the name, and clothe with the authority and functions, not to speak of the importance of ‘the minister,’ to a layman, however great his Christian experience and however profound his views of divine truth. It would be too much to say that the people of Portnahaven are exempt from this prejudice, and hence they must be thinking that they have been neglected entirely last winter, and indeed, as far as the Committee are concerned, neglected they have been, more than they had been ever before, I believe, since the Disruption.

“Apart from the destitution of Portnahaven, I was myself anxious enough to shake myself free from the toil and labours of the session—labours which I found more than ordinarily severe.

By this time, indeed, my energies were quite prostrate, and some were hinting that the sooner I would betake myself to the country the better for me. Accordingly, about two weeks before the end of the session, I called upon Mr Maclauchlan to communicate to him my intention of returning to Islay on the following Monday, if in the interval I could get the arrangements for my departure completed. I then hardly expected that I could leave so early. It happened that I was appointed President, at the beginning of the session, of one of the societies formed among the students for their mutual improvement, and the society appointed me to take a leading part in a debate on the following Friday, and to deliver what is called the Valedictory Address on the Friday following that one. To meet these engagements it would be necessary for me to remain in town until the end of the session."

The above extract paves the way for the introduction of Renton, where Mr Cameron arrived for the first time in February, 1855, and where he was destined to pass a large part of his active life. Perhaps it is best to quote further from the same letter, as the subject-matter is very interesting, although the minutiae are somewhat too detailed :—

"I shall now pass to Renton. I think the first mention which I ever heard made of Renton was by yourself, when you told me some years ago of Donald Duff's appearance, when appointed Catechist to this place, before the Presbytery of Dumbarton. The next time I heard anything of the place was about this time last year. When the Kingussie people declined to send for Mr Charles Ross, now in Aberdeen, he accepted an invitation from the people of Renton, and he was leaving them about this time last year. Mr Neil Dewar, an intimate acquaintance of mine, succeeded him for a few Sabbaths, and it was from him that I heard next of Renton, and since that time my mind had some kind of vague indefinable leaning towards the place. One of the Renton people was in Islay last summer, and he was speaking to me about going to the place. Indeed, he promised that they would send for me for a Sabbath during the winter. But the winter passed away without any word ever coming to me from Renton, and two weeks before the end of the session I had very little thought that this very Renton was to be my summer destination."

Mr Charles Corbett next preached at Renton and gave satisfaction, but was not fixed upon finally. Then Mr Christopher Munro—afterwards at Strathy, where he was long and highly appreciated—preached at Renton—and it is not without interest to give a fellow-student's estimate of him :—



“In the evening Mr Munro and myself had a long walk together, in the course of which we spoke about Renton. I told him that I should like very well to accompany him as a hearer. For a long time before I expressed to Mr Baillie (now of Gairloch) my anxious desire to hear Mr Munro speak upon the truth, for he is universally allowed to be distinguished for his piety above most, if not all, his fellow-students. He objected to my accompanying him, but he told me that the people of Renton were wishing to hear some young men from among whom they might choose one for the summer, and, if I should like, he would mention me to them. I told him I would not go as a candidate, but that I would have no objection to going for a day. He told me that he would not go to the place himself although he should be asked—that his mind was made up to go to a station in Skye, to which the Committee were proposing to send him. That station is Kilmuir. Mr Munro was in the parish as a teacher about two years ago, and his services were so much appreciated by the people that they made application for his services as catechist during this summer. The station is to be sanctioned at the ensuing General Assembly, and Mr Munro being now through his studies, will be licensed by that time; and I understand that the people of Kilmuir are looking forward to getting him settled altogether among them. Mr Munro himself, however, is not greatly in love with the idea of settling down in Skye. His health is rather delicate, and the climate of Skye is too moist for agreeing well with his constitution; and hence he is resolving not to remain in Skye if he can help it. What should prevent the people of either Kingussie, Abernethy, or Duthil from improving this hint? If I had to choose a minister for myself from among all the probationers and students with whom I am acquainted, Mr Munro would be my choice. He drank tea one evening with Mr Baillie and myself, and Mr Baillie, who is not easily pleased, was so much taken up with him that he wished me to write you about him as one who might suit Kingussie.

“Were it not for Mr Christopher Munro I would not, in all probability, have seen the Vale of Leven (in which beautiful valley Renton is situated) this summer. So you see how much depends on the character of those who certify your merits. Mr Munro returned to Edinburgh on the Monday, and soon after he informed me that he was asked to apply to me for going to Renton next Sabbath. I told him as before that I would go that Sabbath, but not as a candidate—that my mind in reference to Islay was unchanged. After Mr Munro got my consent for the Sabbath in question, he wrote to Renton intimating that they might expect me on the Saturday, and that, after considering their proposal about his staying with them, if they would be pleased with his poor services he would go to them for a time, unless they would make up their minds to keep Mr Cameron.

“Mr Munro and myself had a walk together on Tuesday evening. He then informed me that since his return from Renton he had been considering their proposal about going to them for a time—that he knew the Skye people would be trying to keep him altogether if he went there—that he considered the climate as too damp for his constitution, and, especially, that in the meantime he would not have a comfortable lodging-place in Kilmuir—considering all these things he was inclined to embrace the invitation from the Renton people. At the same time he saw obstacles in the way of his going to Renton. I advised him to go to Renton. At the same time, however, I sympathised so much with his difficulties that I proposed his going with myself to Islay for a few weeks until he would be licensed ; for if he were licensed, he would not go either to Renton or to Islay.”

Notwithstanding a severe illness, brought on by a chill caught while talking protractedly to his friend, Mr Cameron, on Friday, read a discourse to Professor Bannerman, presided at the Students' Society meeting in the evening, and set out for Renton' on Saturday. And this is how he describes his experience on the following day :—

“21st. On Sabbath I could only compare myself to an ox unaccustomed to the yoke—it has been so long since I addressed a congregation before, although I had been from time to time during the winter addressing meetings. I got through the forenoon exercises pretty comfortably ; but I became unwell when in the midst of the evening service, and had to stop for two or three minutes while two verses of a Psalm were being sung. After the singing I continued the subject, and I found myself then quite at ease. That was the first time since I opened my mouth in public that I was obliged to stop in the middle of a discourse from any cause whatever. It is rather curious that the same thing happened to Donald Duff on his first appearance in Renton. Two of the people paid me every attention, accompanied me to my lodgings, and insisted on my staying in the place the following day, when one of them offered to accompany me to some of the objects of interest in the neighbourhood. I complied, and on Monday evening a few of them gathered in a private house, where I had an opportunity of addressing them for some time from a portion of the 14th of John's Gospel.

“I received a good deal of information on the Monday regarding the station and its past history. I need not, however, dwell upon these matters ; for if you may feel any curiosity regarding them, Donald Duff can give you more information than I can

afford time to write you. I may mention, however, that they have had no regular supply since Mr James Grant left them for Alvie and Rothiemurchus. Since that time they have been shifting for themselves as best they could. . . .

"I have also a habit of speaking out my mind more plainly than one courting the favour of such men as —— ought to do. The truth is, I never cared very much about him as a preacher, and hence it is impossible for me to feel for him that profound reverence and respect which I entertain for such men as Mr Kennedy of Dingwall. In presence of such men as the latter I feel abashed, but before such men as the former I am apt to speak and act in a manner calculated to leave upon their minds the impression that I am a young man who is very ready to go out of his own place. The feeling to which I have referred you can easily appreciate. Before Donald Cattanach, Joseph Mackay, John Sutherland, and many other worthy Christians I have often felt as if I could wish to lie down at their feet; but before some of the stars of less magnitude. . . . I may have often spoken so as to make them carry away the impression regarding me that I would be the better of getting my wings clipped. This suggests to my mind a thought which I should wish to impress upon you, although you are older and more experienced than I am. Solomon says:—'Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.' The old Christian often thinks that it is his duty to use the rod of correction to drive foolishness from the heart of the young Christian. The rod of correction, however, belongs to wiser and steadier hands—to the hands of the child's father. The aged Christian ought to reprove and counsel the young Christian, but the reproof and counsel ought to be administered in gentleness and love. The aged Christian ought to remember that he too was once a foolish child, knowing but little of himself and less of others."

A passing remark regarding the persons mentioned in this letter may be permitted. Rev. James Grant was ordained and inducted at Alvie and Rothiemurchus soon after this date. He was a very remarkable man, who combined in his preaching the quaintness and directness of the old puritans with the fervour and power of his own period. He was somewhat of a hermit, and he devoted all his spare hours studiously and successfully to astronomy. Professor Grant of Glasgow University frequently spoke highly of his astronomical attainments and curious researches, despite his being sadly handicapped by the lack of requisite instruments for observation. His valuable papers, by which he



set great store, passed into the hands of his nephew, Rev. Mr Grant, now in Australia ; but the hope of seeing them published has been already unduly deferred. Mr Grant was a great pedestrian, and would have none of the modern enervating travelling facilities. His most memorable characteristic was his profound piety.

A little later, Rev. N. Dewar was settled at Kingussie, where he still labours, and is well-known as a Gaelic scholar and translator of the Bible.

The name and fame of Dr Kennedy of Dingwall is fresh and fragrant in all the churches and needs no encomium of mine, though I have had great reason to acknowledge and commemorate his unrivalled hospitality, unfailing kindness, and unapproached power and influence as a persuasive and sublime preacher and born leader of men.

I have already alluded briefly to the institution of "the men," or those wont to address Friday Fellowship Meetings, mainly in the North. Such speakers to the "question" or subject-matter of Christian experience, as distinguished from hollow or hypocritical profession, were frequently men of deep insight into human hearts, familiar with the alternating gloom and sunshine of a believer's life, and widely versed in the truths and teaching of the Word of God.

Donald Cattanach, who is but lately deceased, was one of the most highly respected and earnestly looked-for speakers on a fellowship day. His knowledge and command of Scripture, as well as apt quotation and appropriate application, was simply marvellous, and his natural gift of tender and effective eloquence was entrancing. Like Ezekiel, he was unto the people "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice," and to those of deepest discernment his pathetic and powerful words were as balm to a wounded spirit. Perhaps none who ever heard him at his best, or came under his sympathetic sway, could in a life-time forget the fact—the mysterious and inexplicable charm. And seldom did he end an address without rendering his audience sorry that he had not continued longer.

Donald Duff was a man of great ability and intellectual grasp and grip. Few men could so clearly and logically set forth the

doctrines of Scripture in their bearing upon the consciences of men and the edifying of the Church of Christ. He was well-fitted and equipped by long experience and close meditation upon the deep things of the Spirit of God to deal with hard and knotty problems, on which he invariably threw a flood of light. Many a troubled soul found rest and consolation in listening to his wise and weighty words. On a question day he was generally called last—an acknowledgment of his unquestioned power and penetration, which sometimes might be mistaken for critical severity but which, I have no doubt, were the genuine outcome of a luminous mind and of a conscientious discharge of duty. It is frequently impossible to handle truth accurately and adequately without giving unintended offence. His eloquence, which at the outset might be unremarked, was the product not so much of voice as of heart movement—the sustained result of continuous conviction and glowing motion due to the progress of a great and far-reaching argument that touched and traced the duty and destiny of the hearer.

From the letter last quoted, we find that Mr Cameron's missionary work began at Renton, in February, 1855. He found much work before him in the Vale of Leven, many difficulties to overcome, and not always all the sympathy that might be expected; but he could count on many fast and faithful friends, whose presence and support cheered and encouraged his heart. His influence was not confined to his immediate surroundings but extended to others in a correspondence which formed the medium of communicating counsel and consolation. To one in whom all his interest centred, and for whose welfare he had the utmost regard, he writes:—

“Renton, August 9th, 1855.—I hope that you will bear up under your affliction. The Lord may sanctify to you this dispensation, and then you will be able to say that it was good for you to be afflicted. Read and study those portions of the Word of God that treat of the suitableness of the Saviour to your own case, and of the freeness and fulness of the gospel offer. Remember that Christ is offered to you by the Father, by Himself, and by the Holy Spirit. The moment you receive Christ as He is freely offered to you, your sins will be pardoned, and your person will be accepted of God in Christ. What a glorious promise, ‘I, even

I, am He that blotteth out your sins, for mine own name's sake (Isa. xliii. 25). The moment you embrace Christ, the God against whom you have sinned will freely pardon all your sins. But why not embrace Christ when He is freely offered to you by His Father? In the gospel offer, the Father makes you a gift of His Son—His only begotten Son. Are you to refuse that Gift, and, by refusing it, to dishonour the Giver, and ensure the eternal destruction of your own soul? Cast yourself as a poor sinner upon Christ. Believe Him to be yours—yours in the offer, because He is the gift of the Father to sinners of the whole human race—yea, to every sinner out of hell who hears the word; and therefore to you as one of them.”

“August 10th.— . . . Think much of the word ‘my,’ for it is faith’s favourite word. My Lord and my God, said Thomas, when his faith was in exercise. *My* is the appropriating word. See how often the Psalmist uses it in speaking of God. See Psalm 18 and Psalm 42, and many others. It is by appropriating Christ, by taking Him to yourself, that you are united to Him. He is always waiting to be gracious—waiting until you will accept Him. What a match! the Prince of Glory and the heir of hell! What a wonder that it is the heir of hell that objects to the match, and that the Prince of Glory is always ready—waiting, as it were, to espouse her. . . . It is from the assurance that Christ is yours and that you are His that comfort will flow to your soul, or, I should rather say, the comfort flows from Christ Himself, but the assurance of your interest in Him is the occasion of its flowing. Your comfort and your joy arises, not from the mere fact that Christ is an all-sufficient Saviour, but from the additional fact that this all-sufficient Saviour is yours—your own personal Saviour. Rest not satisfied, therefore, until you can say that your beloved is yours and that you are His. Seek to be every day more and more assured of that great truth. Remember, however, that your assurance must proceed, not from your feelings, but from your embracing Christ every day anew as your Saviour. The feeling of joy and peace is the consequence of the assurance, not the cause of it.”

“August 27th.— . . . Faith in Christ is the best support in trouble. We read of Moses, in Heb. xi. 27, that he endured as seeing Him who is invisible. It was believing the promise that sustained him in the time of his affliction. . . .

“But, you will say, how am I to know that the promise is mine—that God has said to me, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee? If the promise be not yours, it is because Christ is not yours; and if Christ is not yours, it is because you, notwithstanding your need of Him, and his suitableness to your case, will not have Him when he is freely offered to you in the gospel. But if



you have received Christ, as I believe you have, the promise is *yours* in Christ. The promise may not be coming home with power to your heart at all times; but that does not affect the truth of the promise, or of your right to it in Christ, for it is *in Christ* that the promises are yea and amen. You experience the promise coming home to you at times with such force and power that you feel perfectly persuaded that that promise is yours; while perhaps a few minutes after, you experience sin prevailing over you, unbelief obtains in your experience the upper hand, and you can no longer say that the promise is yours—you cannot even say that it was ever yours; for, although you once believed it to be yours, you have no longer that persuasion, but, on the contrary, you are afraid that your former experience was a presumption and a delusion. That, I think, is the way you feel, and it is the way which every Christian felt before you.

“I wish you, however, to reflect upon what I have now written, and which I believe to be your experience. If you examine it, you will soon discover the cause of the spiritual ailment—your want of evidence of Christ and His promises being yours—of which you complain. Sometimes you feel persuaded that Christ and the promise in Him are yours; sometimes you feel the promise coming home with such force to your mind, and at that time you have no doubt of your interest in Christ, and of the everlasting arms being round about you. Then you have some measure of joy and peace. If you will now examine your case, as here stated, you will easily see that your prosperous time is when faith is the master of the house; in other words, when you are taking hold by faith of Christ in the promise. Your joy and peace flow from your assurance of Christ being yours, and of your sins being pardoned by His righteousness being imputed to you. True joy and peace can be experienced only when the soul is exercising faith upon God in the promise—see Rom. xv. 13, where the Apostle speaks of ‘joy and peace’ in *believing*. To be perpetually enjoying joy and peace, the soul must be always exercising faith upon the person of Christ; in other words, must be always receiving Christ and His blessings to itself—a state to which no believer attains on earth, because of the remains of sin in the soul. Our joy and peace, as I mentioned in a former letter, is in proportion to the strength of our assurance of Christ and His benefits being ours. . . .

“Your doubts arise from unbelief. When your faith is not exercised upon Christ in the promise you lose sight of your evidence, and then you have not the firm assurance and persuasion that Christ is yours which you have when you are in the act of appropriating Him as He is offered. You look into your own heart, and you find it a cage of unclean birds—you find it full of

every unclean thing. You then immediately conclude that you are not in Christ, otherwise these things could not be so. We are very liable to reason in this way ; but it is a very fallacious way of reasoning. Why is it that the believer experiences the strength of sin more than any other, more than those who live under its power ? The reason is very obvious. The believer resists sin—he strives against it, and hence it is that he knows from experience the strength of sin more than those who live habitually under its dominion. Sin is like a strong current or stream. When you glide down the stream you are not conscious of its strength ; but the moment you set yourself against the stream you become sensible of its strength. You now see more of the filth and abomination of sin, and it will become, in consequence, more burdensome and hateful to you. But you very likely discover love to sin in your heart ; but are you not conscious of hating your love to sin ? How do you say that vain thoughts almost kill you, if they were not a trouble to you ? Do you not find that you loathe yourself, that you are ashamed of yourself because you cherish sin so much in your heart ? These are some of the marks of discipleship.

“ You mistake the meaning of the passage, ‘ Sin shall not have dominion over you, for you are not under the law, but under grace.’ The experience of sin is very different from the dominion of sin. The more you will advance in grace, and in conformity to the image of Christ, the more you will experience the strength of sin in your heart. You will never have experienced the working of sin in the heart as powerful as when you will be ripest for glory. . . .

“ I have to tell you many things ; but I do not know in what state you are, and perhaps it would be improper to refer to ordinary subjects. I may mention, however, that my friend Mr Sutherland from Edinburgh and myself sailed up Loch Lomond last Thursday. When coming back we left the boat at Tarbet—a place about mid-way up the Loch, and went across to another loch, down which we sailed to Kilmuir, Dunoon, Greenock, and other places and then returned home. If you look in the Atlas you will find that there is but a short distance between Loch Long and Loch Lomond. It was down the former Loch that we came. I spent ten shillings on the excursion, and I am now beginning to see the foolishness of spending so much in the pursuit of pleasure. I could not help going to the Loch, however ; for I required to show every attention to my friend, and I received a good deal of instruction as well as of amusement from the trip.

“ When sailing up Loch Lomond we made the acquaintance of three American ladies—one of them a very interesting creature. It was for her sake that the other two ladies were travelling ; for



one of them was her aunt, and the other her friend. She was evidently in very good circumstances, and was as lively and intelligent a young creature as I ever met with. But the saddest is to tell : she is evidently far gone in a decline—a thing of which she is quite sensible, although she says that her health has improved since she left America a few weeks ago. She is travelling from one place to another in pursuit of health—or, in other words, she is fleeing from death, while the grim tyrant seems as eager in pursuit. I felt very much interested in her (the three were Free Church), and would fain, if I had an opportunity, lead her to the physician that is in Gilead and to the balm that is there. . . .

“Last Sabbath I spoke in the forenoon from Isaiah ii. 8 ; and in the afternoon from Psalm xiv. 12, ‘Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up.’ I had no evening service, because there was a sermon in the neighbourhood for a collection in aid of the funds of the Public School in the village ; and I did not wish to be the means of keeping any of the people from attending there. One Mr Watson from L——, a Free Churchman, officiated. His remarks were very good ; only that he mistook the real meaning of his text, ‘Why stand ye here all the day idle ?’ His grand mistake was taking for granted that the text applied to those in the vineyard, instead of those out of it. . . .”

“29th September.— . . . You say that sin has power *over* you. You should rather say that it has power *in* you. I hope—I believe—it has no power *over* you, because I believe that you have embraced the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour. It may, however, have power *in* you—that is, you may feel its powerful workings in your soul, leading your soul into bondage ; but that feeling is very different from your soul being under the dominion of sin. . . .

“No one can ever feel the strength of sin who never warred against its power. What wars against sin—what hates, and what will ultimately destroy sin entirely, is the love of Christ in the soul. That holy flame—yea, though it were but a mere spark—will gradually consume every particle of sin in the soul.”

“6th November.— . . . O, how cruel is death ! To me and to your other friends it is cruel—to you it will be a messenger of peace sent forth to bring you home to the bosom of your Father and your God. Fear not, He will be with you ; be not dismayed, for He will be your God—yea, is your God. He will strengthen you, He will help you, He will uphold you by the right hand of his righteousness. In the distance Death seems formidable. To our weak and doubting minds it often presents itself armed with terrors ; but these vanish on nearer approach. To the believer it has no sting, for Christ Jesus deprived it of the sting. It is not as Christ had to meet death that, I trust, you and I shall have to



meet it. He met it in all its terrors and armed with its sting. That sting was thrust into the holy soul of the blessed Jesus; and hence it will never be thrust into any of His people. We may say that Death spent all his power—the power which sin gave to it—in accomplishing the death of Immanuel, so that it has no more power to spend against believers. The exhaustion of its strength was the death of death, and hence the death of Christ was the death of death. What a glorious truth! How comfortable and consoling to the poor trembling Christian in prospect of death! There was never death like the death of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. It was a death of great bodily pain and of intense mental agony. It was a death of shame and ignominy—an accursed death. He died bearing the iniquities of His people, and pressed down in His soul under the burden of conscious guilt—guilt which He did not contract, but which, in His love and mercy, He voluntarily took upon Himself—for the chastisement of His people's peace—may I not say of your peace and my peace?—was laid upon Him, that by His stripes we might be healed. The Lord laid upon Him the iniquities of us all. What a burden! A burden too weighty for the whole world to sustain was laid upon His blessed shoulders, that our shoulders might be freed from the burden. He died without any evidence or comfortable sense in His soul of His Father's love to Him; for His Father had withdrawn from His soul in the hour of His deepest sufferings the light of His countenance—which desertion constrained the Son to exclaim, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'

"You complain of darkness and forsaking, and of not experiencing God's love in your soul. Christ experienced greater darkness and forsaking, and the comfortable assurance of His Father's love was denied Him that his love might be throughout eternity filling the hearts of His people. In His divine nature He knew that His Father loved Him, for He knew the whole mind of God; but in His human nature that comfortable assurance was at this time withheld from Him; and notwithstanding all this He trusted in God and committed His soul into His Father's hand. . . . And yet His Father loved Him at the very moment that He was forsaking Him by hiding His face from Him, the very moment when, as justice demanded, He was pouring the floods of His wrath into His soul. In the same way God loves His people, even when he smites and chastises them, and when they have no sense of His love in their souls. Is it not so with you often? Remember then that Christ at the right hand of the Majesty on High still retains a fellow feeling with you in that very thing. . . .

"O it is out of ourselves to Christ that we must go for love to warm and melt our cold frozen souls. His love must be poured into our souls; but the fire that will kindle love in us must come from God himself. It is not in us until He by His blessed spirit kindles it there. And after it is kindled it will soon go out, as far as our experience is concerned, unless God Himself by His Spirit will keep continually blowing at it. Look for new supplies of love to the source of love—that God who is love—and not to your own poor heart. The emptier your soul is kept the better, for that emptiness will give you a message to the fulness that is in Christ. . . . Remember it is only by looking upon Christ that the believer's face will shine.

"I am glad that I can see you so soon; but how much greater would our joy be if we were meeting in perfect health? Is this world not indeed the vale of tears? Think how many a bitter tear has ever been shed upon it—how many oppressive groans have been uttered by the millions of creatures who have lived upon its surface—and then think of sin which has been the cause of all those tears and groans. They are happy who have been landed safely on the shores of that world where there is neither sorrow nor sighing. If there be any condition that I would envy it is that of the young Christian who is brought away early from the evil that is in the world. The heavenly husbandman—the Father—has especial care of the young and tender branches, and many of them are so dear in His sight that He will rather bring them home into His own bosom than expose them to the storms, tempests, and injuries to which they would be liable if left in the vineyard below. There is no safe anchorage for the believer's soul but in the haven of glory. That hope which is the anchor of the believer's soul owes its security to its entering within the veil whither the forerunner has entered. Let the Lord Jesus, who lives within the veil and who intercedes there for His people, be the pole-star of your faith and hope, and then although He were to call you through the swellings of Jordan what would you have to fear? Everything is a blessing which brings the believer nearer his home. In this sense death itself is a blessing—death is a blessing since Christ by His death deprived it of its sting. . . . Glory be to God that such is the blessed consummation of the believer's hopes."

Here is how Mr Cameron contemplates a change of life on the part of his landlord, and the consequent necessity of a change of abode on his own part :—

"Three members of our Committee are after calling this minute. I was afraid when so many made their appearance that some unpleasant matter was to be communicated. Their busi-

ness, however, has not been very disagreeable, though it is a little annoying. It seems that I must leave my present lodgings ; for my landlord has taken a marrying fit, which is agreeable enough to him although annoying to me. . . . The parlour and bedroom are as comfortable and elegant as any apartments of their size could be, and hence I am very sorry leaving them. O for contentment ! Contentment is the very essence of happiness."

It was a time of struggle for the station, but it survived, and Mr Cameron's efforts in building up a congregation were early appreciated ; for we find that a handsome presentation was made to him on the 26th October, 1855. He speaks of it thus :—

"I am sure you will be glad to hear of the presentation. The whole of Owen's Works, and six sovereigns besides, form a very valuable gift. Indeed, the purse which contains the money would be a nice gift itself. If the Lord would pour out His spirit upon us, all would be well ; but without the Spirit we will only be hardened. I had to make a speech when the books and the money were given me ; but I am sorry that it was a failure, partly from want of preparation. You see there is always something to mortify us and to keep us humble."

He began at this period to collect curious and rare books—some of them Gaelic—and made large purchases at sales, so much so that the story is still told that his landlady was in terror, and actually complained, that not only would the rooms give way, but that the house itself would soon come down unless a stop was put to the book-hunting and storing. This was merely the commencement of what proved a life-long pursuit and pleasure.

The last, and pathetic, reference to May Cattanach, his aunt, is interesting, and indicates mindfulness of one another to the end. Her death occurred when he was at Edinburgh, attending his last session in Divinity. How frequently people are permitted, Moses-like, to come in sight of what they most desire, and then required to depart this life without seeing their hopes realised :—

"21 Nelson Street, Jany. 10th, 1856.—I heard from I—— of my aunt's death. I shall feel very curious and sad, if I shall be spared to go home, when she will not be before me. I am glad that I went home in the end of autumn, and that I saw her before her death. I have been much indebted to her."



The Gaelic congregation of Paisley seem to have set their heart, and fixed their eye early on Mr Cameron, who writes, under date February 21st, from Alexandria :—

“There was a deputation from the Gaelic congregation, Paisley, in Renton last Sabbath. Their minister is going to leave them, and that was the reason which brought them down to hear me. I did not know they were in the congregation until they spoke to me after we dismissed. They wished me to go a Sabbath to Paisley, but I do not know whether I shall go or not. I have been spoken to about going to Helmsdale, in Sutherland ; but there is no place in the world to which my mind is inclining. I wish to follow the guidance of Providence. I shrink as often as I think of the awful responsibility of the ministerial office.”

A little later he adds—

“The Gaelic congregation of Paisley have spoken to me repeatedly about accepting a call from them when I am licensed ; but I do not know what to do, whether to take it or not.”

The account given by himself of his last Presbyterial examination, prior to being licensed, is somewhat instructive as a kind of precursor or prophecy of his after ecclesiastical experiences :—

“March 9th.—When I wrote you last I had very little expectation that I could be licensed for more than six months, because I was too late in applying for being taken on trials. I could not get on before November, unless either the Edinburgh Presbytery would agree to hold a special meeting on my account—a thing which I could never ask them to do—or the Dumbarton Presbytery would bring my case before the General Assembly, a thing which would involve considerable trouble and expense. The Edinburgh Presbytery met on the 27th February, and unless they would meet again on or before the 6th March, I could not be recommended by them to the Synod. I went to the meeting on the 27th, and, although I did not ask them to meet again on or before the 6th March, when the Clerk stated my case, they agreed to meet on the Tuesday following—that is, the 4th March—to examine me, and recommend me to the Synod. It was exceedingly kind of them ; but I think I see the hand of the Lord in the matter. I was examined by Dr Candlish and two other ministers for two hours and a-half on Monday, the 3rd, which made the examination before the Presbytery merely a nominal one. The examination, and the preparation of my discourses for the Professors, kept me for some time very busy. I was working, I may say, day and night. I passed without any difficulty, and I am

happy to tell you that I shall have no more examinations before I am licensed. I shall require to give in some discourses to the Presbytery, but I shall have no more examinations."

The Renton people meanwhile were not forgetful of their own interests, as the following further extract shows :—

"A deputation from this congregation are after coming in to get me to agree to remain here at least another quarter. I have promised them to remain with them for other three months, and by the end of that time it is now, of course, impossible to say what may happen."

The following extracts reveal, on the one hand, unfailing sympathy and tenderness, and on the other deep-rooted humility, with no confidence in abilities or attainments :—

"April 9th.—God has brought you in His great mercy to a saving knowledge of His Son Jesus Christ, and if He is now to take you home to Himself, the change will be unspeakably better for you than if He were to leave you many years in this dreary wilderness, in which there is no happiness to be enjoyed but what comes from God Himself. The comfort of believers on earth flows from seeing Christ by faith ; but in heaven they shall see Him face to face, and sin can no more come between them and the smiles of their Beloved. It is meet to be drinking in the love of God on earth out of the cup of the promise : but Oh ! it will be unspeakably sweeter to be drinking out of the fountain than out of the purest of the streams. . . . It is true that the Lord in His holy and wise providence has made the furnace, in which He has placed you to purify you by revealing to you more and more of the evil of your own heart, and more and more of the unspeakable preciousness of His Son, very hot. Your sufferings have been great, but the Lord has hitherto sustained you, and He will do so to the end ; and hot though the furnace be, the trial is not of such long continuance, as it would be if He were pleased to leave you long exposed to the trials and temptations of the wilderness. A short though stormy passage to the heavenly country is far preferable to a long and dreary journey such as Israel, on account of their sin, had in the wilderness.

"May 16th.—I am very much afraid that I have not the necessary qualifications for the great work of preaching the gospel. I have been very much distressed with the thought this day, that I do not know whether any one got good through me. See how long I have been preaching ! I know of a few cases of individuals becoming seriously inclined through the instrumentality of my discourses ; but I do not know of a single individual that I have

been the means of leading to the Saviour, and of espousing to the glorious Husband of the Church. I would not mind, however, if I thought the Lord wished me to be engaged in this work."

Referring to the cases of two anxious young men, he says:—

"These, however, are cases of conviction, and although it rejoices me to hear of them, it would rejoice me much more to hear of cases of decided conversion . . . . I sometimes think that I have need of being further enlightened as to the way of bringing sinners to Christ—indeed, that I have yet to learn the art of winning souls is what I am much afraid of."

A preacher may expect, as part of the afflictions incident to his office, to be subjected to occasional misconception, misconstruction, and consequent annoyance. Mr Cameron did not escape this kind of aggrieved criticism:—

"June 5th.—I consider it a sign for good that my preaching is stirring up the enmity of the carnal mind against me, as is manifest in the case of the ——. They thought that I was preaching last Sabbath against them when I was bringing forward no truth but what was plainly according to the divisions of my discourse. The Sabbath before that I was speaking in the afternoon from the words, 'If any man be in Christ he is a new creature,' &c., and in speaking of some false kinds of conversion I said that I wished to be kept from the kind of preaching which brought the terrors of the law to bear upon the affections or feelings, and which did not enlighten the understanding. I said also that there was another kind of preaching very dangerous, which drew a picture of the external sufferings of the Saviour—that is, the sufferings of his body—before the imagination; for that, although such a picture would excite the feelings that it would never melt the heart, or that it would not be saving knowledge. I am sure I said the same things scores of times before; but it seems that ——— never thought about the subject before, for he has been telling some of the people that this is erroneous doctrine."

Regarding his twenty-ninth birthday (14th July) he writes:—

"It is a long time to live without having done much for Christ. How much had been done by MacCheyne before he arrived at my age; and how much had been done by Andrew Gray, of Glasgow, before he was 22, the year at which he died."

Unpunctual attention to correspondence is ingeniously accounted for thus:—



“August 12.—I feel that I owe you an apology for being so long without writing you. For some time I fancied that I had written to let you know that Mr A—— would go to see my father and yourself; but I suspect that I did not write, although I had been thinking so long about writing that I had persuaded myself that I had actually written.”

Mr Cameron's well-known hospitality dates from an early period, for, under the above date, we find :—

“I have a pious student from Glasgow living with me at present. He will stay for some time.”

It will no doubt interest many to insert here Mr Cameron's account and impressions of his first visit to Arran, where he met Mr Davidson, the minister he afterwards succeeded, and also had long talks with the most learned and best known of his Professors—Rabbi Duncan :—

“Renton, September 2nd.—In my last I promised to give you, in my next communication, an account of my journey to Arran. I shall now endeavour to do so very briefly. I left this place, as I have already told you, on Thursday morning in a steamer which sails between Glasgow and Arran, and which calls at Rothesay on its way. At Rothesay, Mr Macleod from Rogart, came into the boat, according to previous arrangement. When we arrived at Brodick, a small village in the island of Arran, we did not know where to find lodgings. The place was crammed with strangers. We had gone to no fewer than fourteen houses, in none of which we could find accommodation. I happened to meet a fellow-student on the road, who was living down there with his widowed mother and sister. Mr Macleod was acquainted with his mother many years before in the Isle of Skye, where his father owned at one time a small estate. They made a shift in order to provide us with a bed for the night in their own lodgings; but as Mr Macleod and myself could have only one bed between us I resolved to make some further search for a bed for myself, and I was soon successful in getting a small bedroom, for which I paid 1s 6d for the night. My landlady was an old pious woman, I was led to know. The little room in my father's house would bring 12s or 15s in the week in Arran. Such a place I never saw. The Duke of Hamilton, who is the proprietor of the island, will not let the people build houses for strangers. Nearly all the present dwellings are mere huts, and yet they fetch enormous rents, the accommodation is so very scarce, and so many strangers resort to the island in summer, on account of the salubrity of the climate. . . .

“On Friday we called at Mr Davidson’s, the Free Church minister at Brodick. . . . I staid only a few minutes. He and his daughters were, however, very kind to me, and made me take some luncheon. I then left to go by steamer to Lamlash, another village a few miles further away on the coast than Brodick. I did not stay any time at Lamlash, but walked to a place called Whiting Bay, four miles farther away, and where I knew Dr Duncan, from Edinburgh, to be staying. When I gained Dr Duncan’s, I found him very busy learning Gaelic. You know he is one of the Professors in the New College. He is staying in Arran during the summer for the benefit of his health. After asking me some questions about Gaelic grammar, and giving me something to eat, the doctor went out with me to search for a bed, and we were no time in finding one. Whiting Bay is very throng, but not nearly so crammed as Brodick. I spent the whole of the afternoon of Friday and the forenoon of Saturday with the Doctor, talking at one time about Gaelic, and at another about theology and Christian experience. I admire the doctor above almost every other man. He is simple as a child, and yet is most profound. I would never tire sitting at his feet, when he begins to speak about any department of theology.”

In the same letter we find the following allusion to the progress of matters at Renton. A congregational meeting was called, at which Mr Macrae, Greenock, and Mr Anderson, Rothesay, were present :—

“At the meeting Mr Macrae preached a short sermon and then addressed the people on the desirableness of getting a church for themselves. Mr Anderson then addressed them shortly, and a committee was appointed to collect subscriptions. Mr Campbell, Tulliechewen, sent a conveyance to bring Mr Macrae and Mr Anderson to his Castle to remain there all night, and that he might learn from them the object of the meeting. Mr Campbell promised to give them £100 if the people themselves contribute £300. I have no doubt of the people contributing more than £300 from among themselves and others in the district who may be disposed to help them; for the manager gives £50, and my landlord gives other £50—so that all we require is £200—and a considerable portion of that sum is already subscribed.”

He also adds—

“I have given a final refusal to Paisley. . . . I am very sorry indeed that they waited so long for me, without looking out for some other person, since they are disappointed at last. I am not, however, to blame for their waiting, for I never gave them any

ground to hope that I would accept a call from them, and I frequently urged them to look out for another, as I could not see that I was suitable for the place. When the people here have commenced to move in the direction of getting a church for themselves, it would never do for me to leave them ; for my leaving them at present would discourage them in their undertaking."

Mr Cameron was duly licensed by the Free Presbytery of Edinburgh on Thursday, 20th November, 1856 ; and the proceedings are best described in his own words :—

" Renton, November 24th.—I have been so busy for the last two weeks that I had no time to write even a short note. I was two nights so busy with my discourses for the Presbytery that I had not gone to bed at all. I had gone to Edinburgh on the 12th of this month, and after sitting all day in the Presbytery House I did not get even one of my discourses read ; for they had been so much occupied with other things that they could not afford time to hear me read. I went back again last Thursday, and that day they had not much business to transact, so that I got all my discourses read at the one meeting, and was then licensed ; so that after ten long years—years which, however, I did not consider long while they were passing—I am finished with my studies, although in one sense they may be said to be only commencing. When I look back across these ten years what memories they recall !

" I would not have got all my discourses read on Thursday were it not for Mr Macrae, Greenock, who spoke to Dr Candlish and to Sir Henry Moncrieff urging them to get me through that day that I might preach for him in Greenock on Sabbath. But although I should not get through that day I would get through on the 4th or 5th of next month at the latest. I have been for some time under promise to give Mr Macrae a few Sabbaths as soon as I should be licensed. I accordingly preached my first sermon—if I may call it my first sermon when I have been preaching now for so many months—on Sabbath—that is, yesterday—in the Gaelic Church, Greenock."



## CHAPTER III.

## RENTON—THE MISSION STATION.

THE onerous work of forming a new congregation in the Vale of Leven was carried on in the face of many obstacles, and not without considerable opposition. Mr Cameron writes, under December 9th, 1856 :—

“We had the meeting of Presbytery last Wednesday, when our case was again discussed. There was no objection made to our building a place of worship ; but we were refused permission to preach English in the afternoon. Against that restriction we appealed to the Synod, so that the matter cannot be decided until April next, for the Synod will not meet before that time. Only two ministers in the Presbytery were for giving us the English ; the rest were either against us or did not vote.”

The Gaelic congregation at Greenock—whose minister at this date was the famous and able evangelist, Rev. John Macrae, better known in the Highlands as Mac Rath Mòr—made some approaches to Mr Cameron with a view to his becoming colleague and successor. And it is clear from the following remark that the senior minister did not disapprove of the proposal :—“My health is not improving of late. I have serious thoughts in connection with that subject, and would like to have a confidential conversation with you.” This is how Mr Cameron writes regarding the matter :—

“Renton, January 10th, 1857.—The report to which I refer is that the office-bearers of the Gaelic congregation are anxious that I should become colleague and successor to Mr Macrae, who is no longer able to discharge the whole duties of the charge. The thing, however, may not come to any definite result. They were wishing to get me for three or four months from the time that I had been officiating there, but I could not do that on account of my connection with this station ; for I cannot leave this place altogether before April at the soonest. Again, although the people would be unanimous in their desire of getting me, I cannot say that I could undertake a charge of such weight and responsibility, for I am told that it is the most important Gaelic charge in the Church. I was told a few days ago that the people

would be quite unanimous in calling me; but of course I do not know, nor can anyone know with certainty at present. I have had two letters asking me to preach in a vacant charge in the Island of Arran; but I declined going on each occasion, and I suppose my last note will be considered as a final refusal." [He never forgets his excellent correspondent's afflicted lot and need of sympathy.] "Let the word itself be your source of consolation, or rather Christ in the word. It is sweet to be getting an occasional crumb of the children's bread from the Master's table. Every crumb received here is an earnest of the everlasting banquet at which you will yet sit with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven."

He was requested to visit Caithness and to preach at Pulteneytown, Wick, which invitation he accepted.

"February 16th.—There was a large attendance yesterday both forenoon and afternoon. In the afternoon it was calculated that there would be about 800 present. They were hearing very attentively. I preached both forenoon and afternoon from the same verse, Song of Solomon vii. 10, 'I am my beloved's, and his desire is towards me.'"

The appeal made to the Synod on behalf of the Renton congregation for permission to have an English service was successful.

"April 23rd.—Our case came before the Synod on Wednesday forenoon, when the decision of the Presbytery was unanimously reversed, so that we have gained a victory at this stage. The Presbytery has protested and appealed to the General Assembly; but their case is now hopeless, and, therefore, I think they will fall from their appeal before the Assembly sits. It is not likely that the Assembly will overturn a unanimous decision of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr. You are aware that the case is about our having leave to preach English in the afternoon of Sabbath, which the Presbytery refused us. I pleaded the case for the congregation at the bar of the Synod. My speech occupied forty minutes in its delivery. I was not pleased with it myself; but several others spoke of it in very flattering terms. The speech on the opposite side was by a Mr —, and it is allowed by those on the same side with him that he made the next thing to a fool of himself by the way in which he spoke. His whole speech was one tirade of abuse against the Highlanders, and no argument whatever."

At this date and juncture Mr Cameron began to keep a diary; but, like many others who similarly started well, he did not persistently persevere, and blanks of weeks, months, and years soon

appear. Although at first acquaintance it might not be suspected, he possessed great store of unconscious humour, which sometimes, at fitting moments and amid suitable surroundings, found full scope. In his lively moods there were few more hearty or congenial conversationalists. No doubt, when one is accustomed to be much alone, the free use of speech and ready repartee may somewhat falter. From this view-point silence is scarcely always golden. A few extracts will suffice to illustrate these points:—

“Sabbath, May 3rd, 1857.—The discourse too long. Must study conciseness. How often in regard to this matter have I said, ‘I shall be wise,’ but that has hitherto been far from me. My mind considerably burdened with anxieties. May the Lord save me from wicked men who seem to be angry at me for no other causes than that I rebuked their sin. Lord preserve me likewise from that woman Mrs —, to whom Thou knowest I have given no cause for hating me. From being the next thing to an idolator, if not altogether one, she has turned, it seems, to be a mean but bitter enemy, for no other reason apparently than that she fancied, or took it into her head, that I think more of Mrs D.’s humble and unpretending piety than of her own flaming profession, although I am not aware of having ever instituted any comparison between them. Upon Thee, O Lord, I cast myself; save me from her tongue. ‘I am thine; save thou me.’ I was never, however, in more need of the rod, although I think I would prefer another to a woman’s tongue.”

As the events are attempted to be arranged chronologically, there may appear to be some lack of continuity and consecutiveness; but the gain in variety and vivacity may counterbalance the loss: and I shall consequently have to quote alternately from the diary and from the correspondence. Ecclesiastical affairs and affairs of the heart are found side by side; but they are by no means always synonymous:—

“C.<sup>1</sup> May 15th.—I am kept very busy. Our case is to be taken to the General Assembly by the parties in the Presbytery opposed to us. I trust we shall be successful; but it will be a great trial for me to appear and speak there. I have not yet begun to prepare my speech, but I know the subject well, and that is a great matter.”

<sup>1</sup> For facility of reference letter C.=Correspondence, and D.=Diary. The C. or D. is not repeated if the quotations are continuously from the one source.



“Poor Lord Byron loved, when he was very young, a lady who did not return his love, but who sometime after married another. This disappointment was the cause of the miserable life which he afterwards led. His case is one of the many sad illustrations of the fact that one can truly love only once.”

The difficulty of attaining to acquiescence in one's lot is thus described :—

“O ! to be able to say, the Lord's will be done ; but that is a high attainment—higher than many know who talk much and loudly about resignation. It is difficult to be thoroughly resigned to the will of God. I know it ; I feel it. It is easy to speak of resignation until our own gourd is smitten.”

His views on economy are thus expressed :—

“D. June 10th.—I must economise. It is only in the matter of books that I am extravagant. Must resolve to purchase no more, or, at least, very few. My expenditure in other respects, except perhaps travelling, very moderate indeed—not niggardly, however.”

Broken resolutions relative to early rising have formed a prolific theme of poignant regrets, both before and since the days of Dr Samuel Johnson.

“Read more of Hedley Vicar's Life. Would that I could imitate him in his desire and endeavour to be useful to his fellow-men ! Why not ? I want zeal. Must stir myself up. This will never do. Must try to rise in the morning, to study more of next Sabbath's discourse. Can I carry out this resolution ? Lord, help me to do so. Nearly one o'clock A.M.”

“D. June 11th.—Did not rise this morning earlier than usual, notwithstanding last night's resolution. Shall try to-morrow, if spared.”

To return to the Renton Station Case. The Assembly left it undecided until the August Commission, but meanwhile referred it to the Presbytery to see whether the congregation could be accommodated in the church already erected in the village. It was a time of much anxiety to Mr Cameron.

“I failed to state the case of this congregation in the Assembly so well as I did before the Synod, and that is preying upon my mind.”

“C. July 7th.—“But after the Presbytery met on 24th June, we saw that there is little chance of any arrangement being effected that will benefit this congregation.”

The Presbytery appointed a Committee to carry out the Assembly's instructions.

"Since the appointment of that Committee, I have lost heart, for I am afraid that what I have been labouring for so long time to accomplish, shall fall to the ground, and that instead of leaving this congregation in possession of a suitable place of worship, which they might call their own, I shall have to leave them scattered hither and thither."

"D. If an arrangement can be effected by which the two congregations can be suitably accommodated in the one building, so as to avoid the necessity of erecting another, that arrangement ought by all means, *for the good of the cause generally*, to be carried out, even should particular interests to some small degree suffer. How great is the value of firmness in resolution as well as in action! A man whom you can find exactly where you left him is the man to be depended upon in an emergency."

"C. July 18th.—"I have not been very well for some time back. The anxiety connected with the movement in our congregation, and the opposition it is encountering, are telling upon my health. . . . Ah! how I long to go North, to see all my friends, and to get a few weeks' rest! I have great need of escaping from this scene of strife. The idea of it makes me miserable, and yet I cannot think of leaving this poor congregation in its present state."

"C. July 25th.—On Saturday I saw Mr Campbell, Tullichewen, for some time. He is most anxious that the Highlanders may be accommodated in the Renton Free Church, of which he is an elder. His fellow-office-bearers are anxious to bring about the same result; but, considering the opposition of the Presbytery—or, at all events, of part of the Presbytery—I do not expect that that result is attainable."

"C. November 16th, Renton.—To-morrow morning, *D.V.*, I leave this for Edinburgh, to defend our case at the bar of the Commission, on Wednesday—probably in the evening. It is a great trial to stand up to speak before so many people, but I trust I shall be strengthened and guided. I feel very anxious. . . . I am not thoroughly prepared. The difficulty will be in condensing my materials so that the hearers will not be wearied, and in presenting them in the clearest and most impressive way, so as to convince the hearers, who are to be the judges, that what you ask is reasonable and right. If we lose, the loss to this poor station will be incalculable."

The case was gained, and the following congratulatory letter from Mac Rath Mòr is noteworthy:—

“Free Manse of Lochs, 27th November, 1857.

“My Dear Sir,—I was at Stornoway this week attending the Presbytery, and was indeed glad that your case, in which I took a deep interest from the first, was brought to a right termination. You have now the ball, so to speak, at your feet; and it now only remains that you go to work with prudence and energy. The Party wishing for a change may propose what they choose to you, but unless such a proposal is both reasonable and practicable, you should not entertain it for a moment, nor pause for an instant in your onward progress. I congratulate you on being chiefly instrumental in laying a solid foundation for a Gaelic congregation at Renton; and now that the foundation is laid, let a superstructure be raised worthy of the struggle which is happily brought to an end. The good hand of the Lord is what should be recognised in the whole matter. I suppose you will now take up the first instalment of the subscriptions without delay.

“You may let —— fall into oblivion. . . . In your present position, it will be easier for you to forgive him than for him to forgive you. The *defeated offender* is always stiff to deal with. However contrary to our notions of right and wrong, yet so it is.

“I am sorry to say that Mrs Macrae is not improving. She seems to be losing ground in the same proportion as I gain it. All the rest of us are quite well.

“What a panic in the commercial world! Are all these commotions and earthquakes at home and abroad foreshadows of the great things promised? It is certain that the times are not ordinary. But I must stop before I commit myself.—Yours sincerely,

“JOHN MACRAE.”

This is how Mr Cameron alludes to the successful termination of the anxious and protracted struggle:—

“C. 19th December.—You would have seen from the newspapers that we have gained our case. The English was introduced on the Sabbath before last by Mr Alexander, of Duntocher, our tried friend in the Presbytery all along. Last Sabbath we had Gaelic from 11½ to 1, and English from 1 to 2½. The house was full on each occasion.”

“I long for an opportunity of spending a few weeks in Badenoch. I do not know that I shall remain here beyond the end of this quarter. I am not yet quite determined as to what I shall do. As our case is settled, it is easier for me to leave; but some of the people say that if I leave, the church will not go on. I would like to see the foundation stone laid before I would go to any other place.”



Although Mr Cameron's attention was fully engrossed with affairs at Renton, he was not forgotten elsewhere, for we find—

“C. July 7th.—When in Rothesay, I saw a paragraph in a newspaper which stated that I was elected, on the previous week, by the Pulteneytown congregation, by a majority of 86. No other one was proposed, but a motion was made for delay. . . . They know that I shall not accept a divided call, and that it is more than I can tell whether I should accept a unanimous call from a congregation that does not require Gaelic every Sabbath.”

Friendship and fellowship formed constitutive elements in his character.

“C. July 18th.—I do not know that I have ever told you of a friendship that I have recently formed. I refer to that of Mr G., a fellow-student. He is one of the finest young men that I have ever met with, and for some time back I have been a good deal in his society. He is with me at present.”

He held humble views of himself as a preacher at the very time that competent judges hailed him as one of the most promising and effective among the rising young men.

“C. July 25.—Since my return from the North, I think I have lost ground as a preacher. I find it, at all events, much more difficult to preach now than I did some time ago. I compare myself to Samson when shorn of his locks. I cannot go out to shake myself as I did on former times. I believe I know what this is owing to. My mind has of late been so much harassed with other things that it does not possess its former vigour and buoyancy.” *Apropos* of this, D., June 10th.—“O Lord, impress myself with the truth that others may be impressed. The secret of my want of success in preaching lies, I suspect, in my want of spirituality. It is those who sow in tears who will reap in joy in the Lord's own time.”

And yet from the depths of such distress, and out of the abundance of the heart, he comforts his distressed correspondent.

“Whatever your experience may now be, at the time you said ‘*I shall die trusting in Him,*’ you were as firmly persuaded of the truth of what you were saying as you were of your own existence, and if so, that proves that it was a genuine expression of faith. It is possible that the words ‘I believe,’ or ‘I shall die trusting in Him,’ were scarcely out of your lips when you had to cry, ‘Help thou mine unbelief,’ but that does not affect the genuineness of your faith—it only proves the remaining sinfulness and corruption of your heart.”

Here is a very sensible view of differences of opinion not unknown in the Church and in the world at the present day—

“Mr E. is strongly opposed to the side taken by Mr A. What a pity that godly men differ so much! It grieves me much to witness the coldness between these men. I believe they both err in some things and are both right in other things connected with that case. May the Lord bring them to see eye to eye.”

“C. September 11th.—I have now more longing for studying the Bible, and the trials of the months that are now past have, I am confident, been blessed to my soul.”

Referring to his book-buying mania, he acknowledges a certain amount of “recklessness in that way,” but immediately adds, “yet some excuse may be offered for my conduct seeing that I shall never more have such an opportunity of buying useful books if I go to reside in the country.”

There is allusion made to one feature of his character which, I daresay, would readily escape the notice of his ecclesiastical opponents.

“D. Drank tea at Mr R.’s. Some conversation about the proposed church accommodation. A delightful family. They could not but regard me as a very forward individual. How is it that I appear so forward when suffering from exceptional shyness? Is it not owing to an unnatural effort to escape from my conscious diffidence—an effort which leads me to the opposite extreme before I am aware of it, and then, upon discovering that I have been speaking or acting out of my ordinary and natural manner, I feel pained.”

We come now to the year 1858, and find Mr Cameron still labouring at Renton, consolidating the congregation and collecting funds to erect a new church. With the advance of knowledge many cherished opinions inevitably undergo modification, while all that is good ought assuredly to be conserved.

“Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widen’d with the process of the suns.”

There must come release from some influences and deliverance from the dominance of some views that may be very popular but scarcely scientific—at least somewhat unsafe if unduly emphasised.

“C. 7th January.—I have been dreaming much about him (a friend) of late, and, although I have little faith in dreams, I have

so much of my early prejudices still clinging to me that they cause me uneasiness."

To the same three years earlier he writes :—

"It is your anxiety that gives you these unpleasant dreams. I am troubled with them myself, and it was only last night that I had a very unpleasant one. Remember, however, that whatever comes not from the Lord is not for our edification, and we ought not to attend to it. Again, the Lord speaks to His people only by His Spirit, and the Spirit speaks only in the Word. He speaks, of course, in His providence and through His works ; but it is the Word that casts light on these things. It is to the surer Word of prophecy that we must come to know the Lord's will regarding it."

The writer heard Mr Cameron repeatedly tell the following anecdote, which deals with the less serious aspect of the above subject. One morning a beggar called at the manse for alms, and the servant—a good and kindly woman—gave him at once all the meal in the house. She had none left wherewith to make porridge, and she mentioned the incident to the minister, who simply asked—"Why did you give all away?" To which the reply was—"A Scripture came to my mind to do so." "And why," was the further and final query, "did you not also get a Scripture for my porridge?"

His conviction as to the necessity of writing, though not of reading, his sermons, is given in the same letter :—

"I am at present studying very hard and writing a great deal, although I do not remember when, before this evening, I had written a letter. The last, so far as I remember, was to yourself, now more than a fortnight ago. I am now endeavouring to write my sermons at full length—a thing which all preachers ought to do, for the sake of their hearers and of themselves."

"C. January 16th.—We are making arrangements for beginning our church early in the spring, and while these arrangements are in progress, it will be very difficult for me to go to any other place."

Spiritual progress and prosperity profoundly and constantly concern him.

"Backsliding does not consist so much in the committal of outward sins as in a dead insensible frame of mind ; and it is that frame of mind from which our outward sins proceed. Ah, if I could get out of that frame of mind into a livelier and holier



frame, I think I would be happy. The way out is thus set forth. Have your eye steadily fixed on the promise. You may be in darkness, but don't let the word go. Think upon it, and it is while thinking upon it that the light of faith and peace will gleam into the soul."

The illness of Mr Cameron's faithful and furnace-tried correspondent has for a considerable period assumed a serious form :—

"C. 19th January.—You will bring none of your sinful dross into Heaven, and hence the reason why the purifying fire is made so hot ; but He is able with the trial to make a way of escape. They who are clothed in white before the throne, and have the palms of victory in their hands, are those who come out of great tribulation. O, remember the blood of Christ, in which their robes have been washed ! . . . I have many trials that others have not, but I have none that I do not require. By them the Lord is preparing me, either to follow you soon, or else to be in some measure useful to His poor Church in the world, if He intends to spare me. I would not, however, exchange my lot with all its crooks for the easier lot of others whose 'hearts are as fat as grease,' Ps. cxix. 70. It is better to be cast into the hottest furnace of affliction than that our souls should lose their edge."

"C. 20th January.—Remember what you once wrote me ; that you would die trusting in Christ. Honour Him by trusting Him, and He will honour you by sustaining you. 'Those that honour Me will I honour,' is the promise. . . . May the Son of man by His Spirit be with you in the furnace. Rest assured that you are daily and hourly upon my mind."

"C. 23rd January.—At this moment I do not know well how you are. From your father's letter, I understood that you were suffering much ; but your real state I do not know. When I am writing these words you may be no more. And . . . the hour that releases your soul from the tabernacle which suffers so much will be a triumphant hour for you, although a sad one to those who love you, and whom, for a season, you leave behind. The separation, however, will be only for a season—a short season ; and then those who loved each other in the Lord will meet again, when there will be neither sin nor suffering. . . . While your day of warfare continues, seek to have the blessed Captain of Salvation in your eye. He too had to die, and what a death !"

It is pathetic to find in the same letter a reference to a more mundane matter which, in a measure, relieves the intensity of feeling awakened by impending gloom caught from imminent proximity to the shadow of the tomb. "O love, if thou wert all

and nought beyond, O earth !” “If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most pitiable.”

“I have this day received a private letter from Kilmartin informing me that I have been unanimously chosen to be their minister, and that they are to be before the first meeting of Presbytery praying for a moderation in a call. I do not know what to say about the matter. I must seek to be guided by Him who is able to give light to show the way in which we ought to walk. It is a small charge, but that is so far a desirable element. I do not wish a large charge. . . . O, that I may receive the Holy Spirit ! I have this evening got new light, perhaps not new light, but clearer light upon the subject of the indwelling of the Spirit in the souls of believers. The Spirit Himself dwells in them. He not only bestows grace upon them, but he Himself takes up His abode within them, and having done so He continually communicates His grace unto them in the measure which He knows will be for their good. . . . Earnestly desiring that the everlasting arms may continually encompass you, and believing that they shall, I remain. . . .”

Perhaps nothing can better exhibit and illustrate the preaching and practice of Mr Cameron as a probationer endeavouring to establish a congregation at Renton than the following letter, which shows him at his busiest and best :—

“C. January 26th.—I have to preach on Thursday evening (at Rothesay). I have chosen for my text Jer. iii. 14th, ‘Return unto me ye backsliding children, I am married unto you.’<sup>1</sup> Pray that the Lord may enable me to speak unto the people a word in season. The service commences at six o’clock, and at that time be praying. God can hear you in Badenoch and give me an answer in Rothesay at one and the same time. I shall tell you my heads that you may be thinking over the subject yourself, if you are not so very weak that you cannot think upon anything.

I. Backsliding—(1) Its nature ; (2) its causes ; (3) its process, or how it progresses from a small beginning ; (4) its sad consequences—deadness, unfruitfulness, want of comfort, and at length, it may be, reproach to the cause of Christ, and some of the evil consequences or fruits of backsliding in heart from God.

“II. The exhortation to return unto God. To return is the duty of the soul, but it is the Spirit alone that enables us to return —‘Turn thou me and I shall be turned.’

<sup>1</sup>Correct quotation is, “Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord ; for I, &c.”—ED.



“ III. The motives to return. ‘ I am married unto you, and I will take you one of a city and two of a family, and I will bring you to Zion.’ (1) The glory and beauty of Him to whom they are married—thy Maker is thy Husband ; (2) the relation in which they stand to Him ; they are married unto Him ; and Christ’s spouse ought not to play the harlot with any other lovers ; (3) all the goodness and love vouchsafed to them ; (4) the remembrance of their former character and misdeeds ; (5) the nature of God ; for, although He is a God of love, He is also a jealous God, and He is very much displeased with the sin of having other gods. What a powerful motive to induce us to walk in the fear of God, and to return from all our backslidings is contained in the words, ‘ I am married unto you !’ And consider that other motive (ver. xxii.), ‘ I will heal your backslidings.’

“ After I was over with my work last Sabbath, a man came to the door asking me to go to see a poor woman, one of our hearers, who was apparently dying. I was very tired, and, therefore, felt in my mind unwilling to go ; but I never refuse to go to see a sick person at any time, and therefore I went. I knew the woman a little before but not intimately. She came here in summer from the Island of Tyree, with a married sister. She has been long poorly in health ; but she used to be out on the Sabbath pretty often. A few months ago a brother she had here became ill, and when going to see her brother I used to see her. I found out then that it was her illness that was keeping her at home whenever she staid at home on the Sabbath. She was, however, very quiet—and did not speak much—and therefore I did not think very much about her. A few weeks ago, one of the hearers, a pious woman who was a hearer of old Mr Kennedy, spoke to me about this woman that I was called to see last Sabbath night. Mrs Dingwall, the woman from the north, was noticing the other at the *hearing*, and was thinking that there was something about her which was not about the rest ; but she did not know who she was or where she lived. I had forgotten what Mrs Dingwall had said until I saw the other woman last Sabbath. When I went in the first thing she said was that she was dying, and that she was without God and without hope. I remained in the house nearly two hours, during which time I got some things out of her which led me to conclude that she is a sincere and humble, though much tried Christian. She complained much of her deadness, and that though she had been long following the means, she had not got anything, and several other things of the same kind ; which showed that she was speaking more from what she was then experiencing than from what was her real state in the sight of God. Her bitter complaints with regard to her deadness, her unfruitfulness, and her emptiness I could not but regard as marks of



the divine life in her soul. Again, in answer to questions, she would own that she had more desire for the society of the Lord's people than for any other society—that it was her desire that Christ might be hers, although she could not say that he was actually hers. Altogether I thought I saw more of Christ's image in her than in any that I have seen for many a day; and while reading the chapter and engaging in prayer, I felt my feelings so overpowered that I could not help weeping. She seemed so humble and so self-denied, although she considered herself the very reverse of that, that I felt ashamed and confounded. I thought of the Sabbaths that that poor child of God had sat under me without probably getting a crumb for her poor soul. I would be aiming at high things—high doctrines, and so forth—and here was a poor, humble and needy soul, who probably could not understand high doctrines, but who desired a crumb of the children's bread. After returning to the house I could not help weeping. I felt humbled and ashamed. Pain and suffering cannot wring a tear from me, although tears would often relieve my heart, but to hear or to see instances of the power of grace overpowers my affections, as if I were a little child. I was yesterday seeing her twice, and each time I thought that my cold and hard heart was the better of going. I could not but feel as if the Lord were in that little chamber. She told me yesterday a good deal about how things first began with her. She told me that the Gospel used to impress her more than the law did; and she was afraid because she was not brought through great distress of mind and deep conviction that she had not experienced a real work. She was for a long time uneasy, and knew that she needed a Saviour, before one Sabbath that the minister was preaching from the text, 'He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom; and shall gently lead those that are with young,' when she experienced some melting of the heart. She afterwards had many experiences of the same kind, although she said these were not so often when hearing that minister as when hearing others who would be touching her case. She said that the minister would be so high, and would not come down to the little things that she would have, and that remark stung me to the quick. I thought with myself, that is just my way. Altogether, I trust the Lord will bless to my soul the instruction which He has been giving me from the sickbed of that poor woman. It is the most precious, at all events, the sweetest that I have met with this summer. It has taught me, in some measure, how rude, and ignorant, and brutish I am; and how easily God, by His foolish and weak things, can confound our great and wise things. She was saying yesterday that she thought if the Lord would set her house in order, she would be willing that the pins

of her tabernacle would be loosed ; ‘and yet,’ she said, ‘there is a clinging in the heart to life’ . . . What a person I have been, to have such a woman as this in my hearing, and living a few yards from me, all the summer, without knowing of her ! But she was so modest and diffident that she would not speak, and had it not been for her trouble, it is probable that I should not discover her worth at all.”

Word reaches him that his correspondent is not better but weaker, and he concludes with the fervent wish—“May the Lord strengthen you, and enable you to endure until His will concerning you be accomplished !”

It is worthy of remark that the preceding letter is throughout a literal translation from the Gaelic—retaining all its idioms—of the conversation reported.

The shadows are thickening on this side Jordan in the case of the much loved and devoted friend, or more than a friend, who a few week’s later entered into rest, but the glimpses of light and glory from the further side make plain the past and present, and reconcile many heartrending contendings—the patient sufferer with the trying farewell, and the loving ones that remain with the will of the Supreme.

“C. February 13th.—I thought that I would have seen you before this time ; but it seems we can never get things exactly as we wish.”

“C. February 15th.—You would conclude from my last, that there would be little chance, owing to your weak state, of you and me ever meeting in this world. . . . May the Lord take you in His arms. May He divide the waters before you. May He in every respect conform you to Christ’s blessed image. Remember the promise, that He will never leave you, nor forsake you. May God—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—be your everlasting stay !”

The last letter of this touching, tender, and consolatory correspondence closes thus :—

“C. February 20th.—. . . How can I, with my ignorance and deadness, say anything to suit your case ? Oh ! that the Lord would teach me to speak a word in season to weary souls, which is one of the most important functions of the Christian ministry. Think of the Word as often as you can, especially those words that were precious to you during the beginning of your trouble. You may find some drops of honey still in the jaw

bones by which you thought you were enabled before to slay some of the enemies of your soul—in those passages of Scripture that were wont to give you comfort. Remember . . . that God's covenant standeth fast. Our experience may change, and the Lord for wise ends may vary his dealings towards us ; but the covenant, being based upon God's unchangeableness, can never be modified. When He once becomes our God, He becomes our God for ever and ever. Remember that sweet passage, 'I am the Lord thy God.' Seek always to be looking more to Christ in the word, and less to your own poor experience. He is the fountain of life and comfort, but you are deadness. He is the chief among ten thousand, but you are vile and sinful. You have no righteousness of your own ; but he has righteousness with which divine justice is fully satisfied. In Him, you who have nothing have righteousness and strength. The Lord, your Redeemer, will give you grace and glory, and He will withhold no good thing from you. Your present affliction you will yet see to be for your good, should you not see it until you are in glory."

In the Life of Dr Robertson of Irvine there is an amusing story told regarding a poor peripatetic probationer who had long wooed vacancies unsuccessfully, and who, in a weary, yet reflective mood, thought he could get some comfort from comparing himself with his hostess, Miss Robertson. "You and I are like one another ; you never got a husband and I never got a church." "How many calls have you had?" was the prompt reply. "Ah ! none," was the reluctant response. "Then, don't you be *evening* yourself with me, sir," effectively ended the colloquy.

The reverse of this was Mr Cameron's experience. A cordial call was presented to him by the people of Kilmartin. Mr P. Sinclair apprises him of the fact, thus :—

"Kilmartin, 30th April, 1858.—The Presbytery met at the Free Church here yesterday, when an opportunity was given to the people to sign the call in your favour. There are already upwards of 180 names to it, and many have not yet had an opportunity to sign it. I am safe in saying that a more cordial call was never given to a Free Church minister. We earnestly hope that nothing will prevent your accepting it."

This is the reply, delayed unduly but excusably during an intervening period of deep bereavement and intense sorrow. It also illustrates how he obeyed the injunction, "in honour preferring one another."



“Renton, June, 1858.—Having been from home for several days I did not receive your letter asking me this week to Kilmartin until I returned yesterday afternoon, and I was not able to write you sooner.

“It would give me great pleasure to go to Kilmartin on this occasion, especially as Mr Kennedy is to be there, were it not that I must be here on the Sabbath. There are certain reasons that render that necessary. I was away last Sabbath, and must be away again on the 13th. I do not see, moreover, that my going to Kilmartin could be profitable to anyone except myself; for I could scarcely consent to take one of the services out of Mr Kennedy’s hands. I would have gone, however, most gladly as a hearer, were it not for the difficulty of being away on the Sabbath in the circumstances to which I have alluded.

“I did not reply to your previous note simply because I did not know how to do so. I was not then seeing my way either to accept or reject the call. Kilmartin, I must own, presented to my mind many inducements to make choice of it—for a season at least—as my field of labour. I have at the same time difficulties in the way of my leaving this place for any other place, and special difficulties in the way of my leaving it for Kilmartin. And thus my mind was long in an undetermined state, although I was honestly and sincerely desiring, if I was not deceiving myself, to know what was the path of duty.” So he elected to remain in Renton.

About the same time a movement on his behalf was started at Duthil, near Grantown, an account of which is given in a letter from Rev. Mr Mackay—afterwards the well-known and highly respected Dr George Mackay, of Inverness, who was one of the foremost preachers of this century in the Highlands.

“Inverness, 23rd June, 1858.—Therefore I write you as one in whom you have some confidence to say that I am authorised to state that there is a prospect of unanimity in giving a call to you, if any encouragement can be given to do so. Duncan Cameron [better known as the smith of Aviemore, an excellent and able man, and a good speaker at the Friday Fellowship Meetings], explicitly said so, and desired me to write you to that effect. I did not like to speak to others without communicating with yourself first; but I asked him very distinctly if he was sure that he was correct in his views as to the minds of the people. He declared he had no doubt whatever.” The requisite encouragement does not seem to have been forthcoming, and so the matter dropped.

The Paisley people seem to have persevered in the face of discouragement and denial, for we find the following letter from Rev. A. R. Findlay :—

“Houston Free Manse, 1st December, 1858.—I am instructed by the Free Presbytery of Paisley to inform you that a call to you from the Free Gaelic Church of Paisley, signed by 124 office-bearers and members, and a concurrence in the call, signed by 137 adherents, was laid on the table this day, and sustained. The Presbytery agreed to meet specially on Wednesday, the 15th, at 11 o'clock A.M. in the usual place of meeting, when they expect that either personally or by letter you will state your acceptance or non-acceptance of said call.”

This cordial call to Paisley he found it necessary, on account of his arduous mission work at Renton, to regretfully decline. And in after years he spoke affectionately and gratefully of the kindness of the Paisley people.

But he preferred to remain at his post in the Vale of Leven.

Yet another opportunity was afforded him, and, indeed, pressure was brought to bear upon him to go to the Colonies. He writes under date 19th September, 1859, in reference to this matter :—

“I may mention that Dr Bonar is urging me strongly to go out to Lower Canada for a few years. I don't think, however, that I shall go at present, but if I shall be long spared I shall visit America, although I do not think that I shall ever remain in it permanently.”

This resolution was never carried into effect. In the same letter he indicates the approach of his definite settlement and continuance in his present sphere :—

“The congregation at Renton are taking the usual steps in the matter of their call. The moderation is to take place on Thursday first (22nd September). It is likely that I shall accept it, but I feel that the matter is one of great difficulty. The responsibilities of the ministerial office are tremendous, and how few take that to heart as they ought.”

It was not without much anxiety and exertion on the part of preacher and people that affairs had come to be in their present satisfactory position. Writing on July 18th, 1859, Mr Cameron says :—

“We began to build our church in September, and we applied for sanction to the last General Assembly. The church was opened for public worship on the 22nd of May. Mr Macrae, late of Greenock, preached in the forenoon and Dr Roxburgh, Glasgow, in the afternoon and evening. The collection at the forenoon diet—that is the Gaelic diet—was about £30, and at the other two diets, £12, which made about £42 in all. The church is very neat and is exceedingly well finished. Our application for sanction was unanimously granted by the General Assembly. Our Sustentation Fund contributions will amount, I expect, to £200. The income of the minister will be about £160, and house-rent until a manse can be built.”

Mr Cameron's services were highly and widely appreciated at this early date in his career, and many predicted for him a successful future. He was invited to exchange pulpits with Mr Aird of Creich—the now venerable and highly popular Dr Aird, on whom his Church conferred its highest honour in 1888 by appointing him Moderator. It will not be uninteresting to know the incidents of a journey to the north on the occasion of the proposed exchange. The date is, Free Manse of Creich, Monday, 19th September, 1859:—

“I left this place on Monday morning a little before five o'clock, and walked to Alness, a distance of twenty-one miles, where I arrived at ten o'clock forenoon. But when I arrived there I found that the coach had passed to Inverness about half an hour before my arrival. I could therefore do nothing but either walk to Inverness, or else wait for the mail which would pass sometime through the night, and which would be too late to enable me to get forward comfortably from Inverness on Tuesday morning. I therefore crossed the Ferry at Alness to the Black Isle, walked on to Kessock Ferry, a distance of fifteen miles, crossed that ferry, and walked to Inverness, so that I walked on Monday altogether between thirty-eight and thirty-nine miles, not counting the ferries. I remained at Inverness that night, and on Tuesday morning I left by the railway at twenty minutes before seven o'clock for Glasgow, where I arrived about 7.30 in the evening.”

And now for the return journey, which is equally difficult—

“I was obliged to leave Glasgow on Friday forenoon. I went first to Edinburgh and thence to Aberdeen, where I arrived late that evening. I left Aberdeen on Saturday forenoon at eleven o'clock for Inverness, where I arrived a little after seven o'clock in the evening. I left Inverness a few minutes after eight o'clock



by the mail coach, by which I came to a place called Novar, which is eight miles on this side of Dingwall, and exactly twenty miles from this place by the hill road. The coach was there at half past 11 o'clock at night. I did not like to go round the way of Tain by the mail, as in that case I would be travelling by a public conveyance up to 5 o'clock on Sabbath morning. I therefore left the mail at Novar and walked to this place across the hill. There was good moonlight and the road is very good, although there are many steep braes ; but on the hill it is as dreary as on Drumochter, for you meet only one house for a distance of between 11 and 12 miles—and what was still worse, I had a good deal of rain on the hill. However, I walked on and entered this house immediately after the clock struck five in the morning. Now, when you consider that I was travelling without stopping, except during Friday night at Aberdeen, from half-past ten o'clock on Friday forenoon, first by the train and then by the coach, you can understand that I was sufficiently exhausted when, after walking the last twenty miles on foot, I entered the Manse of Creich. I went to bed at 6 in the morning and slept until 9. I then got up, and at 11.30 I had to be engaged in the Sabbath service. They begin here the Gaelic service at 11.30 and the English at 2. I never felt it more difficult to engage in my Sabbath duties, considering the state of both my body and my mind, and also that I would have the *heaviest* [greatest] men in this part of the country, such as Gustavus Munro (Havy Munro he is generally called) and Hugh Graham for my hearers. I suppose you would have heard Donald Duff speaking of them. I had, however, much cause of thankfulness ; I seldom preached with more satisfaction to myself, although it might not have been the same to others. All the time that I was engaged I felt no fatigue, and to-day I feel as fresh as ever."

On the same date Rev. Mr Dewar, Kingussie, writes in reference to the Renton call :—

"I am very glad to hear of the doings of the Highlanders of the Vale of Leven. They deserve to get a minister, and I hope they shall soon have the man of their choice. I do not see how you can refuse their call. Think what the consequence may be if you do so. At the present moment they are full of zeal and hope ; their efforts are at long last about to be crowned with success ; they are, I presume, unanimous in the choice of a minister, and I suppose the prospect of getting that particular individual stimulated them all along. But let them be disappointed, and their zeal will receive a check, their first ardour will be damped, then they will try one after another of the most eminent ministers

in the Highlands till they find that a hopeless game, then they will try to choose a probationer, then they will get divided, and then the old story of fighting with one another and with the Presbytery till they lose all heart. All this might not happen, but it is at least probable it might ; it has often happened, especially in Highland congregations in towns, and that which has been is that which shall be. But I hope the Renton congregation will be spared the trial."

This augury proved correct. Mr Cameron, after much deliberation and some hesitation, accepted the call of the congregation, for whose best interests he had laboured so strenuously and successfully. The usual steps preliminary to a settlement having been passed through, he was ordained minister of the Gaelic Church, Renton, on the 17th November, 1859.

## CHAPTER IV.

## MINISTRY IN RENTON.

It may prove instructive to get a glimpse of the surroundings and ascertain some of the historical incidents and recent reminiscences of this "local habitation." And for such a sketch I am indebted to an able and learned lecture delivered by Mr John Macleod Dalquhurn, to the Renton Literary Association. He says :—

"Those who have spent their early years in a small country village, amidst the works of nature and beautiful scenery, and have had the advantage of seeing nature under its various aspects, and have seen the old, low-roofed, thatched houses, the small dingy shops, with their half-doors, and the stone seats in the streets disappearing, along with many old customs and ways of living, cannot but view the place of those early associations with feelings of peculiar interest and affection. Besides, it is both acceptable and profitable to us to possess a knowledge of the events and circumstances which have produced the social system and institutions under which our happiness has been produced and protected. Cicero, the Roman philosopher, has truly said, 'For a man to be ignorant of what happened before him is to be always a child.' . . . In early times the people of all ranks lived so friendly together that the villagers were, in a manner, all next-door neighbours. This village, like many other villages, had names given to certain of its inhabitants, founded on some peculiarity of their character, and married women were addressed by their maiden name. The village had its 'King Hale,' its 'Duke,' and its 'Bishop,' all as familiarly known to the old natives as the cross on the Main Street. During last century and well into the present, spinning and weaving as opposed to the present factory system were carried on by farmers and cottars. The spindles and spinning wheel occupied a prominent place in domestic life, and the two last handlooms in use—Duncan M'Laren's in the Back Street, and James Paul's in the Main Street, are still remembered. Joseph Irving gives some account of the early dwellers in the district. Early charters tell of grants of free forestry and fishing in the Leven as gifts to religious houses. The district was generally known as the 'Lennox' or 'Levenach,' and the once powerful house of Lennox dates as far back as 1072. This tract



of country was given by Malcolm III. to Arkil, the son of Egfrith, in consideration of the noble stand he had made against the Conqueror, and as some recompense for the loss of his possessions. In 1587 James IV. visited Matthew, the Earl of Lennox, at his castle at Balloch. After the Restoration, the lands of Bonhill passed to the Smolletts of Dumbartonshire. The founder of this house was Sir James Smollett, the novelist's grandfather, who is said to have been a skilful lawyer and a sagacious politician. Archibald, the fourth son of Sir James, married Barbara Cunningham, and occupied Dalquhurn House on the family estate. Tobias, the novelist, was the youngest son of this union. It is somewhat pathetic to be told that the author of 'Regicide,' 'Roderick Random,' and 'Humphrey Clinker,' should have passed his life in a continual struggle for existence. At Cardross, in the vicinity of Renton, from 1790 to 1801, Rev. Mr Macaulay, the grandfather of Lord Macaulay, the celebrated historian, was minister. Commercial prosperity and intellectual power are often found associated, and it is interesting to find that the firm of Walter Stirling & Sons, begun as a bleachwork, and become a lucrative business as a print-work, should be closely connected with Scottish scholarship. William Stirling died in 1777 at the age of 60, seven years after he had settled in the Valley of the Leven. His daughter Elizabeth was the mother of Sir William Hamilton, the distinguished philosopher, and of Thomas Hamilton, the author of 'Cyril Thornton.' Rev. James Oliphant, rendered historic by Robert Burns, was appointed to the parish of Dumbarton in 1773, and belonged to the Evangelical party. To check religious heresy at its fountain head, he prepared a Catechism, doctrinal and historical, of divine truth for the use of schools and families. It attained much popularity, and reached an issue of 20,000. With the view of giving him annoyance, a man was employed to go through Dumbarton with copies of the 'Young Communicants' Catechism,' crying as he went along, 'The whole works of the Rev. James Oliphant, presentee to this parish, for the small charge of twopence.'

"Previous to 1793, there is no record of any public school being in the place, the children being taught either by private teachers or their parents. In those days the school books were not heavy to carry. For the most part they were the Bible, the Shorter Catechism, a slate and a copy book. The usual school curriculum was the A B C on the first page of the Catechism, then the abs, ibs, and so forth; then came 'The Chief End of Man,' next the New Testament and the Bible, and this ended the education of a large number of scholars. For a number of years old John Maclaren, called by the natives 'John Highlandman,' carried on a school in Back Street most successfully. He was

well known to all the villagers, and when the children were dismissed from the school he walked behind them with a small cane in his hand like a herd on their way home ; no general at the head of his army felt prouder of his soldiers than this old teacher did walking along with his drove of scholars. He taught his children with great kindness, and was much loved by them and their parents. At that time the severity of discipline in use in our schools was far too general, and often thoughtlessly applied. Flogging and buffeting were unmercifully employed. This reacted again on the nature of the boys, who in turn domineered over each other.

“Old customs and superstitious beliefs, similar to those of other countries, prevailed here, such as reading cups, forecasts from dreams, and spaeing fortunes. The three most important events in life were attended with many curious customs. At birth there was the danger of being carried away by the fairies or being injured by the influence of an evil eye ; and many charms were used as a protection and preventive, particularly before baptism. The woman who carried the child to church to be baptised must be a lucky person. She carried with her a parcel of bread and cheese to be given to the first person she met, as a gift from the baby. Forecasts were made of the future of the child from the character of the person who received the gift. As to marriage, it was regarded as unlucky to enter wedlock in May—marry in May and rue for aye. If the day proved bright and cheerful it betokened a happy life, if dull and rainy the contrary result. The solemn event of death had also its quota of superstitions, omens, and warnings. The ticking of a watch or any noise about a sick person's bed, or the howling of a dog in the direction of a sick person's house, were considered sure signs of approaching death. There was a prevalent belief in the district that the rowan tree or mountain ash possessed a wonderful influence against all evil machinations. We find these trees still growing near houses, particularly farm-houses, as they were considered a protection both to the cattle and to the process of churning. Deaf and dumb persons were considered able to foretell future events.”

Into the life of this important, if limited, sphere of labour Mr Cameron entered heartily and hopefully. He became well known and appreciated in the whole neighbourhood. His sermons were carefully prepared and fully written out, but not read. It may, doubtless, be a special gift to be able to address audiences extempore, but one can hardly fail to realise that the spoken word seems to tell most effectively, as being an utterance direct from heart to heart, and as deriving part of its power from the presence



and position of the people influenced. His congregational work was in no way arrested but rather helped and brightened by occasional visits to other and remoter districts at Communion seasons. We shall best realise this by reference to his diary of date Saturday 14th July, 1860 :—

“This is my birthday. How little I have done for the glory of God and for the good of souls during the thirty-three years of my life now past ! May the Lord enable me to improve whatever portion of time He may be pleased yet to allot to me. Returned home after an absence of ten days in Kintyre where I was assisting Mr Macpherson, of Killean, at his communion. Left home for Killean the previous week ; and here I may give a brief account of my visit. On Tuesday, 3rd inst., went to Rothesay by the ‘Iona’ with I. and A. A. was on way to visit his aunt in Glenquoich. Having spent a happy day returned with I. to Glasgow in the afternoon by the same steamer. After arriving in Glasgow got Mr D. Gray to supply my place in Renton on Sabbath. Staid on Tuesday evening in Mrs Diamond’s, to be near the steamer in the morning.

“On Wednesday, the 4th, left for Killean by the ‘Iona,’ which brought me to Tarbert. Was suffering from severe headache when I landed at Tarbert. Rested for two or three hours at Mr Campbell’s, from whom, as well as from Mrs C., I met with much kindness. Left in the afternoon for Killean. Was met by Mr Macpherson with his gig about three miles beyond Tarbert. When we came to Clachan we rested for some time, were hospitably entertained by the gardener and his wife, and were constrained to address a few people who came to the house for that purpose. The duty devolved upon me. Spoke for some time from Ezek. xxxiii. 11. Much worse in consequence of travelling in an open conveyance after being somewhat heated by speaking at the meeting at Clachan. Arrived at Killean after eleven o’clock at night. Felt very unwell. My throat much affected.

“Thursday 5th.—Very unwell. So hoarse as to be able to speak with great difficulty. Officiated, nevertheless, three times—in the forenoon, in Gaelic, from Isa. i. 18 ; in the afternoon, in English, from Jer. l. 5 ; in the evening, in Gaelic, from <sup>the</sup> parable of the ten virgins. A good congregation in the forenoon. A considerable number left at the close of the Gaelic service, so that there were many fewer during the English service. *That* the result of habit more than of not being able to understand the English language. Most of the young people can understand and speak English quite well. There was a good attendance in the evening, although it was much inferior to the forenoon attendance. Those who came from a distance to the forenoon service



had returned home ; but some attended in the evening who did not attend, owing to want of dress or other causes, during the day. In the evening nearly all present were in their working dress. The service was called a meeting, although the exercise was much the same as an ordinary lecture. James Currie, a fine young man belonging to Killean, engaged in prayer before we dismissed. His prayer was simple, solemn, and very appropriate. From all that I have seen of him during my recent visit, I am inclined to regard him as the most extraordinary young man I have ever met with. With very much common sense he seems to possess clear views of Gospel truth and deep religious feeling. His mind is much exercised and is in consequence kept low, of which he is much the better. He possesses fine natural talents, but is withal very modest and diffident. If the Lord will spare him I trust he will be the means of doing good. It looks as if he had been raised up for that end, for he is far before every other one of whatever age that I have met with in that district.

“During all the Thursday services a deep solemnity pervaded the people. I believe that the Spirit of the Lord has been working in that district, and that whatever may be the ultimate result in regard to some, others will derive from the recent awakening lasting benefit. Many things to blame there may have been as there have always been in connection with similar movements ; but good has been done in spite of all these things.

“On Friday very unwell with the cold. No service this day in the south and west at communion seasons. The Friday meeting much missed by those accustomed to it. Some conversation with Elizabeth, Mr Macpherson’s sister, who has gone to reside with him, and who has been unwell ever since she went there.

“Mr Campbell, Tarbert, arrived in the afternoon. On Saturday still unwell, but able to preach the English service in the schoolhouse. Very few present. Subject, Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

“Sabbath.—Still unwell. A very deep cough. Found necessary to apply a mustard poultice to my chest a little before twelve o’clock, so that I was prevented from going to church until near two o’clock. Preached after the Tables from Zech. xiii. 8, 9. Considerable liberty in declaring the truth. O to feel humbly thankful for every measure of liberty which we may enjoy in speaking of divine things !

“Some conversation in the evening about the awakening. Mr Macpherson knew that I did not approve out and out of the movement. I suppose he must have heard in Lochgilphead. Availed myself of the opportunity which our conversation on the Sabbath evening afforded me to state my own views as prudently as I could. Endeavoured to show that mine differed, not so widely as might be supposed, from his own. Stated what I

approved of and what I disapproved of. Disapproved much of endeavouring to produce excitement and causing people to cry out ; and stated that it would be much better if the people could keep altogether from crying out ; although I did not wonder at all at many when they came to believe their lost state crying out. My main object in making these and other statements to the same effect, was to convince him, if possible, of the danger resulting from creating excitement among the people by working upon their feelings. All that I said, however, produced no effect ; for he was very firm in his own view, which I greatly regret.

“On Monday unwell, but better—the cough still continuing. Preached the English service in the church. More present. Subject, Song of Solomon vii. 10. In the evening crossed from Killean to Gigha in an open boat. Distance seven miles from the point which we left to the point at which we landed. James Currie and Mrs Mackay accompanied me in the same boat, and some others in another boat. The sea was smooth as glass. The meeting was held at the house of a farmer on the other side of the island from that on which we landed. Some forty or fifty persons present. Found that no proper intimation had been given, and that the place of meeting was not convenient. Chose Matth. xvi. 26 as my subject—the preciousness of the soul, and the awfulness of its loss. The people listened most attentively. One girl much impressed. J. Currie and myself remained all night at the farmer’s house, where we were very kindly entertained. Mrs Mackay and the rest from Killean returned home.

“Tuesday, 10th.—Very unwell last night and this morning, but better by 10 o’clock. Left Gigha for Kilberry about that time in the same boat that brought me to Gigha. It belonged to a young man from Kilberry who was at Killean at the Communion, and who, along with two Killean men, who were going to Kilberry to work, accompanied us to Gigha, that they might take James and myself to Kilberry. The day very fine, and the sea very smooth. Arrived at Kilberry about 2 o’clock—distance from the point from which we set out to that at which we landed about 11 miles. A good meeting in the evening in the Schoolhouse, which serves for both church and schoolhouse. English service first—subject, Lamentations iii. 24. Experienced much comfort in speaking. The people much impressed. Continued this service too long, quite unconsciously—about two hours. Gaelic service immediately afterwards—short, only about one hour. Very happy during both services. Believed that the Lord was present. No excitement, but deep solemnity. Gaelic subject, 1 Tim. i. 15. Mr John Clark is labouring here as a catechist. Met here the Misses M’Kinley from Rothesay. Mr Macarthur’s friends stayed all night with Mr Barnhill, whom, with Mrs Barn-



hill, I had met at Killean at the Communion, and from whom we now met with much kindness at their own house.

“On Wednesday morning we breakfasted with Mrs Shaw, a young lady married to a farmer there. Mr Shaw was not at breakfast, having left earlier for his fank, where they were busy sheep-shearing. Mrs Shaw a most interesting and gentle creature. Miss Maclean, daughter of Mr Maclean, Glenorchy, was staying there. Mrs Shaw, Miss Maclean, and another lady—an aunt of Mrs Shaw—had walked to the sermon the previous evening, a distance of four or five miles, or more. Mr Barnhill sent James and myself this forenoon across to Clachan, where it was arranged there should be a service about 1 o'clock. Mrs Shaw and Miss Maclean accompanied us, but returned immediately with Mr Barnhill, as the day began to threaten rain. Found the people waiting for us at Clachan, having been a little behind our time in getting forward. Addressed them from Hosea ii. 19. Much comfort in speaking to them, but was very exhausted before I got there. The people exceedingly attentive. Most of those present were grown-up men, and the tears were falling down the cheeks of some of them. Tea was prepared for us in the house of the gardener, where Mr Macpherson and myself stayed for some time that day week. Met with much kindness.

“Left Clachan about five o'clock P.M. to cross the hill to Skipness, a distance of — miles over a very bad road. One man, a tailor, accompanied us, while another sent a horse with us a considerable part of the way. Arrived at the house of a Mr Stewart, a farmer, exactly at eight. Was very much worn out, having walked the whole way, that poor James, who is not strong, might have the benefit of the horse. Much discouraged by finding only one other family, Stewart's father-in-law's family, present, besides the family of the house in which the meeting was held. All were Established Church people. Were told that the meeting was not properly intimated. One thing, however, was very apparent—the anxiety to hear the Word does not exist on this side as it exists on the other side. Addressed the few assembled from the Parable of the Supper, Luke xiv. Those present very attentive. Who can tell but that the Lord may bless the truth to some one present? Great, unspeakably great, is the value of one soul; and if one soul were won, that evening's labour would certainly not be in vain. Left after the meeting with Mr M'Q. in his dog-cart. Mr M'Q. is Mr S.'s father-in-law. Mr M'Q. and some of his family belong to the Established Church, to which the whole family at one time adhered, but some of them having come under concern, joined the Free Church—to which I believe the whole family would now adhere had they a Free Church



to go to. This family an instance of the influence for good which children often exert upon parents.

“Thursday, 12th.—Never met with more kindness than in that house. The family wished us to hold a meeting there before leaving for Carradale, where it was arranged we should have a meeting in the evening. Consented, and the family and a few others met at 12 o'clock. Addressed them from the parable of the Sower. Dwelt much upon false appearances, and how they gradually die away. Ascertained afterwards, through James, that one of the girls in the house has been much exercised for some time back. Considered the state of her mind hopeful. Was led through the influence of some companions who were anxious at the time of the awakening in Greenock, and who seemed to have got peace, to believe that she herself also had found peace, but that peace she had subsequently lost—which was well for her. May the Lord lead her to find peace in Christ! Thought that I felt a little of the presence of the Lord at one time during the meeting. Mr M'Q. sent his dog-cart with us to a place within two miles or so of Carradale, or rather of the place where we were to meet there.

“James was expecting a good meeting at Carradale, but in this he was disappointed and much dejected. There are a few Free Church families there, but with the exception of Mr M'Q.'s son, who goes every Sabbath across the hill to Mr Macpherson's Church, they do not seem very zealous. There are also some Independents who would join the Free Church if there were an acceptable preacher there. The Free Church ought not to lose sight of the place or of her own adherents there, and a faithful and judicious preacher might be the means of doing good. Addressed the few people who had assembled from the parable of the Prodigal Son. After the meeting parted with James Currie, who went to Mr M'Q.'s son's house. Felt regret in parting with him; he is very promising. After this I went to the Inn, an Independent who was at the meeting kindly carrying my bag and refusing to take anything for doing it. The people at the Inn had gone to bed, and the house was quite full, so that I had some difficulty in finding accommodation. A bed was, however, prepared for me, in which I slept soundly, and the charge for bed and breakfast was exceedingly moderate—only 2s 3d.

“When I found so much difficulty in getting accommodation at the Inn, I regretted much that I had not gone along with James to Mr M'Q.'s, although it would be far out of the way of the steamer in the morning. Was pressed to go, and was promised to be sent to the steamer in time in the morning. All things considered, however, what I did was better; and thus ended my visit to Kintyre—a visit which, upon the whole, was very pleasant, and to myself, I trust, not without profit. Seldom experienced so

much pleasure in preaching as during that visit. May it be for the Lord's glory and for good to souls. Amen."

At home, amid the manifold labours of consolidating and extending a newly-formed charge, Mr Cameron was surrounded by not a few young men and women whose interests and prospects he had deeply at heart. He frequently delivered addresses to their associations, and indicated to them main lines of improvement, as the following sentences show :—

"Now, to reading you must add reflection upon what you read. Reflection is to intellectual food what digestion is to natural food. What you eat will do you no good unless you digest it, and what you read will not improve your mind unless you reflect upon it. You should write as much and as often as possible. To write enables you to take stock of your mental furniture. Many people fancy they know a great deal who really know very little. Now, writing your ideas is like counting down your money. It enables you to know what you really have. I am afraid that writing would reduce many whose credit is very good, and who figure well before the public, to a state of intellectual bankruptcy. Writing your ideas will likewise enable you to mark the progress of your minds by comparing your present thinking with your thinking at former periods of your life. Writing also teaches you accuracy. Some of you will remember Bacon's aphorism: Reading maketh a full man, speaking or conference a ready man, and writing an exact or accurate man. . . .

"Having said so much about the cultivation of the intellect or understanding, I must say a few things about the improvement of the heart. The instrument in improving the heart is moral truth, but moral truth alone, and without the renewing grace of the Holy Spirit, will avail but little. Precepts and example, by fortifying the conscience, often preserve the young pure from many temptations, but a character built on mere morality is like a beautiful waxen image. Its form is perfect, but it has no life. Grace is the life which quickens the heart, and thus lays a true and solid foundation for moral improvement. Men, to do good, you must first be good, for a heart purified by faith, and animated by love to God, is the only source of true obedience."

He was himself accustomed to carry these wise precepts into practice by committing to writing a series of meditations and reflections on subjects that fascinated or fixed his thought. Here is one :—



“Godly fear very different from slavish fear. The child fears the parent’s frown, because he loves that parent. The slave fears the master’s rod because he recognises the master’s authority and power, and has no sense of his love. The child of God is often troubled with slavish fear, when he has a more vivid sense of God’s authority, power, and justice, than of His saving love. We ought to seek to have a proper apprehension of the divine character as it is revealed as a whole—not of this attribute to the neglect of that other attribute, but of all the attributes.

“Does the opinion of our fellow men weigh with us more than what God says, in the regulation of our conduct? Are we more afraid of offending some friend whom we highly regard, than of offending a righteous, holy, and merciful God? What Joseph feared was to sin against God. A sanctified conscience has regard to the word and authority of God. It gives law—even the divine law, written in the Word and impressed on the new heart—to the soul, and it commands obedience to that law; but the spring of obedience is love—not blind passion, not ecstatic emotion—but a living principle, or rather the exercise of the living principle, implanted in the soul in regeneration, and which is stirred into activity by the revelation of the glory of Christ in the Word. Love to God is the outgoing towards God on the perception of His excellence and of His mercy to me, of that native affection of a renewed soul. Love, or the capacity of love, is a native affection of the soul; but this affection is impure, and is set upon earthly objects and turned against God, its legitimate object, until the soul is regenerated, after which a new bias is given to all the faculties and capacities of the soul. Love, therefore, is not a new capacity or affection, properly speaking, but the native capacity or affection renewed. What is the proper seat of love and of godly fear in the soul? It is the heart. ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.’ ‘I will put my fear in their heart that they shall not depart from me.’ But is not loving an exercise of the will? Love, properly speaking, is an affection, but an affection deeply seated in the heart. And still it may be called an exercise of the will, for the will is the great motive power. This would lead us to the intricate question of the identity of our desires and volitions.”

Here is an analysis of a hypocrite :—

“The hypocrite uses truth as a means for elevating himself. He says something smart—perhaps something good. He lays great stress upon it to attract your attention to it. But do not suppose that he wishes your attention to terminate upon the thing or the truth. He only wants you to attend to it that you may be induced to admire him for saying it. To the truth in



itself he has no liking, except so far as it may be instrumental in gaining influence for him. If he admires it, depend upon it, it is not because of any intrinsic beauty he sees in it, but because he sees himself in it or associates himself with it or its author. The hypocrite sobs and sighs, and looks on either side of him to see if he be admired for his brokenness of heart. This is conceit in the borrowed garb of Christian meekness, and, depend upon it, the trick will be discovered."

Further, we find a somewhat sharp criticism of the tendency in some old men to disparage youth :—

"From experience, especially experience in blundering, one may have learned to know what a blunder is, but the same experience should have taught him to be charitable while faithfully correcting faults. I know some who in the season of their youthful zeal and indiscretion were running their heads continually against posts, who are the loudest in blaming youth for blundering, and, in their zeal, do not often stay to enquire whether the blundering which stirs their bile, may not be more apparent than real. Again, there are some who regard every young person imprudent who ventures to differ from their views and actings. In fact, when you are anxious to find fault with any young person, but cannot find proper grounds, the safest way is to say that he is imprudent, for then you have a good chance of being believed, since it is not at all improbable that a young man may be imprudent. This charge is not only the most credible, it is also the most injurious to him. And this heavy penalty one may pay for possessing the manliness necessary to express dissent from some party whom accident perhaps rather than worth may have elevated to a position which gives to his sayings and doings a temporary importance which their intrinsic character could have never obtained for them. Others, again, esteem that to be caution which preserves its possessor from offending everybody. It is proper, of course, to avoid offending, so far as that can be done in consistence with higher duties. Let our caution be that of him who, weighing well both motives and consequences, is eager to grasp the first reasonable opportunity for action. The wise man is neither he who continually meditates in close retirement, nor he who is so much engaged in action that he has little time and less relish for reflection, but he who walks abroad into the world with his eyes and ears open for observation, and who then retires to his chamber to arrange and classify the results. These remarks will enable us to appreciate Dr Johnson's observation who, when some one had asked him to take a walk into the fields, declined, but added :—'Let us walk down Cheapside, where we can see men.'"

There is this remark about punctuality :—

“ Another subject which I must study practically as well as theoretically. Two divisions—1st, its advantages, and 2nd, how to form the habit—the baneful fruits of procrastination !”

Appreciation of the wise is put thus :—

“ In the company of superiors in wisdom and attainment one should study to reflect their light by appreciating their good sayings rather than to shine ourselves. The way in which Wordsworth’s sister shone was by her true appreciation of his compositions. She drank in his music, and that encouraged him to sing.”

We find finally this touching and true reflection under date February 16th, 1861 :—

“ Whoever succeeds in extracting the gall and bitterness which sorrows and disappointments have mingled with our feelings, will be sure to become an object of our affection.”

The following account and estimate of Mr Cameron’s work at Renton was kindly sent by one of his old parishioners, Mr John Maccallum, now of Uxbridge :—

“ He was a very zealous worker in the interests of his own congregation at Renton, which was his first charge. The efforts made and the means used by him to cause Highlanders to attend church on the Sabbath day were sometimes very original. In the Vale of Leven there were a large number of Highlanders who were not exactly model church-goers, and Mr Cameron seemed to think that the injunction ‘compel them to come in’ had special reference to these northerners. A fair proportion of these were natives of the Isle of Skye, one of whose besetting sins on the Sabbath was *Caileing* or visiting in each others’ houses and lodgings and relating stories of adventures which *never* happened in Skye. Mr Cameron seemed to be well aware of their failing, and the success with which he dealt with them was marvellous ; he made it a very regular practice to call on them during the week, and exact promises of attendance at church on the Sabbath. These Highlanders, believing generally in the Scriptures, and particularly in that part which says ‘The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak,’ made very fair promises of attendance, which they very frequently failed to fulfil. Though sometimes baffled in this method, Mr Cameron was not easily turned aside from his purpose, and he used to leave the manse sometime before the hour for worship and shame the young Highlanders out of their houses into the church, many amusing incidents resulting from these visitations.



“The young Highlanders soon learned that being in bed was no defence, so they often contrived to be out of their lodgings and on a visit to their cronies before eleven o'clock. This plan, while it enabled them to evade Mr Cameron in some cases, at other times landed them in the lion's den, as he sometimes caught them in groups. On one particular occasion a number of the Murachadhs and Toramails were assembled in one house, from which they could see Mr Cameron on his way to church, and were startled when they discovered that he was making tracks for their rendezvous. There were so many of them, that to have remained where they were might have tempted him to hold the service there ; to escape into the road was impossible, as they would have met him, so they made their escape into a small building in the garden, where they thought they were safe, but were doomed to disappointment, as Mr Cameron, perceiving the flank movement, walked quietly in and bearded them in their supposed safe retreat. In dealing with those who were irregular in their attendance, Mr Cameron was very faithful, and he would have been a crafty Highlander or Lowlander who could have formed an excuse for non-attendance for which Mr Cameron had not an immediate answer. A Highlander having made the commonplace excuse that last Sunday was a very showery day, was asked, ‘What is a shower of rain in comparison with a shower of fire and brimstone ?’ Mr Cameron's congregation was scattered over a large radius, but even those who lived furthest away need never make the excuse of distance. One householder who lived about two miles from the church was visited in his own house by Mr Cameron, and after being driven from one excuse to another for prolonged non-attendance, he said at last that he had not a good pair of boots ; whereupon Mr Cameron bent forward, caught him by the leg, straightened it out, and exclaimed, ‘Peter, I myself have been going to church all winter with a far worse pair than you have on at this moment.’ During a part of the year the English service followed the Gaelic without any interval except a break of about a minute or so. This break was to allow that part of the congregation who only understood English to come in, but Mr Cameron would not admit that the Highlanders present in the forenoon had any excuse for going out. A number of them often marched out when the Gaelic service was over, and Mr Cameron frequently stood up and expostulated with them. I do not remember him naming any one, but it was almost like saying ‘That red-haired man in the third seat from the front.’

“The amount of work and the number of agencies in connection with the church, to which Mr Cameron gave personal attention for a number of years, was very great ; he preached forenoon and afternoon, superintended the Sabbath School, and



preached again in the evening. His duties as superintendent of the Sabbath School were, I am convinced, rather onerous. He did not seem cut out for that office, but he bestowed much labour on it, and had a most flourishing Sabbath School, which was attended by a large number of children from other congregations. Many a time I have seen his patience sorely tried, and I believe his temper was oftener fretful there than anywhere else. Successful, however, he undoubtedly was. Once a week he held a teachers' meeting, at which he expounded the lesson for the Sabbath, and this, no doubt, was a factor in the success of the school. At one period of his ministry in Renton he got dragged into a controversy with a section of the Baptists, who, by means of sensational meetings, were leading away some of his young people. Mr Cameron was not a man who did things by halves, so he prepared two discourses, which he delivered in his own church on two consecutive Sabbaths. Each of these services lasted two hours and three-quarters, and so fascinating were they that all who heard them declared they felt them the shortest sermons he had ever preached. Many of the foundation texts of the Baptists were stated in such new, clear, startling, and thoroughly logical aspects, that the positions laid down by him were quite unanswerable. They were not answered then, and I have never heard them answered since. He took the bull by the horns, stopped his career, and was not much troubled by the Baptists after that.

"Mr Cameron could not be exactly called popular, and many who did not know him held the opinion that he was narrow and too reserved. It is true he did not often take part in the more popular religious movements; but he afforded his congregation many opportunities of hearing able preachers both inside and outside of the Free Church. At Assembly times he was constantly bringing strange ministers, not always Highlanders, to preach to his congregation. In his own locality the ministers of the United Presbyterian Church often occupied his pulpit, and Professor Bruce, who was then minister at Cardross, was a not infrequent preacher in Renton Free Gaelic Church. The diversity of ministers which he annually brought to the congregational and Sabbath School Soiree was seldom to be seen elsewhere. Among them may be mentioned MacNab of Glasgow, with his humorous—though almost apochryphal—stories of the Highlands; Sprott, of Queen's Park U.P. Church, with his breadth of thought and inspiring style; Hamilton, the reformed Presbyterian whose excellent discourses were always well sprinkled with Latin quotations; Professor Bruce, with his banterings of the U.P.'s, which were certainly not dry as dust; Alexander of Duntocher with his inimitable comic story telling, and Macaulay of Old Kilpatrick

with his thunderings against organs and monkeys ; and Dr Halley of Dumbarton with his stories of burghers and anti-burghers—all made up a treat the equal of which was seldom to be found elsewhere. A feature of Mr Cameron's management of the Renton congregation was the manner in which he worked the Sustentation Fund. This he always maintained at a high figure considering the standing of the congregation.

“In some things Mr Cameron brought an immense amount of method to bear, while in others he was somewhat irregular. He would give the precentor a list of the Psalms to be sung during the Gaelic and English services, and while there was every probability that the most of these Psalms would be sung, there was no guarantee as to the order in which they would come. Absent-mindedness, or absorption in one particular thing, sometimes made him miss an appointment, and one slip of this kind was sometimes related at his cost. He was advertised to preach on the evening of a Fast-Day in the Free Gaelic Church, Greenock, to which he proceeded by rail to Helensburgh, intending to cross the Clyde by steamer to Greenock. Having some time to spare at Helensburgh, he called on a lady friend, who invited him to look at her garden. Either Mr Cameron's watch stopped or his interest in horticulture deepened, with the result that when he prepared to depart he found that the last steamer for the day had left. There was still some time on hand before he was due to preach, so he took train at once for Dumbarton, a distance of eight miles, and crossed the Clyde at the Langbank Ferry ; but the tide being low, the boat could not get within a hundred yards of the landing stage. Over this hundred yards of salt water and mud Mr Cameron soon skipped, took train for Greenock, and reached the Free Gaelic Church when a substitute was about half-way through with his discourse. Mr Cameron's personal appearance on that occasion was somewhat akin to Pliable's when he got out of the Slough on the wrong side.

“There were some matters against which Mr Cameron was prejudiced, and he knew this himself. When he was satisfied that his opposition was due to prejudice, he would withdraw it. One case of this kind occurred in connection with the psalmody of his congregation. His precentor had taken considerable pains in training a choir, and it was resolved to ask Mr Cameron's permission for this choir to lead the singing in the church. Contrary to the precentor's expectation Mr Cameron gave permission, stating, however, that he had a very strong prejudice against choirs, but no objection on principle. The career of the choir, however, was short and sweet, as, after officiating two Sabbaths, one of the elders objected—on principle, and Mr Cameron requested the disciples of St Asaph to disband.



“A visitor to Mr Cameron’s manse could not fail to be struck with his splendid library, but a considerable portion of it was not very orderly, in fact, it reminded one of a remark made about Carlyle’s library, that an earthquake might turn it upside down, but it could not add to its confusion. At the first election of a School Board for his parish he was returned at the head of the poll, I believe. It would hardly be fair to say that this was due to the Highlanders plumping for him. His powerful grasp of business affairs inspired the general public with confidence, and he always stood high in School Board suffrages, both in Renton and Arran. His excellence as a teacher of Gaelic and his high position as a philologist brought him into contact with many people eminent in literature; but it is questionable whether it tended greatly to his general practical usefulness. A man cannot be victorious all along the line, and I believe his success in philology was attained partly at the expense of his success as a preacher and pastor. The first dozen years of his ministry were marked by much ardour and zeal in congregational work, undistracted by abstruse studies. Had he continued in this channel the gain would have been to the common Highlander; it may, however, be that his success on more learned ground may bear a more lasting fruit.”

Mr Cameron’s correspondence during the first ten years of his ordained ministry amply shows how highly appreciated and how constantly in demand his preaching powers were. He was frequently called upon to officiate in Lowland or English charges, and the expressions of thanks and gratitude clearly convey the impression that his labours were not in vain. It was at this time that he found some leisure to acquire books and lay the foundations of the future solid structure of Celtic learning and lore which he patiently and painstakingly reared.

The years 1869-70 were largely occupied by a tedious and somewhat serious controversy in the Church Courts, which originated in the refusal of the Renton Gaelic Kirk-Session to give a certificate of membership to one who was alleged to have preferred an unproved charge against certain parties in the congregation. The actual merits of the case appear never to have been arrived at. Questions of procedure were endlessly under discussion, and as a study in ecclesiastical law the case is very intricate and interesting. The position taken up by Mr Cameron may be gathered from the following statements prepared by him during the progress of the conflict:—



“The Kirk-Session have agreed to obey the Presbytery’s citation, certainly not because we think the Presbytery did right in citing us, but because we did not wish to show, even in appearance, any disrespect to the Presbytery, even when we are convinced that the Presbytery have acted irregularly and unconstitutionally. But although in appearing, as we now do, at your bar we have obeyed your citation, we cannot at present enter upon the merits of this case. This we regret, but I hope I shall succeed in showing the Presbytery that the blame is not ours. We have no misgiving in regard to the merits, and, therefore, we are not afraid to enter upon them at the proper time. So certain do we regard our ground, so far as the merits are concerned, that we are prepared to take the case, if necessary, to the General Assembly.

“It is with the utmost reluctance that I have brought this case to the Synod. The Presbytery, however, have shut me up to this course. Had the Presbytery decided in Nov. as they did in March to send this matter to ‘the Kirk Session to be dealt with according to the laws of the Church,’ I would have acquiesced, although, as I stated at the time, I might have objected on the ground of informality. I suggested at the last meeting a course, of which some of my brethren approved, and which would have saved the Synod from the necessity of entering into the case. The course suggested, however, was not adopted, and therefore I have been obliged to come here. And now I must throw myself on the indulgence of the Synod. I have the whole Presbytery opposed to me, although some of the members, from the views held by them in regard to the points raised by my complaints, ought to be along with me. And further, the Presbytery, or those members of it who have taken the lead in this case, have had, I have reason to believe, the benefit of advice, of the practical value of which I have had myself at one time experience; while at every turn in the case I have had to rely upon my own slender resources. I have had, I am happy to say, the unanimous support of my Kirk-Session and the entire sympathy of my congregation, but my office-bearers have had no more experience than myself of cases of this kind. It was brought up on a reference from the Presbytery of Dumbarton to the Assembly of 1870, but was dismissed because ‘the only ground on which the Presbytery in the circumstances could have referred this case would be that they had found inextricable difficulties in obtempering the Synod’s judgment,’ which was ‘to remit to the Presbytery of Dumbarton to instruct the petitioner to make application to the Session for her certificate, and instruct the Kirk-Session to deal with the application according to the laws of the Church.”

On account of complications arising from Presbyterian possession and retention of Renton Gaelic Kirk-Session records, and from

divergence of opinion as to the duty and interests of said session, this complicated case dragged its weary length along before Presbytery and Synod for more than two years after the above date; when it seems to have taken end by a certificate having been granted to the petitioner by one of the Superior Courts of the Church. At all events, at Renton, 26th August, 1872 :—

“The Kirk-Session, anxious that the matter in dispute between them and the Presbytery should be settled in the spirit of the decision of the Synod, agree to furnish the Presbytery, *ex gratia*, with extract minutes to show that the documents referred to in the petition of the Kirk-Session had been inserted in their minutes at the proper time and in the proper place.”

A much more important controversy, known as the Union negotiations, and affecting the respective interests and relative existence and constitution of two Churches—the Free and the United Presbyterian—was at its height about this period. It has been remarked that the discussions thus carried on with great ability and energy, from 1863 to 1873, might well be called a second ‘Ten Years’ Conflict. The questions of the Headship of Christ over the nations represented practically in the principle and fact of a national recognition and support of religion; and of Voluntaryism or the sole dependence of the Church for support on freewill offerings, and the disavowal of the duty of the State to establish or endow any Church, were prominent in all the debates. Mr Cameron took a deep interest and played an important part in this crisis. He ranked very high in the counsels of the party opposed to an incorporating union of Churches constitutionally divergent. His intimate acquaintance with Church law, and his accurate knowledge of the old Acts that declare the constitution and secure the liberties of the Presbyterian Churches, stood him in good stead. His logical and acute mind often detected flaws and faults in arguments and propositions that seemed at first glance fair and sound. Some of the leaders with whom he was associated frequently consulted him, and submitted proposals of moment to his judgment and criticism. In an able speech before his Presbytery, in 1869, he indicates and reviews the history of the question of Establishment and the principle involved. The following quotations will sufficiently show his standpoint :—



"I agree with Dr Cunningham that the Confession teaches that it is the duty of the Magistrate in certain circumstances, that is when necessary and expedient, not only to establish, but also to endow the Church of Christ—in other words, that endowment is one of the ways in which the Magistrate is bound, when occasion requires it, to do homage to the truth and to advance the interests of the Kingdom of Christ. No ingenuity will ever succeed in distorting the plain meaning of the words of the Confession so as to make it appear that the doctrine of Church establishments is not there. The doctrine is there as clearly as the sun is in the heavens ; but the Confession does not say what particular Church, or Churches, ought to be established. That belongs to the practical application of the doctrine, and must be decided inferentially, after you have examined not only the constitution and character of particular Churches, but also all the circumstances that must be taken into account in deciding the question of present duty."

"The statements of the Confession must be interpreted in the sense in which they have all along been understood by the Church—that is in the historical sense, or in the sense in which the framers understood them, until the Church herself authoritatively puts another interpretation upon them."

The doctrine of a Scriptural alliance between the Church and the State, he shows to be embedded in the statements of the Confession, as where the Magistrate is to take order that all the ordinances of God are to be duly settled, administered, and observed among the people ; to be proved from the Scripture proofs attached to these statements ; to be held by the best exponents of the Church's constitution ; and to be undoubtedly found in the meaning and use of the word "settled," as given in Act of Assembly, 1647, and in Act of Parliament, 1690, by which the Confession was ratified and the Presbyterian Church Government "settled," that is, established in Scotland.

Regarding the doctrine of spiritual independence laid down in the Claim of Right of 1842, he says :—

"That independence, which Christ has conferred upon His Church, States can neither give nor take away. It is a right which she derives immediately from her living Head, and of which she cannot be deprived. The independence which the Church then claimed, and for which during the Ten Years' Conflict she contended, was not the *right* of self-government but *liberty*, as an Established Church, to *exercise* the right of self-government. . . .



This Claim of Right is the noblest testimony in existence to the doctrine of Church Establishments, while at the same time it is a standing monument of the Church's faithfulness to Christ, her King and Head, whose Crown-rights she refused to sacrifice even for the advantages of State alliance and support."

The doctrine of National Establishments is thus defined:—

"I observe that there is no security either for the independence of the Church, on the one hand, or for the independence of the State, on the other, except by their respective spheres being well defined, and by each keeping rigidly within its own sphere. But how is this to be secured? There is no third power to which the aggrieved can appeal, and which can control the aggressor. There is a rule—the Word of God—which defines their respective spheres and their relation to each other. But who is to enforce it? It is evident, therefore, that the boundary line between their respective spheres and their relation to each other must be agreed upon by those powers themselves acting together in friendly alliance, and agreeing to take the Scriptures as the rule which determines their mutual relation, and to which the last appeal is to be made, when cases of collision arise." Hence the necessity of a mutual contract. "Spiritual independence includes a right of jurisdiction as well as of administration in spiritual things—a right authoritatively and finally to decide, without any appeal but to Christ and His Word, all purely ecclesiastical questions." "But the Church can have no security for the enjoyment and free exercise of her spiritual independence, in its primary sense, except on the condition of her right to it as Christ's kingdom being recognised by the State. The truth is that Voluntarism and Erastianism are not really two opposite errors, but two opposite phases of one and the same error." "The State's only defence against domination lies in the recognition of this doctrine, and the State can best fulfil the ends of its existence by actually carrying out this doctrine, at least so far as to recognise and co-operate with the Church of Christ in the furtherance of the cause of truth and righteousness."

During the same controversy, and probably about the same period, Mr Cameron delivered a very able address on the vital doctrine of Atonement before his Synod. He copiously illustrated his theme by abundant quotations both from the men whose views he criticised, and from the men whose views he supported. Only a very brief and general outline of his position can be given here:—

“I shall endeavour, first, to state the theory of the Atonement which goes under the name of the General Reference Theory. This theory, which seeks to hold a middle position between Calvinism and Arminianism, appears to have been originated by John Cameron, Professor of Divinity at Saumer, who held that ‘while the elect are, by an effectual and irrevocable calling, saved through the death of Christ, Christ died for all men, with the intention that they might be invited and called to repentance; and that when so invited and called, it arises from themselves alone and the hardness of their heart repelling the means of salvation, that they are not saved.’ This theory is, in a softer and less offensive form, that which, in our own day, teaches that Christ’s death has given such satisfaction to divine justice for all men indiscriminately as has removed the legal barriers that stood in the way of the salvation of all men, and has, therefore, brought all men into what is called a salvable state. It will be seen that so far as satisfaction to divine justice strictly considered is concerned, this theory does not materially differ from that of Universal Atonement. It was supported by Cameron’s disciples, Amyraut, Testard, Daille, and others; and it was opposed by such theologians as Rivet, Spanheim, and Des Marets, and in our own country by Dr Owen. There were early indications of a tendency towards this doctrine in the Secession Church in this country; but those tendencies were resisted, and the doctrine obtained no footing until it was espoused by the two Professors of the United Associate Synod—Drs Balmer and Brown.” “According to this theory the order of the divine decrees was, first, a decree providing that that remedy should be applied to some—the elect.”

“Second. But is this view of the atonement erroneous? I trust there are not two opinions in this Court upon that subject. Professor Macgregor, in a very able paper which he read before the Paisley Presbytery some two or three years ago, characterised it as Uncalvinistic, but not as anti-Calvinistic. I think a mind even less logical than his would have little difficulty in proving that it is essentially anti-Calvinistic; for there is really no half-way house, so far as the doctrine of the Atonement is concerned, between the Calvinistic view of a Definite Atonement and the Arminian view of a Universal Atonement.” “It is unnecessary to state that this view was condemned by Dr Cunningham and Dr James Buchanan. In former times it was supported by Baxter, but it was opposed by the greatest of British theologians, Dr Owen.”

“Let me now briefly state what appears to me to be the necessary consequences of this theory:—

"1. It appears to me to destroy the proper substitutionary character of the death of Christ, for that death secures salvation for the elect, not because He was their proper substitute in His sufferings, but because in virtue of the decree of election a provision which does not immediately result from the Atonement has been made for bringing them to avail themselves by faith of the common satisfaction. The Atonement is not thus a proper vicarious sacrifice, but a means which enables God so to manifest His displeasure against sin as to render it 'consistent with the perfections of the divine nature and the principles of the divine government' to pardon sin. It thus affects the very nature of divine justice.

"2. The work of the Spirit in the application of salvation is not, according to this theory, the immediate fruit of the atonement.

"3. It affects the efficacy of the atonement itself. It is not a perfect but an incomplete salvation which the death of Christ, on this theory, secures. In point of fact, the efficacy of the atonement determines its extent (see Candlish p. 228 and p. 214).

"4. It really affects the character of the gospel offer. It is as a foundation for the universality of the gospel offer that this theory is adopted; but it has in reality the very opposite effect (see Candlish p. 221).

"5. It affects the principle on which faith is held to justify and save the sinner (Candlish p. 214).

"6. It does not meet the felt want of the awakened sinner (Candlish p. 215).

"7. The theory is essentially Arminian. It is a contrivance for relieving the conscience before the sinner has been led to despair of his own resources. The salvation which it provides is essentially salvation by works—salvation by the covenant of works. It is a salvation conditioned and contingent on something on the part of the sinner, call it faith, &c. (Candlish p. 226).

"8. It is based on an erroneous view of God's justice.

"Third. But I come now to ask is the theory which I have stated the doctrine of the United Presbyterian Church? It is not only tolerated in that Church, but is also held by some of the most distinguished ministers in her communion, who openly avow it, glory in it, and tell you that on any other theory of the atonement they could not give a free offer of salvation to sinners. Again and again this doctrine was indicated by the United Associated Synod, not only when Dr Brown was acquitted of the charges of unsound doctrine brought against him by Dr Marshall, but also on other occasions, as when that Synod, in 1843, after hearing the statements of the professors already alluded to, homologated their doctrine (Life of Brown p. 237). It is true that the U.A. Synod no



longer exists as a separate denomination, for it now forms part of the U.P. Church; but many of the men who formed that Synod and who took an active part in defending Dr Brown and his views are still living, and are at this moment leading ministers in the U.P. Church. And they have the candour to tell you that they have not changed their views, which they held and taught in the U.A. Synod. Yea, more, the United Church has formally sanctioned the same views."

He then adduces the statement of Dr Wood, of Dumfries, in the General Assembly, that several distinguished ministers of the U.P. Church stated in the Union Committee that Christ satisfied divine justice for all men without exception. He next appeals to a reply by Dr Robson to a member of Presbytery who said he regarded Dr Balmer's views as heretical. 'In saying so you arraign the whole Synod.' Then follow the views to much the same effect of Drs Brown, Eadie, and Cairns. Replying to Dr Buchanan's eloquent reference to the services rendered by the Secession to the cause of true religion when much spiritual darkness prevailed in the Church of Scotland, Mr Cameron remarks:—

"That is all quite true, but it has no bearing whatever on the doctrinal difficulty in the way of union with the descendants of those men who had done so much in their day in holding forth the light of divine truth in this land. It is not because the ministers of the U.P. Church are the descendants of the Erskines that I object to unite with them, but because they have departed from the principles and doctrinal views of the Erskines."

Through the whole period of his ministry at Renton, Mr Cameron's hands were full of work. Having built a church, he had next to build a manse. A lovely spot on the hillside above the village, and overlooking the Vale of Leven, was chosen for a site. From any knoll near, on a clear day, the classic Loch Lomond, with its famous islets, can be seen. A very comfortable, though not a very large house, was here erected. It often occurs in the experience of some men that they expend much time and toil on what their successors are destined to enjoy. It was so in this instance. After the manse had been cleared of debt, and when new book-cases were being fitted up to contain the tons of books that had to be housed somehow, a call came from the Isle of Arran, where further work in this and other directions awaited the willing toiler.

As has been incidentally noticed, after the passing of the Education Act of 1872, at the first election of School Board members, Mr Cameron was returned at the top of the poll. He devoted a great deal of his time and energy to the furtherance of education, and was specially anxious, as we shall see later on, to help in every possible way the youth and students from the Highlands.

The best summary of this part of his life is found in the parting address given to his much loved and sorrowing flock before he left them for Arran in 1874 :—

“The position in which we now stand is a very solemn one. This is the last occasion on which from this place I shall address you, and on which you shall hear my voice as your minister. Other opportunities, I trust, I shall have of addressing to you the message of salvation, but it shall not be in the capacity of the watchman solemnly commissioned to watch over your souls. This naturally leads our thoughts backwards into the past, as well as forward into the future. Let us glance at the past. It is now twenty years, all except a few months, since I came to labour among you in this locality. I have, therefore, spent among you what may be regarded as the best years of my life. The world has undergone many changes since—more, perhaps, than during any previous twenty years of its history, but to these I shall not make even a passing allusion. In the Church also changes have occurred. And in that branch of it in connection with which we are worshipping, changes have occurred which, in the opinion of many, affect not only its hereditary position and testimony, but also its very constitution. On these matters, however, I shall not at present dwell. Among ourselves many changes have occurred during that period. We then met for worship in the lower school-room. The two regular services were in Gaelic, for it was between two and three years thereafter before we succeeded, after a long and keen contest with the Presbytery of the bounds, in getting permission to have an English service during the ordinary hours of public worship. Then this church was built in 1858, and in 1859 the General Assembly sanctioned the forming of the station into a ministerial charge, and in November of the same year I was ordained as your minister. The relation, therefore, of pastor and flock has subsisted between us now nearly fifteen years. Of those who worshipped in the schoolhouse twenty years ago, not many are now among us. Several of them are dead, and several have left the district and gone to other places. Of the office-bearers appointed in 1859 only one is now alive, and the changes which

our small communion roll has undergone strikingly illustrates the truth that here we have no continuing city.

“When I look back across the years that I have been in connection with this congregation, I find much that is fitted to awaken feelings of thankfulness to God as well as much that is fitted to fill me with shame and humility in His holy presence. In regard to causes of thankfulness, I may mention the following:—

“1. My bodily health, although I have frequently had severe colds and bronchial attacks which unfitted me partially for my work, has always been such that I have never been even for a single Sabbath necessarily laid aside from duty. For one Sabbath—and, so far as I can remember, for only one—have I kept the house since I began to preach, and on that one occasion I would have been here, had not the friend who took my place insisted—knowing that I was unwell—on my staying at home. I have been often here when I could have wished, so far as my feelings of fitness were concerned, that I had been very far away; but I do not remember that I ever felt so wretched here as I felt on that Sabbath away from the sanctuary.

“2. In respect of worldly support, I do not think I ever complained that my income was too small, and I do not now complain. Your own poverty prevented you from supplementing the amount which I annually received from the Church funds; but I know that my office-bearers were more anxious about my comfort than I was myself. So far as this matter is concerned I can honestly say with the Apostle that I sought not yours, but you.

“3. The peace and harmony which have ever prevailed in the congregation since the first day I came among you is to me a source of heartfelt thankfulness. We have had to contend with many difficulties, and we have had to arrange and settle many matters during the last twenty years, which might have led to serious difference of opinion and even strife and division among us, but with the good hand of the Lord upon us the utmost harmony and cordiality have hitherto prevailed at all our meetings, whether in the Kirk-Session or in the Managing Committee of the congregation. My earnest desire and prayer to God is that this unity of mind and feeling may prevail among you after I am separated from you. It is easy to generate bad feelings, and bad feelings generally lead to strife and division, which are always disastrous to congregations.

“4. The measure of outward prosperity which the congregation enjoys is another cause of satisfaction and thankfulness. When we were applying for sanction many felt a difficulty in regard to granting it, because of the fluctuating character of the Gaelic population of the district, and some even predicted that if



such a thing as a change in the management in one of the neighbouring Public Works were to occur, the congregation would be sure to disappear. It is cause of thankfulness that, although we have lost many of our adherents and most earnest supporters, by death and other causes, the condition of the congregation is better at the present moment than it had been at any previous time since it was formed. The large and increasing number of young people connected with it show that it is striking its roots into the native soil, and is becoming every day less dependent upon the more fluctuating than upon the general population of the district. The present arrangement in regard to the English services provides for the younger portion of the congregation who do not understand Gaelic, and for such of the natives of the district as are connected with it, the same opportunities of hearing the Word of God on the Sabbath day which are provided in the other congregations in the neighbourhood: while the convenience of the Gaelic people is studied more than when there was only one English service, and a long and wearisome interval. I do trust, therefore, that the present arrangement will be continued in future during the summer months; for I am convinced that it is the most suitable that can be devised with such resources as you have at present, and I would earnestly and affectionately urge the young people to avail themselves of it, and to be regular in their attendance on the forenoon English service. In connection with the outward prosperity of the congregation, and as a cause of thankfulness, I should mention also that the church and manse, which from first to last cost upwards of £2000, are entirely free of debt.

“But it is not with unmingled satisfaction that I look back upon the past, for I can discover much that is fitted to fill me with shame and humility in the sight of God. I have often the feeling—sometimes I might say the painful and crushing conviction—that my ministry, my dear friends, among you has been, considered as to its spiritual and moral effects, a comparatively barren and fruitless ministry. It is well that we are not ourselves the best judges of our success or want of success in the service of Christ. In this respect as well as in other respects, it is true that God’s thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are our ways His ways, for as the heavens are higher than the earth so are His ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts. The Saviour Himself had to say that He had laboured in vain, and that He had spent His strength for nought and in vain, but at the same time He could confidently say—‘Yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God.’ I may have been to some extent of use in the way of instructing and helping those among you who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, and

who required instruction and edification ; but as to the great end of the Christian ministry—the conversion of sinners unto God—I cannot speak of great results. On the contrary, I know that many among you who have heard the word from my lips are still unsaved. I know that some of you, notwithstanding public warnings and private admonitions, still continue in the practice of sins, which, you know full well, will ruin your souls unless you return and repent. I now solemnly beseech you, on the last occasion on which as your minister I shall ever address you from this pulpit, to seek the Lord while He is to be found, to call upon Him while He is near.”

## CHAPTER V.

## PASTORATE AT BRODICK.

ARRAN is divided into two parishes—Kilbride and Kilmory. The former comprises most of the east side, including Holy Island, and extending from Lochranza to Dippin Head. Its utmost length is about 20 miles; its utmost breadth is 6 miles; and its area is 38,985 acres. Its population in 1801 was 2183, and in 1881, 2176, of whom 971 were Gaelic-speaking. By far the largest proprietor is the Duke of Hamilton, under whose uniformly kind sway the people live happily. Brodick, on account of its central situation, though, like Edinburgh, not on account of the number of population, claims to be the capital of Arran. It was here with such surroundings that a new sphere was presented to the energies and gifts of Mr Cameron, who was inducted as colleague and successor to the well-known and highly respected Rev. P. Davidson on 3rd Sept., 1874. On this auspicious occasion there were present many representatives of several denominations, indicative alike of regard for the newly-inducted pastor and of the general sympathy the settlement evoked. It proved also predictive of the good feeling and mutual appreciation that existed in after years between the accomplished preacher and the vast variety of visitors from all quarters that frequent this very popular summer resort. A good deal of hard work lay before him. Lamblash and Corrie claimed a share in his services, and received attention to the full amount of their claim. In addition to three services on Sabbath and the superintendence of the Sabbath School, two and sometimes three prayer meetings were held in different parts of this wide district during the week. Bible classes were likewise set agoing, and the young people attended admirably. Diets of catechising were regularly held at convenient centres during the winter months—an “exercise” recommended by long established usage and the example of many worthy predecessors, and calculated to keep fresh in the memories of the people not only the Shorter Catechism, but



the whole of the Westminster theology. He endeavoured to visit all the families of his flock once a year at least and sometimes much oftener, but I am afraid, like most ministers, he did not wholly escape criticism on this ground. Wherever anyone was sick he called very frequently at whatever cost of personal inconvenience to himself, and dealt very tenderly with the suffering and dying, as well as gently comforted the bereaved and sorrowful. It is said of Dr Guthrie that he remarked on his death-bed that if he had realised what it was to lie dying he would have dealt far more tenderly than he had been able to do with those near the end of life.

Although pressed with pastoral work, Mr Cameron succeeded in finding time to take a deep interest and a very active part in educational matters. He unhesitatingly advocated the retention and teaching of the Bible and Shorter Catechism in schools as an indispensable part of all adequate training of youth. He took a special delight in examining children in religious knowledge, and did all in his power to secure prizes for them. But the Government Inspector has now almost entirely superseded the time-honoured annual ministerial visitation and examination of schools.

It will readily be admitted that Mr Cameron took a fair share in the discussions incident to Church Courts, but it is not so well known that he took an important part in all Presbyterial business and more solemn duties. He acted for a time as clerk to the Presbytery of Kintyre, and was, if anything, too minute and accurate. The following address to a newly-ordained pastor will indicate his high ideal of the duties incumbent upon those who break the bread of life to men :—

“ I have now to address to you a few words in connection with the interesting position in which you now stand. You have now been solemnly set apart to the work of the ministry—the most responsible and at the same time the most honourable work in which anyone can be engaged. ‘We are unto God,’ says the apostle, ‘a sweet savour of Christ in them that are saved and in them that perish. To the one we are the savour of death unto death, and to the other the savour of life unto life.’ Need we be astonished that he added, ‘and who is sufficient for these things?’

“ My brother, you have now been appointed to an office for which you are not sufficient—for which no one in the world is sufficient—for which the might and wisdom and zeal of angels ar

not sufficient, and, therefore, that in that office you may be found a worker that will not need to be ashamed, it is necessary to tell you that your sufficiency, like that of the apostle, must be of God. He alone can give you success. I have no intention of addressing you a lecture on pastoral theology, although hints as to the division of your time, for example—what proportion of it should be devoted to study and what proportion to pastoral work—would not be out of place, but might be useful to one beginning his ministry. I would not, however, discharge the duty laid upon me, nor would I be faithful to you, were I not to address to you a few simple exhortations bearing upon the position in which you now stand, and the office to which you have been set apart.

“1. Be much in private, praying to God for grace to enable you to fulfil your ministry. This exhortation is so common-place that it is apt to be regarded as unnecessary; and yet I dare not pass it over, but, on the contrary, I give it the first place. The apostles appointed deacons in the Church to attend to its outward and secular affairs, that they might give themselves continually to prayer and to the preaching of the Word. Prayer and preaching must go together. Without being frequent in prayer you need not expect to be successful in preaching. If you be not given to secret prayer, your ministry, you may depend upon it, will be fruitless. Speaking generally, a praying minister is easily known. He is full of life—his preaching possesses heavenly unction—and many other things will show that he is much with God. Earnest and believing prayer moves heaven itself. Jacob wrestled with God, and as a prince he had power with God and prevailed. You likewise will have power with God, and will prevail to bring down spiritual blessing upon yourself, upon your people, and upon the district in which you are to labour, if you will be a wrestler with God.

“2. Cherish habitually a holy frame of mind. This is the duty of all Christians, but without it a minister of God’s Word need not expect to be successful. Thorough preparation for the Sabbath by the study of the word is very good—is indeed absolutely necessary—and ought not to be remitted even for a single Sabbath; but all your preparation will be of little avail to render you an edifying preacher to God’s people, if you neglect to give your utmost diligence to cherish habitually a frame of mind suitable unto the work in which you are to be engaged. The means to be used for cherishing a right frame of mind I need not occupy your time in setting before you, for no one can know anything of the life of God in the soul who does not from experience know by what means that life is to be sustained in vigorous and healthy exercise.

“ 3. In regard to the preaching of the Word, let me earnestly guard you against being a mere professional sermon-maker. I do so, because this is a growing evil in our day. The faithful minister of Christ seeks to preach the truth upon which his own soul lives—the truth which he loves. The mere professional man preaches because that is his business. His sermons come from his head rather than from his heart, and, therefore, they do not reach the hearts of the hearers. They may instruct them—they may increase their knowledge—but they do not edify their souls. The article may be very good of its kind—it may show great natural gifts and resources—but it is not relished by the discerning Christian whose spiritual instincts inform him that the truth which the preacher sets forth, perhaps with eloquence and earnestness, does not come out of the treasures of a mind richly furnished with grace. He plainly sees that it has been prepared like any other article of merchandise to serve a purpose—perhaps for popular effect. To him it is lifeless and uninteresting, for it is artificial. No art in its composition, no earnestness in its delivery, no affected unction can render it edifying to his soul—hungry for the bread of life.

“ 4. Preach the truth of God. Avoid ingenious speculations. God will acknowledge only His own truth. Let Christ and Him crucified be the burden of your preaching. Give prominence in your teaching to the doctrines of grace. There never was a time when there was greater need for exhibiting fully and faithfully and fearlessly the truth of God in our preaching ; for many keep it in the background, as if they were ashamed to own it, while many openly oppose it. It is unnecessary to tell you that you need not expect your ministry to be a fruitful one unless you honour the truth of God ; for, assuredly, if you do not, God will not honour you in your work. Be distinct and explicit in declaring what the truth is. Do not be afraid that in so doing you may offend some of your hearers. Faithfulness to Christ and to His truth and to the souls of those whom you have undertaken to instruct in the truth is your first duty. From the very outset of your ministry plant your foot firmly on the truth as set forth in the Confession of Faith and in the Larger and Shorter Catechisms. Do not be afraid of being called an exclusive preacher, if you be not more exclusive than God’s Word is. I press this upon you. With all my soul and heart I urge it upon you, for I believe that your ministry and mine will be unsuccessful—will be worse than unsuccessful—will prove a delusion and a snare to souls, unless we give due prominence in our preaching to the cardinal truths of the gospel, such as the sovereignty of God in choosing sinners unto salvation, the vicarious sufferings of the Mediator, man’s utter inability to save himself, either in whole or in part, the necessity



of the Spirit's work in quickening and sanctifying the soul, the obligation which rests upon the Christian to lead a life of holiness in the world. Let no one be in doubt as to the value which you attach to these truths, and the esteem in which you hold them.

"5. Be not one-sided in your preaching. You cannot, of course, cram all the doctrines of the gospel into every sermon you preach, but that is not necessary in order to give full justice to every truth and full opportunity to your hearers to learn the truth as a whole.

"6. In all your preaching be plain and pointed—explicit and direct. Be faithful to the consciences of your hearers. Ever realise the preciousness of their souls. Let your great aim be to bring them to Christ. Be not, therefore, afraid to tell them the truth. Warn the careless of their danger. Seek to lead those anxious in regard to their personal salvation to Christ in whom alone salvation is to be found—to be found freely by the chief of sinners. Strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, 'Be strong, fear not. Behold your God will come with vengeance, even your God with a recompense ; he will come and save you.' Let your preaching be discriminating, and for that end seek the wisdom which will enable you to distinguish between the precious and the vile, and to give to the saint his own, and to the hypocrite and sinner their own. Insist much upon personal holiness—holiness of heart and holiness of practice, on the part of your hearers, that God may be glorified by the fruit which they may bring forth in the world. And, in this respect, seek that you may be yourself an ensample unto your flock.

"7. Forsake not, either in preaching or in worship, the good old ways in which our fathers walked, and in which they were owned and blessed of God. You hear much said now-a-days about presenting to the people the truth under new forms or aspects suited to what is called the growing intelligence of our time ; but, for my part, I prefer the old aspects of the truth to the so-called modern aspects of it. Indeed, when I closely examine these modern aspects of the truth, I am often at a loss to discover the good old truth under them. The truth needs no pompous and affected style to recommend it. It disdains the conceited phraseology of philosophy. It relies upon its own native lustre—its own intrinsic glory ; and, indeed, one is tempted to conclude that he who thinks that to please modern taste the old time-honoured truths must be cast into new moulds and uttered in new forms of expression, must have little confidence in the native power of the truth or in his own acquaintance with it, and that, therefore, to cover his own weakness and deficiencies, he affects originality by means of a copious use of new forms of expression which are but

wretched substitutes for those which the Church, after great care and deliberation, has adopted, and which our excellent Shorter Catechism has rendered familiar to every child in the land.

“Finally, my brother, I commend you to God, to whose service you have this day publicly devoted yourself and have been solemnly consecrated. May the Holy Spirit fill you with all grace so that you may prove a worker that will not need to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. Cast all your care in connection with your work upon your Master and He will care for you. He will make His grace sufficient for you, and His strength perfect in your weakness. Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, and then whatever difficulties you may have to encounter—whatever trials you may have to endure—however arduous may be the duties you will be called upon to perform—in all the variety of your circumstances and experiences, He will help and deliver you, until at length you shall have been enabled by His grace to fulfil the ministry which you have this day received of the Lord.”

The Re-union of the Presbyterians of Scotland, on the basis of the Confession of Faith and of the old statutes, was a matter on which his heart was set, and he fervently hoped that the Patronage Act of 1874 could be so improved as wholly to meet and adequately recognise the position and protest of the Free Church of Scotland in 1843. He took an active part in all the discussions and conferences bearing upon this question, and intensely regretted what he regarded as a departure or resiling from the Presbyterian principle of State-acknowledgment and support of religion on the part of the majority of the representatives of the Free Church as demonstrated by voice and vote in different assemblies. In the Assembly of 1875, he stated that he he'd that the Disruption became a necessity after the decision of the House of Lords in the Auchterarder case. Supposing there had not been another decision by the civil courts encroaching upon the domain of the Church, it was impossible for the evangelical party to remain in the Church after that decision, without sacrificing both the rights of the Christian people and the jurisdiction of the Church. The Stewarton decision did not touch so sacred a matter as the Auchterarder one. Sir H. Moncrieff had candidly admitted that the Patronage Act would have satisfied the non-intrusionist leaders in 1842, but it would not have satisfied them after January, 1843. He thought it should, for they never had any idea of getting such an Act, which had completely eliminated the Erastian element

contained in the previous statutes, and, therefore, the Church was now thrown back upon the statutes which formed the bulwark of her liberties. He then adduced the testimony of Mr H. Moncrieff of East Kilbride in April, 1843, who, in moving to overture the Assembly for the repeal of the Veto Act, said he attached much more importance to the principle of non-intrusion than to anything else, for if he could get an Act which would protect that one principle he was not for breaking up the Church. The recent legislation had swept away the whole foundation of the decisions against the Church, and the principle of spiritual independence was not sacrificed by the Church not being able, *proprio motu*, to change the constitution of her own judicatories without consulting the other party.

Writing to a friend three years later, he says :—

“The recent lectures of Dr Kennedy, and more especially his speech last week in the Free Synod of Ross, seem to me sufficiently clear and explicit. When you find a man of his strong views in regard to the present condition of the Established Church—especially in the North—declaring publicly that, were he to get the modification of the Constitution which he regards as necessary to meet his principles, he would feel bound for the sake of his country and for the sake of national religion, to sacrifice his private feelings to his conviction that it would then become his duty, as a Free Churchman, to enter into alliance with the State, it seems to me that you and your friends are bound to do all in your power to satisfy him and those who agree with him.” He then indicates what is desiderated from the Legislature “On the difficult subject of spiritual independence (excepting the matter of the Stewarton decision) we want nothing more than what you believe and what I believe the Established Church at present possesses. The Duke of Argyll has admitted that if there be any doubt as to the Church having been thrown back by the Patronage Act on the old statutes, it is but reasonable that the doubt should be removed. This can be done without any new definition of spiritual independence—without, in fact, anything of the nature of an abstract resolution on the subject. A clause in the preamble of an Act to the following effect, which merely states an undoubted fact, with a sufficient repealing clause, would suffice :—

“Whereas the government and supreme and exclusive jurisdiction of the Church of Scotland in all matters spiritual (causes ecclesiastical) as founded on the Word of God and set forth in the Confession of Faith (chaps. xxv. 6, and xxx. 1 and 2) have been recognised, ratified, and confirmed by divers Acts of Parlia-



ment, and, in particular, by the Act 1592, entitled 'Ratification of the Liberties of the True Kirk,' and by the Act 1690, entitled 'Act Ratifying the Confession of Faith and Settling the Presbyterian form of Church Government :

"And whereas by the Act 37 and 38 Vic. c. 82, entitled 'Church Patronage (Scotland) Act,' the Acts of Anne c. 12 and of Vic. c. 6 and c. 7, and also all other statutes or parts of statutes inconsistent with the provisions of said Act of 37 and 38 Vic. c. 82 were repealed, and the right of congregations to elect their own ministers, and of the Courts of the Church to decide finally and conclusively upon the appointment, admission, and settlement of ministers, was recognised and declared :

[ "And whereas it is desirable that the right of the Courts of the Church of Scotland to decide finally and conclusively upon all other matters that come within the province of the Church as recognised and ratified by the aforesaid statutes of 1592 and 1690 should be re-affirmed : ]

"And whereas the Act 7 and 8 Vic. c. 44 is productive of much inconvenience in the erection of parishes, and is a barrier in the way of the union of Presbyterians in Scotland who approve of the standards of the Church of Scotland :

"Be it enacted . . . as follows :—

"I. This Act may be quoted as the New Parishes (Scotland) Act.

"II. It is hereby declared that the right to erect parishes *quoad sacra*, and to invest the ministers of said office, including ruling in the Courts of the Church, belongs to the Church of Scotland in the exercise of her supreme and exclusive jurisdiction as recognised, ratified, and confirmed by the aforesaid statutes of 1592 and 1690.

"III. The Act 7 and 8 Vict. c. 44 shall be repealed from and after the passing of this Act : and also all Acts inconsistent with the provisions of this Act : and also all Acts and laws inconsistent with the aforesaid supreme and exclusive jurisdiction of the Church of Scotland in all matters spiritual as recognised, ratified, and confirmed by the aforesaid statutes of 1592 and 1690, and, in particular, the Acts Rescissory 1661 c. 15 and 62 c. 1-2."

In regard to the Bill prepared by Sir A. Gordon and Mr F. Mackintosh, to make further provisions in regard to the Church of Scotland; to facilitate reunion therewith of other Presbyterian Churches in Scotland; and submitted to the House of Commons in 1879, Mr Cameron writes in reply to a newspaper criticism as follows :—

“In your leading article on Sir A. Gordon’s Bill, you gave as an illustration of the great powers proposed to be conferred upon the General Assembly that it could ‘expel the Burgh Elders who represent the ratepayers at large.’ The General Assembly, *proprio motu*, admitted the Burgh Elders. It does not, therefore, seem a greater exercise of power to reject them, if it see cause, although there is not much probability of its destroying an element of representation created by its own exclusive action. Further, why should not the General Assembly, which admitted as members Professors of Theology who had no charges, and Burgh Elders who, as you hold, represent the ratepayers, not have power to admit ministers of chapels, if it see cause? In reference to the possible admission of ‘lay assessors,’ it is sufficient to remark that that would be un-Presbyterian.”

When another attempt was made in 1886 to pass a Bill to declare the Constitution of the Church of Scotland, Mr Cameron was energetic in his advocacy of the proposal presented with such ability and cogent reasoning to Parliament by Mr Finlay, and afterwards associated with his name. The important representative Conference of Free Church office-bearers opposed to Disestablishment and Disendowment, held in Tron Free Church, Edinburgh, on 16th February, 1886, and presided over by Mr (now Sir) William Mackinnon, Bart. of Balinakill, approved of Mr Finlay’s Bill, “which is to remove obstacles to the reunion of Scottish Presbyterianism,” and considered that, if passed into law, it would afford “a sufficient basis for cordial conference with a view to reunion among all who hold by the principles of the Reformed Church of Scotland.”

The final form which this great and comprehensive, and necessarily difficult question took in the mind of Mr Cameron may be gathered from the subjoined propositions of which he approved :—

“1. Legislation which would declare the Constitution of the Church of Scotland to be such as is set forth in the Caim, Declaration, and Protest adopted by the General Assembly of 1842; such legislation to be accompanied by a measure which would render adequate justice to all the practical interests involved.

“2. That it is necessary for such legislation that it secure the following points :—

“(1) A clear declaration as to the divine source of the Church’s jurisdiction.

“(2) The repeal of all statutory enactments at present encroaching upon the Church’s jurisdiction in spiritual matters.

“(3) The restriction of the action of the Civil Courts to the civil effects only of ecclesiastical jurisdictions.

“3. That it is at the same time most desirable,

“(1) That such legislation should contain an express reference to the aforesaid Claim, Declaration, and Protest.

“(2) That such legislation should in some manner effectually recognise the just claim of the Free Church to participate in the civil benefits of the ecclesiastical establishment.

“4. That the Bill introduced into last Parliament by Mr Finlay would, with suitable amendments, secure the above provisions.

“5. That a Committee be appointed to confer with Mr Finlay, and also, if thought desirable, with any representatives of the Established Church in regard to the various heads of these resolutions.”

It would almost appear that Mr Cameron was destined to have on hand questions of law and liberty wherever he went—matters of moment, or the reverse, in regard to which some of his brethren and himself were hardly able to see eye to eye. When he left Renton he was promised—informally, perhaps—that a new manse should be built for him at Brodick. The first step towards the realisation of this desirable object was taken in 1881, when a large and very successful bazaar—the first held in the Island of Arran, and opened by the Duchess of Hamilton—realised over £1100. It is admitted that no small part of the success was due to the high estimate formed far and near of the genially popular pastor and widely known Celtic scholar, for whose comfort the proceeds were intended. The late author of “John Halifax, Gentleman” (Mrs Craik), who opened the bazaar on the fourth day, pictured in prospect the erection of a fine home for a hospitable and good man. As sometimes happen, differences of opinion arose on this occasion, which rapidly developed somewhat later, when the report, amplified by rumour, got abroad that the Deacons’ Court had decided to devote the interest, if not a small



part of the principal sum so obtained, under ample guarantee, to the building of a private house for the minister. The only foundation for this damaging story was, as the Deacons' Court records attest, a request by the minister that, as His Grace the Duke of Hamilton had offered him a site out of personal regard, the deacons, if they deemed it right, might permit him the use of the interest, and, if necessary, of a small additional sum to be collected by himself, for a few years. Three weeks later, apart altogether from outside pressure, or, indeed, knowledge of the proposal, he made a statement to the Court to the effect that he had thought the matter over, and deemed it undesirable that his private affairs should be in any way mixed up with their public proceedings. And yet how much obloquy and unmerited remark he had endured for this comparatively trivial incident ! It even formed an element in the Lamlash case, of which it is difficult to give a condensed and consecutive account.

Several influences at work resulted in a petition for the erection of Lamlash into a mission station coming before the Presbytery of Kintyre, on 20th January, 1885. Mr Cameron's attitude towards it is best given in his own words. On the part of the petitioners,

“There was shown no desire to have a separate mission station at Lamlash, and, therefore, no difference of opinion existed, until after I had expressed, in January, 1883, my decided disapproval of a proposal by members of Whitingbay Free Church, and some others, to place services which I had commenced at Lamlash some months previously, and which were admitted by all to have been giving entire satisfaction, both to the native population and to the summer visitors, under the charge of the Free Church minister of Whitingbay and myself conjointly. But joint-moderatorships never work well, when, as in this case, it would be giving the minister of another congregation equal rights with myself within a district which had always formed part of the charge of Kilbride. It is true that I was of opinion that, in the interest of the Free Church itself, Lamlash should continue to form part of the charge of Kilbride ; but, at the same time, I was willing that the new church, which my office-bearers and myself were preparing to erect, should be available, when finished, for special services for such as might not be satisfied with the services already regularly held at Lamlash in connection with the Free Church, and who might consider it too far to walk to Brodick or

Whitingbay. This ought sufficiently to meet the case of any who might be 'persuaded that their comfort and edification could not be satisfactorily provided for' by the Free Church services regularly held within comparatively easy distance of all the people at Brodick, Lamlash, or Whitingbay.

"The statement that while the question of the erection of a station was in dependence, I closed an arrangement for the site behind the Established Church, is entirely erroneous. Between the time in January when, as stated in the preceding paragraph of the petition, the question was carried to the Presbytery for decision, and the time when three of the petitioners went to Mr Murray, the factor, about a site, I had no communication of any kind, directly or indirectly, with anyone connected with the management of the Arran estate.

"The statement that I closed an arrangement for the site referred to, 'without the knowledge of the petitioners,' seems to imply that, in negotiating about a site for Lamlash, I was acting upon my own responsibility and without the knowledge of parties who ought to have been consulted in the matter. Now, the fact is that at every step in these negotiations, from first to last, I regularly consulted my office-bearers, who were the parties entitled to be consulted in such matters. All the meetings of the Deacons' Court, at which these matters were discussed, were publicly announced both at Brodick and at Lamlash. It is not quite correct to say that the site accepted is 'behind the Established Church.' It would be more accurate to say that it is behind the Whitehouse, the grounds of which it overlooks.

"In support of the prayer of the petition above referred to, two reasons were urged: (1) That I was not proceeding with the erection of a church at Lamlash, although I had undertaken to provide one; and (2) That if Lamlash were separated from Kilbride, the contributions of the Lamlash people to the Sustentation Fund of the Free Church, would be available for the support of the station. The Presbytery, without any reference to the merits of the case, and without citing the Kirk-Session of Kilbride to appear for their interests, granted the prayer of the petition by a majority of five to two votes. Against this decision Mr Inglis, the elder from Kilbride, and myself dissented, and complained to the Free Synod of Argyle.

"The case came before the Synod on 22nd April. The main argument stated in support of the decision of the Presbytery was the importance of Lamlash as a favourite resort for summer visitors. The Synod, after hearing parties, 'sustained the dissent and complaint, but in respect that the petitioners laid no statistics before the Presbytery relative to the population and financial capabilities of the district intended to be erected into a station,



and that the Kirk-Session of Kilbride was not cited to appear at the Presbytery for its interests, remit the case back to the Presbytery and instruct them, if they see cause, to proceed in the matter according to the laws of the Church.' In this decision, Mr Inglis and myself acquiesced, and the Presbytery protested and appealed against it to the General Assembly.

"The Presbytery having met by leave of the Synod, immediately after the rising of the Synod, agreed to fall from their protest and appeal. A motion was then made to cite the Kirk-Session of Kilbride to appear for their interests in the case at a meeting of Presbytery to be held at Campbeltown on 12th May, and to request the petitioners to supply for that meeting the statistics referred to in the Synod's deliverance. This motion having been carried by a majority, I dissented, and complained against it to the General Assembly, chiefly because the Presbytery proceeded in the case (1) without a certified extract of the Synod's deliverance ; (2) in the absence of the petitioners ; (3) without showing cause why further action should be taken, especially before there was sufficient time to elect the lay members of Presbytery ; and also because (4) the names of representative elders, who ceased to be members of Presbytery when the Synod rose, were put in the sederunt, and these elders sat and voted as members of Court ; because (5) a petitioner sat and voted in the Presbytery in his own case ; and because (6) the resolution of the Presbytery to proceed in the case with such undue haste, was contrary to the spirit and intention of the Synod's deliverance, which contemplated, as stated by its supporters, giving parties in the case time to consider their respective positions in reference to the question in dependence.

"Although, in view of the undoubted irregularities in the Presbytery's procedure, I would be fully justified in carrying my complaint to the Assembly, still, on finding that no practical advantage was likely to result, seeing that the General Assembly could not competently deal with the merits of the case when adjudicating as a Court of Review in a case of complaint against irregularities in the procedure of a lower Court, I fell from my complaint, and thus the decision of the Presbytery of 22nd April, citing the Kirk-Session, and requesting the petitioners to supply the statistics referred to in the Synod's deliverance, became final. The case would then come up in ordinary course at the first meeting of Presbytery after the General Assembly, to be dealt with under the Synod's remit, 'according to the laws of the Church ;' and should any complaints or appeals arise in connection with it, the services at Lamlash, which admittedly had given general satisfaction for two years, would in that case be continued on the same footing for possibly another year, or until the meeting of the



next General Assembly, when the case, I have no doubt, would be finally disposed of on its merits. This, however, was prevented by the proceedings which I shall now mention, and the matter was brought into the unfortunate position in which it now stands.

"Some time previous to the meeting of Presbytery, held at Campbeltown on 12th May, the Moderator of Presbytery wrote to parties at Lamlash, requesting them to get up another petition, and to forward it to the Presbytery. This petition, as afterwards appeared, was a new step towards the splitting up of the congregation of Kilbride, which is comparatively small, and has never been self-sustaining, into two still smaller congregations; and yet neither the Kirk Session of Kilbride nor myself have ever received any notice of it. It was not until the 22nd May, and then only incidentally, that I came to know that the Moderator of Presbytery had written to Lamlash, and my informant could tell me nothing of the petition thus got up.

"Crossing from Ardrossan to Brodick on Tuesday, 26th May, I learnt, also quite incidentally, that a petition from Lamlash was to come before the General Assembly, then sitting. But the friend who informed me of this, having only heard that there was such a petition, could tell nothing in regard to the nature or object of it. After I arrived at Brodick, I learned from the newspapers that the petition was to come before the Assembly that very day at the forenoon sederunt. This petition, I afterwards ascertained, was the same which was got up at Lamlash two weeks before by direction of the Moderator of Presbytery. In the interval the Presbytery Clerk apparently had charge of it; but, although he had written me twice between 12th May and the meeting of Assembly, on matters connected with the Lamlash case, he never alluded to the petition to the Assembly. It was not until about a week after the rising of the General Assembly that I learned that, at the evening sederunt of the Assembly, on Monday, 25th May, leave was granted to the Presbytery of Kintyre to meet at the close of that sederunt for the purpose of considering matters connected with the petition of members and adherents of the Free Church at Lamlash, and that, at the same sederunt, the Assembly 'appointed the Committee on Bills to meet on the following day a quarter of an hour before the meeting of Assembly.' The petition stated explicitly that there was a division in the Presbytery on the question of the erection of Lamlash into a station, and complained that, in consequence of my dissent and complaint to the General Assembly, the erection of the station had been 'withheld or delayed;' and yet one of the parties in that division, unknown to the other party, ask leave of the Assembly to meet as a Presbytery when it was impossible for the other party to be present, or even to know of the meeting, and the Assembly

grant leave, and also appoint a special meeting of the Committee on Bills, to facilitate the action of the party who had thus obtained leave to meet as a Presbytery.

“The meeting of Presbytery was held that night, 25th May, between 11 and 12 o'clock, and it was then agreed to ask the General Assembly to appoint assessors to the Presbytery in the Lamlash case, and to empower the Commission at any of its stated diets to dispose of any complaints and appeals which might arise in connection with the case. On the following day, at the forenoon sederunt, the petition which had apparently been passed through the Committee on Bills into the Assembly without any relative extract minute of either Kirk-Session or Presbytery, which, indeed, although asking the General Assembly to take action with a view of dividing an existing congregation, and of having a new one formed, did not pass through any of the inferior Courts, was taken up by the General Assembly, and parties were heard in support of it, although those chiefly interested, the minister and Kirk-Session of the congregation proposed to be divided, were absent, and had no knowledge of their proceedings. The main argument used at the bar of the Assembly in support of the prayer of the petition was the importance of Lamlash as ‘a place of large summer resort.’ The Assembly also took up the application of the Presbytery for Assessors, which, on account of the extraordinary haste in these proceedings, made it necessary to have the Standing Order anent the printing of papers suspended, to allow the minute of Presbytery of the previous night to be received in manuscript. The Assembly granted the application, and appointed Rev. Dr Rainy, Rev. Dr Adam, and others, Assessors to sit and vote in the Presbytery in the Lamlash case. It does not appear, however, that any action was taken in regard to the Lamlash petition. Even the resolution of the Presbytery of 22nd April, citing the Kirk-Session of Kilbride to appear for their interests at a meeting of Presbytery to be held at Campbeltown on 12th May, which became final, when I fell from my complaint, was not, so far as appears from the printed proceedings, altered or amended. The statement in the petition, therefore, that the Presbytery, when they erected Lamlash into a mission station, were ‘acting under a remit from the General Assembly,’ does not seem to be correct, unless by ‘remit’ the appointment of Assessors be meant. The Presbytery, along with the Assessors, having met by leave of the General Assembly in Edinburgh, on Saturday, 30th May, agreed then to meet again at Lamlash on 11th June, and to cite the Kirk-Session of Kilbride to appear for their interests at that meeting. The Kirk-Session did not appear at the bar of the Presbytery, but gave in an extract minute, in which, while still retaining the views previously



expressed by them to the effect that there was no necessity for a separate station at Lamlash, and that the erection of one would, by weakening the existing congregations, prove injurious instead of beneficial to the Free Church cause in the district, they agreed to offer no opposition to the Presbytery sanctioning, should they see proper, a mission station there, the whole responsibility in the matter resting upon the Presbytery. After hearing a statement from the petitioners, the Presbytery agreed to form the district into a mission station. From this decision Mr Inglis, the elder representing the Kilbride Kirk-Session, and myself, recorded our dissent; but we did not appeal to a higher Court. The newly erected station was placed under the charge of the Rev. Mr Johnstone—a member of the Presbytery of Greenock—one of the Assessors appointed by the General Assembly to the Presbytery of Kintyre.”

It is important in this connection to call attention to a document signed by Mr Cameron on 29th May, and given into the custody of Principal Rainy, as it figures repeatedly in the progress of the case :—

“Edinburgh, 29th May.—Mr Cameron explained that he was willing to consent to the Presbytery taking charge of Lamlash, erecting it into a station, if they see cause; that he agrees to abandon the site, leaving it to the Presbytery or people to negotiate for the same site or a better one, promising at the same time to do nothing to hinder their obtaining it.

(Signed) “ALEXANDER CAMERON.”

It was expected that this proposed agreement, amicably arrived at, would end or tend to terminate the difficulty. But when the matter came before the Duke of Hamilton’s Commissioner, the elasticity of interpretation was subjected to the following criticism by Mr Cameron, in a letter to Dr Rainy, of date 27th August :—

“You can see from Mr Jamieson’s letter that the *memorandum* which you wrote in Edinburgh, on 29th May, and which I agreed to sign, has left on his mind the impression that I had proposed, and even actually arranged, to make over, so far as I could, my interest in the site given me for a preaching station at Lamlash to the Presbytery. I was certainly pressed by yourself and friends to do what Mr Jamieson thinks I did; but, as you are aware, I positively refused, because, as I stated to you, I believed that if I were to do what you wished me to do, I would be breaking faith with the Duke of Hamilton. What I agreed to was, as you know,



to give back the site to the proprietor, and to leave him free to give it, if he thought proper, to the Station. It is clear, therefore, that your document which I signed is liable to misconstruction, and that consequently it is better for all parties that it should be withdrawn, which, as the party who signed it, I accordingly now do. It was an irregular thing from the first, for clearly you had no right to propose to me, and I had no right to agree, to sign a document of the kind without my Kirk-Session having been first consulted. I signed it, as you know, with the view of my being at once relieved of my obligations in connection with the church ordered for Lamlash; and when that purpose failed, no further use should have been made of it; nor should it have been engrossed, as it was, in the Presbytery Record without my express sanction. But although I now formally withdraw the *memorandum*, I still adhere to the resolution of the Kilbride Kirk-Session, of date 10th June, which was so highly commended by yourself and the other Assessors at the meeting of Presbytery on the following day. Of course, in agreeing to that minute, the Kirk-Session did not surrender their right to make such provision as they might consider necessary for supplying ordinances to their own members and adherents at Lamlash. This was also expressly understood when I signed your document on 29th May."

The question of motive in the whole matter will probably with most people be somewhat set at rest by an undoubtedly genuine expression of feeling in the following communication to the Duke's Commissioner, a most genial and learned lawyer:—

"The obligations under which I have come in regard to a church for Lamlash were undertaken entirely in the interest of the people and of the Free Church cause in the district, and were the natural and necessary result of arrangements entered into, and of responsibilities assumed, long before the petition to the Presbytery for the separation of Lamlash from Kilbride came into existence. Of the fact of these responsibilities the Presbytery was informed as early as the 20th January, when the case came first before the Presbytery. I am satisfied that His Grace will not allow me personally to suffer in this matter. I am likewise satisfied that he will not be the less disposed to protect my interests in this matter, if he should come to know, as Mr Murray and yourself have all along known, that in negotiating for a site for Lamlash I acted as faithfully to the Free Church as I could have done if I approved as sincerely as I, for the most part, disapprove of the public policy of those who now guide her counsels."

On the 26th of October the following note was addressed to the Moderator of the Free Presbytery of Kintyre:—

“Rev. Dear Sir,—In reference to the citation to the Kirk-Session of Kilbride to appear at a meeting of Presbytery to be held at Campbeltown to-morrow evening, to explain and defend, if it sees fit, the course it may have taken in connection with the erection at Lamlash of a building ‘alleged’ to be ‘a place of worship’ ‘in connection with the Free Church,’ I have been instructed by the Kirk-Session to inform you that it takes nothing to do with the erection of buildings whether in connection with the Free Church or not, that being a matter which does not come within its province as an Ecclesiastical Court.—I am, yours most respectfully.”

The reply was this :—

“At Campbeltown, 27th day of October, 1885, which day the Free Presbytery of Kintyre met and was constituted.

“*Inter alia*,—It was moved, seconded, and unanimously agreed to :—

“1. That though neither Mr Cameron nor the Kirk-Session of Brodick appeared to answer the citation of the 13th inst., the Presbytery understood, from information furnished to them, that a place of worship is being erected at Lamlash under the direction of the Rev. A. Cameron, of Brodick, which erection has not been authorised or sanctioned by the Presbytery.

“2. That no such building can lawfully be opened for public worship in connection with the Free Church of Scotland without the sanction of this Presbytery.

“3. That the Presbytery, disapproving of the way in which this building has been proceeded with, so far as it has been disclosed or can be gathered, hereby prohibit the opening of it for public worship.

“4. The Presbytery appoint intimation hereof to be made to the Kirk-Session of Brodick, to the congregation at Lamlash, and also to His Grace the Duke of Hamilton.

“Extracted by (Signed) ALEX. MACRAE, P.C.”

There must have been some mistake or misunderstanding as to the precise position of affairs at this juncture, as appears from the view taken of this deliverance by Mr Cameron, which was :—

“At a meeting of Presbytery in October a motion was agreed to ‘prohibiting the Iron Church from being opened for public worship.’ This was quite incompetent, as the building was not Free Church or denominational property.”

Accordingly, about the middle of January, 1886, the Iron Church was opened by the Rev. Dr Williamson, Ascog, Bute, who preached in the forenoon from Ephes. ii. 19 and 22, and in the

evening from Rom. i. 16. The day was very unfavourable, but the attendance was most gratifying, and the collection amounted to £32 13s 10½d. The structure presented an elegant appearance was most comfortable, and well lighted.

The Free Synod of Argyll met at Lochgilphead on 28th April, 1886, and took up the reference from the Presbytery of Kintyre in the Lamlash case.

It was moved and seconded—"That the case be referred *simpliciter* to the Assembly." It was also moved and seconded—"That, inasmuch as the abandonment and acceptance of sites for buildings, and also questions directly affecting the erection, ownership, and possession of property, come within the province of the Civil, rather than of the Ecclesiastical Courts, the Synod decline to interfere in this case, more especially as it appears that the building in question at Lamlash is not Free Church property, and that there is no evidence that it has been opened in connection with the Free Church denomination." Fourteen voted for the first motion, and three for the second. From this finding Mr Cameron dissented.

In May he stated that, although no money consideration could make up for the annoyance to which he and his people had been subjected, he was yet willing to acquiesce in any reasonable terms as to a satisfactory arrangement at Lamlash. But nothing came of any overtures that may have been made on behalf of either party in the somewhat complicated case. It is not unknown that pecuniary difficulties affecting the Iron Church began, at and after this period, to press so heavily that at one time he contemplated the necessity of selling his furniture in order to meet all obligations. But such a sad pass was fortunately and opportunely avoided by the generous intervention of unfailing friendship.

The reference from the Synod of Argyll in the case of Lamlash came before the Assembly on Tuesday, June 1st, 1886. Mr Cameron was asked to go to the bar, but pointed out that he was not a party in this case, as it came before the Assembly by reference from the inferior Court. When members refused to hear him in the House but at the bar, he protested strongly against his having been compelled to take the place which he then occupied, stating that that was the first time he had ever known,



in all his experience of Church Courts, of such a course being followed ; and he appealed to the Clerks of Assembly whether it was not as a member of the House, instead of as a party at the bar, that he should be taking part in this case.

After parties had been heard, it was moved and seconded—“That Mr Cameron be asked whether he had received a title to the ground at Lamlash from the Duke of Hamilton in his own name and favour?” It was also moved and seconded—“That this question be not put to Mr Cameron.” The first motion was carried by a large majority. But from this judgment Mr M'Ewan and nineteen other members dissented, because the Assembly had no right to interfere with the individual and personal rights of Mr Cameron, and because the question put to Mr Cameron involves another party, namely, the Duke of Hamilton. Two others dissented because “we are not entitled to know whether the titles be in his own name.”

To the question put, Mr Cameron replied that this was a matter in which other parties were concerned, and that he did not feel himself at liberty to answer the question without their consent. He asked for time to obtain this, and then promised to reply.

Dr Moir Porteous asked whether the Presbytery would now be willing to take over the Iron Church, provided the site could be secured, along with the consent of Mr Cameron? Mr Johnstone replied that the Presbytery could not undertake to answer the question without communicating with the local parties.

Mr John M'Ewan, Edinburgh—Is it a fact that Mr Cameron or his Deacons' Court has done anything to prevent the parties interested from obtaining a site?

Mr Cameron—We have done nothing whatever to prevent a site being got. The Duke of Hamilton decided that matter on his own responsibility, and after making enquiry for himself.

Professor Thomas Smith moved :—

“That the Assembly do not find that the Presbytery of Kintyre was called to interfere with Mr Cameron's exercise of that right which appertains to all ministers of the Free Church of conducting religious services at any place within the district assigned to him ; while it is competent to the Presbytery, if they see cause, to take steps in the regular way for the disjunction of Lamlash

from the congregation of Kilbride, and for the institution of a station there."

Mr (now Dr) Stewart, Glasgow, seconded.

Mr R. G. Balfour, Edinburgh, proposed :—

"That the General Assembly find that Lamlash has been erected into a station ; that Mr Cameron has secured a site and erected a church at Lamlash, and alleges that a few families there still adhere to him ; that the securing of this site and the erection of this church, which is understood to be the property of Mr Cameron, or under his control, constitute the obstacle which has rendered it impossible as yet for the station at Lamlash to obtain from the proprietor a site for a place of worship ; that Mr Cameron has erected the building in question without the authority or approbation of the Presbytery, and has caused it to be opened and kept open for public worship against the prohibition of the Presbytery :—

"The General Assembly find that Mr Cameron's conduct has been highly censurable, and all the more so because, on the plea of caring for some persons at Lamlash still adhering to the Brodick congregation, he has inflicted a grievous wrong upon the body of the people at Lamlash adhering to the Free Church. The Assembly prohibit and discharge Mr Cameron from opening the said church for worship on the Lord's Day, without the leave of the Presbytery, under pains of process for contumacy, &c."

Mr Lawrie, Tulliallan, seconded.

Mr Neil Taylor, Dornoch, proposed :—

"That the General Assembly, having heard parties, and considering the peculiarities in the case, find that Mr Cameron was justified in providing a place of worship for the convenience of the adherents of the Brodick Free Church congregation residing at Lamlash, and authorise the Presbytery to take over the Iron Church, with Mr Cameron's consent, and on the understanding that Mr Cameron be relieved of the pecuniary obligations connected with the undertaking."

Mr Macaskill, Dingwall, seconded.

Professor Smith having withdrawn his motion, it was found that 104 had voted for Mr R. G. Balfour's motion and 39 for Mr Taylor's motion. From this judgment 10 members dissented. "1. Because the motion of Mr Balfour is unnecessarily severe and stringent. 2. Because the second motion was sufficient to meet all the purposes contemplated by Mr Balfour's motion without pain to any party."

The last reason is very significant and far-reaching ; and a urid light is thrown upon it by this personal reference :—

“After returning home from the General Assembly, I was attacked by a sort of nervousness which completely unfitted me—although in other respects quite well—for any mental exertion—even the small amount of exertion necessary for writing letters of any importance. This feeling, the result, I believe, of the annoyance and worry to which I was subjected in Edinburgh, went off all at once when I went north to assist Mr Baillie at his Communion ; and during all the time I was there I was perfectly well. I preached seven times in five days, and on five of these occasions to very large congregations in the open air. When I reached this (Brodick) the nervous attack returned, and except on the Saturdays and Sabbaths, when I have been obliged to exert myself, I have since felt quite helpless, so far as any mental work is concerned. I am ashamed to own all this, but it explains my delay in writing you. I ought, of course, to have overcome this feeling, but it is not easy to do so. You have asked how the case of Lamplash stands since the General Assembly’s decision. That decision prevents me from using the building for public worship ; nor can I give the use of it to any other party. I can preach to my own adherents at Lamplash in any place in the district except in the building erected by myself on the site given to me by the proprietor as a matter of personal favour. It will, therefore, be necessary for me to divest myself of the control of the building, at least for a time, so that my people may have the use of it without giving an opportunity of bringing a charge of contumacy against me.”

It was some consolation to him while thus suffering that he received a large amount of sympathy both from private sources and from the public press. To mention only two newspapers, which may be taken as representative, by way of contrast—the *Scotsman* and the *Signal*. A few sentences from the latter will suffice :—“If the preamble was designed to give a true representation of the facts, it would have stated that Mr Cameron had received a site and had contracted for the church before the Station was erected.” “Where is it that a Free Church minister comes under obligation not to open a church or hall for public worship within his own district without the approbation of the Presbytery ?” “In the preamble the Assembly say that the church is ‘understood to be the property of Mr Cameron or under his control,’ and then they prohibit him, under pain of Church



censure, from opening his own property for worship on the Lord's Day!" "He may preach anywhere about this building, and he may even enter it and preach on any day of the week except Sabbath." "When the reference from the Synod of Argyll was stated and sustained, the Synod, of which Mr Cameron was a member, ceased to be parties, and he was entitled to deliberate and vote in the Assembly, of which he was also a member, when the case was taken up upon the merits. Instead of this, however, he was compelled to go to the bar, and was not allowed as a member of the House to speak or vote upon the case. In this way he was not only subjected to censuring and inquisitorial questions, but was deprived of his constitutional rights."—(Moncrieff's Manual, pp. 60-63).

On the 24th of June an authoritative proposal was submitted to Mr Cameron to take the Iron Church—the site to be included—off his hands, at a sum to be fixed by valuation. But, considering all that had taken place, it is hardly to be wondered at that he seemed to find it difficult all at once to reconcile this line of action with the interests of the members and adherents of Kilbride resident at Lamlash, not to refer to personal considerations.

On April 16th, 1887, an appeal—not without authority, and not in an unfriendly spirit—was urgently addressed to him to come to a just and generous settlement, in view of the forthcoming meeting of the Supreme Court of the Church, to which he replied on 18th April, clearly stating his position; and with this communication may fitly close the case and correspondence, as far as he was concerned:—

"It was about half-past ten o'clock on Saturday night when I received your letter, and, therefore, I had not sufficient time to reply to it before the steamer left this morning. Besides, I would like to have more leisure to bring out more clearly (1) whether or not the General Assembly ought as a matter of simple justice, and apart altogether from any questions as to the future use of the Iron Church, to cancel the decision of last year in the Lamlash case, and (2) whether or not I have acted all along in this business, not only justly, but also generously towards the interests which you advocate, although I have often had sufficient provocation to dispense with the generosity. These are the two main questions raised by your letter; and the first of them may easily be decided by reference to facts and documents, with which Dr

Rainy must be as well acquainted as I am, for he acted a principal part in connection with all of them, whilst a brief narrative of the actings of the Church Courts on the one hand, and of my actings on the other, in connection with this matter, will enable any unprejudiced person to form a correct opinion in regard to the second question. It is sufficient at present to say that, assuming that I am right in thinking that the decision of the Assembly has inflicted on me a grievous and cruel wrong, your proposal about taking 'the sting' out of it would only have the effect of adding insult to injury, although I know very well that that is not your intention. I cannot therefore be a party to any proposal in regard to that decision which will not, in effect, remove every trace of it from the Records of the General Assembly.

"I find in your letter a mistake which it is necessary to correct. I did not say that the parties into whose hands, as I expect, the control of the Iron Church will soon pass, are to act for me. They will act not for me, but for themselves, and on their own responsibility. They have a material interest in the building, which entitles them to assume the control of it; but I am confident that they will deal both generously and wisely with any applications for the use of it, that may be made to them on behalf of any Free Church residents at Lamlash, who may wish to have special services there for their own benefit. I hope that this arrangement will result in giving satisfaction to all parties. When Dr Rainy called here in August, I informed him of my intention to divest myself entirely of the control of the building, and he considered that that arrangement would do, if the matter were to pass into the hands of responsible persons. Of course any parties who may have to decide on applications for the use of the building must feel that they will have to deal with a very responsible matter, although they will not be answerable to Church Courts."

The only services held in the Iron Church after this, while it remained at Lamlash—from which it was ultimately removed to Glasgow—were one or two prayer meetings, over which, on a week day, the late Dr Smeaton of Edinburgh genially and profitably presided.

In October, 1888, Mr Cameron was beyond the pale of controversy. The subsequent steps in the conduct of the Lamlash case were not without considerable intricacy and difficulty; but only a very brief summary of results can be given here—for the sake of completeness. Rev. M. P. Johnstone, Greenock, represented the Lamlash people, and the present writer conducted the case for the representatives of the late Dr Cameron. It may not

be inappropriate, without attempting to cover a tithe of the ground or of the various interests involved, to give one or two extracts from a correspondence that shows how the situation was simplified. In reply to a request by a deputation from the Free Church station at Lamrash for a new site on which to build a church, the Duke of Hamilton's Commissioner wrote on 24th July, 1889 :—

“ I wish in the first instance to make it plain to you and the other adherents of the Free Church in Lamrash, that whatever views may be entertained by you and others regarding the acting of the late Dr Cameron in connection with the existing site and the Iron Church on it, His Grace would never at the time that site was given have agreed to give any site which did not in his opinion meet the wishes and requirements of the late Dr Cameron and those whom he was supposed to represent in Lamrash ; and having—as the Duke has always had—a very great regard for Dr Cameron while alive, and a sincere respect for his memory now that he is dead, he will do nothing which would in the very least degree indicate a lessening of that regard or a diminution of that respect in connection with these arrangements ; and the only feeling which prompts His Grace to agree to the request of the deputation on this subject is the unanimity with which, as you represented, the adherents of the Free Church in the district make a request for another site ; and the Duke feels, looking to that unanimity, he can without the least reflection on Dr Cameron's memory agree to the request, but upon the conditions I am to name.”

(1) Refers to locality of site to be pointed out and approved.

“(2) As a preliminary to any such selection the Duke must insist that Dr Cameron's representatives shall be relieved of all the expenses which were incurred by him in absolute good faith in connection with the existing site, and with the erection of the Iron Church upon it. His Grace feels that in making this condition he is only doing what is fair and right by the memory of the late Dr Cameron, and in the interests of his representatives, and because he is satisfied that whatever may be the views entertained by some of your body regarding Dr Cameron's actions, he (Dr Cameron) acted in this matter, so far as His Grace is aware, in the most absolute good faith, and in the belief that he was doing the best he could for the interests of the Free Church of which he was minister.”

The site offered met with warm approval and appreciation of His Grace's kindness on the part of the people ; but the condition attached was submitted to some criticism, which was answered by



an intimation that the cost incurred in getting and erecting the Iron Church “may be ascertained, if a difference of opinion shall arise, by arbitration between the representatives of the late Dr Cameron and those who desire the new site.”

A Minute of Reference was then drawn up (by Mr J. A. Stuart, solicitor, Edinburgh) between the Rev. John Kennedy, on behalf of the owners of the Iron Church, and the Rev. M. P. Johnstone, on behalf of the congregation of the Free Church of Scotland at Lamlash, whereby they submitted and referred to the final decision and award of James S. Napier, Esq., Glasgow, sole arbiter, mutually chosen by them to fix and determine the value of the said Iron Church.

The arbiter's findings were given on 5th February, 1890, fixing the present value of the Iron Church at two-thirds of the original cost—a judgment in which both parties acquiesced. It is only right and what is due here heartily to pay a high tribute for perfect fairness and frankness to the respected arbiter and to the corresponding representative.

The final stage in this protracted case was reached when, on 1st June, 1891, the General Assembly took up consideration of a petition by members of the Kirk-Session of Kilbride, Arran, and by a large number of people, representing that the decision come to in this case by the General Assembly on June 1st, 1886, involved, in a way most painful to them, the name and memory of the late Rev. Alexander Cameron, LL.D., as also their Deacons' Court; and requesting that the decision complained of should be rescinded, at least as far as it bore upon the office-bearers of their congregation and on the respected memory of the late Dr Cameron. I appeared in support of the petition, and briefly stated the history of the case, emphasising the desirability and necessity of granting the prayer of the petitioners.

Principal Rainy said there was no new element set before the House. He hoped Dr Cameron had not suffered appreciably in health from that judgment, but undoubtedly he felt it. He was disposed to think that, however unable to review the judgment of 1886—it must be an exceptional case that would lead them to do that—the Assembly would be willing to come to any finding that would have a solacing effect upon the minds of those to whom the

memory of Dr Cameron was dear, or who had regard for him. He accordingly moved :—"Find that no charge against any of the office-bearers was made or suggested in the judgment of 1886 which is referred to in the petition. With regard to Dr Cameron, the Assembly declines to review the judgment of 1886, but they willingly express their respect for the memory of Dr Cameron, and disclaim any desire to reflect on the motives under which he acted."

Mr (now Dr) William Balfour, Holyrood, Edinburgh, seconded the motion, and animadverted on the harshness of the judgment of 1886, in the case of one who was doing his utmost to further the interests of his people ; but he gladly acquiesced in the tribute now paid to Dr Cameron's memory, for whom he had the greatest possible respect and regard. The motion was unanimously agreed to.

The home life of Mr Cameron was a complete contrast to the estimate formed by some of him from casual acquaintance or from rumours about his ecclesiastical contendings. Rev. Dr Goold, Edinburgh, in a time of deep bereavement, begins a letter to him thus :—

"We don't often meet, and we sometimes do not see eye to eye, but I hope there is no lack of personal friendliness between us. In this belief I venture to trouble you with an enquiry."

It was, like that of many others, in reference to summer quarters—a matter that he readily and gladly attended to—as he could thereby often oblige both strangers and natives.

The following note to Mrs Kennedy, Dingwall, at the time of her sorest trial—the death of her beloved husband and his dearest friend, Dr Kennedy—shows the same sympathetic and deeply-touched heart-chord :—

"I am sorry not to have been able to call, were it only to shake hands with you, for I did not wish at present to intrude upon you, nor even to refer to your great affliction, which, notwithstanding all the sympathy that friends may show, you must long bear alone. And yet not alone ; for the Master, whom he who has been taken from you so long and so faithfully served, will, I trust, be Himself with you and yours, according to His promise."

As is well and widely known, his hospitality hardly knew any bounds. It was a great pleasure and a literary treat for him to meet many of those who frequently called, and in this way he sometimes formed life-long friendships. He was exceptionally liberal and mindful in giving money to any who were in need; and occasionally, as often happens, some of those not the neediest or most deserving succeeded in sharing in what could not always well be spared. At all events, as he sometimes playfully remarked:—"Money does not remain long with me." In regard to a proposed new hall at Lamblash he writes:—"I regret that in consequence of several calls of a similar kind which I have at present to meet, I cannot contribute a larger sum than one guinea, which I now enclose."

In 1887 he was busy endeavouring to secure a suitable site for a hall at Brodick mainly for prayer-meetings; and also arranging as to a central site for a new Free Church at Corrie; but as in the case of building a new manse for personal comfort, all these long-thought-of proposals were destined to be handed down to his successor—one soweth and another reapeth.

In writing to two literary and life-long friends—Rev. Mr and Mrs Auld, Olrig—under date 6th August, 1887, in connection with communion services, Mr Cameron confesses he would not like to leave Caithness without having the pleasure of seeing them, and adds—"I have not had an idle Sabbath for years, and I would enjoy one, if I shall not be in your way." All who have had the privilege of even a brief day in the happy home and society so much appreciated by Dr Kennedy will readily acquiesce in the above estimate and prospect.

During 1888, in spring and in summer, the doctors—local and visitor—repeatedly recommended him to rest, and pressed him to remove to some retired place to recruit. But he put off from day to day in hope that when the strangers should be gone it would be easier for him to take a change. It was noted by many that he seemed to devote the summer wholly to pastoral work—writing out admirable sermons in full, and occasionally reading a large part of them from the pulpit on account of failing health. It was remarked by visitors and natives alike that he never preached more powerfully or profitably than during the last year of his life.



Probably he felt that his opportunities of pleading with men were fast passing away, and, therefore, put all his ardour into his appeals.

On the 18th of April the University of Edinburgh, his *alma mater*, conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D., in recognition of his great services to Celtic scholarship. It is no secret that the University of Glasgow had in view to bestow a similar honour upon him had it not been that it was anticipated by Edinburgh. Along with Mr Cameron was capped an old fellow student, Mr Oliver, of Dennistoun, who received the D.D. degree. Many congratulatory letters reached him on this occasion. One wrote :—"Your old friends rejoice with you in your promotion, and hope that you will long be spared and known as Dr Cameron. What a pity that you had not a lady to share the charms of it with you." It need hardly be added that he was never married. In this he was like Immanuel Kant and many other distinguished men, who seemed to dread the possible rivalry between books and looks. Nevertheless it is scarcely regarded as the ideal life. Another remarks :—"I have very great pleasure in offering you the hearty congratulations of myself and family on your having had conferred on you by the Edinburgh University the distinguished degree of Doctor of Laws. It is extremely gratifying to us all, as it must also be to your other friends, that you should have received such a well-merited honour." Another says :—"Will you allow me to congratulate you most enthusiastically on the honour which the University of Edinburgh has conferred upon you? It must be a cause of eager gratification to every former student of yours that your work for Celtic Philology and your attainments in that department are at length officially recognised. But to one who has so long known and proved you, not only for a master, but for a true friend, it is doubly pleasing to hear of the distinction proposed to be conferred."

One other note will suffice :—

"At Campbeltown, 27th March, 1888, which day the Free Presbytery of Kintyre met and was constituted *inter alia*, Mr Macqueen called the attention of the Presbytery to the fact that the degree of LL.D. had been conferred on one of their number, Mr Cameron, of Brodick, and he moved that the Presbytery express their congratulations with Mr Cameron on receiving from the most

illustrious University in the kingdom its highest degree. Conscious that this brother has well earned this honour by his well-known abilities, and especially by his labours in connection with Celtic literature, they hope that he may be long spared to enjoy the distinction so honourably conferred upon him.

"The motion was seconded by Mr Mackenzie and unanimously agreed to.

"Extracted by

A. MACRAE, P.C."

A melancholy and pathetic interest attaches to this kindly and appreciative record : for this was Dr Cameron's last, and the writer's first appearance at the Presbytery. He was not destined to wear the honour long ; but it was well that his ripe scholarship had received this lasting mark of recognition.

In reply to the congratulations of Dr Aird—so soon to be the venerable and honoured Moderator of the Inverness Assembly, and in answer to his desire for information about Gaelic Bibles and Psalm-books, regarding which he is pleased to say—"No other man but yourself can tell accurately the dates," Dr Cameron writes :—

"I beg to thank Mrs Aird and yourself very sincerely for your kind congratulations. The honour of which the Senatus of the Edinburgh University have judged me worthy, I neither sought nor expected ; and I can say without any false humility that I do not consider myself to be really deserving of it. It is not for me, however, to quarrel with the opinion of the Senatus and of yourself and other friends on this point, but rather by more application to work in the future, if the Lord will be pleased to spare me for a few years longer, to endeavour to make up, to some extent, for my shortcomings in the past.

"I have to apologise for not sooner acknowledging your kind letters. The last—that of the 27th ult.—I received on Saturday last on my return home after some days' absence ; and during the past days of this week I was very busy with work which I was anxious to get out of my hands before sitting down to acknowledge the congratulations of yourself and other friends. Your letter of the 23rd I received before leaving home to attend our Presbytery meeting in Campbeltown, and I expected that while there I might be able to get definite information in regard to the date of the publication of the first complete edition of the Synod of Argyle's metrical translation of the Psalms. Dr Russell, one of the Established Church ministers of Campbeltown, is the Presbytery Clerk of the Synod of Argyle, and has in his custody the Synod Records. I had hoped that I might have been able to call on Dr Russell and see the Records, which contain much valuable infor-

mation in regard to the efforts of the Synod to get the Scriptures and Psalms circulated among the Gaelic-speaking people. I was not, however, able to call in consequence of our sitting having been a very lengthy one, and of my having to make some preparation for a discussion on the overture on ministerial inefficiency, which I regard as wrong in form, wrong in principle, and not fitted to serve the end which it is intended to promote. Our Presbytery, however, passed it by eight votes against four. My opposition was in vain, and I might have been more profitably employed searching the Records of the Synod of Argyle ; but of course it was my duty to be in the Presbytery.

“It was astonishing that so few ministers in the Northern Presbyteries refused to conform to Episcopacy in 1662. I believe ——— of the Established Church ministers of the present day would become Episcopál if they could ; but the Presbyterian Constitution of the Church of Scotland, as contained in the Statutes of the Scottish Parliament, prevents them.

“I do not know much about the religious history of Argyleshire after the Revolution ; but it is a very interesting subject, and well worth study. There was a Mr Donald Campbell in Kilmichael-Glassary, who was an evangelical preacher. The people were very ignorant and irreligious when he went among them. He published some sermons on the ‘Sufferings of Christ,’ which were translated into Gaelic and published before the end of last century. A second edition was published in 1800. I have the English edition and the two Gaelic editions. I have also another volume published by this Mr Campbell.

“I shall write soon again if I can get more information for you. You ought not, however, to let your own stores of valuable information in regard to the traditional religious history of the North Highlands die with yourself.—With kindest regards, I am, yours sincerely,

“ALEXANDER CAMERON.

“Brodick, 9th April.”

In a letter dated Brodick, 17th March, 1888, addressed to Dr Aird, and referred to in the last, Dr Cameron gives a great deal of valuable information about Gaelic books, that ought to be remembered. He says :—

“I am sorry that I have been so long without replying to your esteemed letter of 12th inst. I was at Lenimore on Sabbath introducing Mr Kennedy to his people there ; and having had to go to Edinburgh on Monday, I did not get home until yesterday afternoon.

“The ‘Caogad,’ or first fifty Psalms, put into metre by the Synod of Argyle, was published in 1659. The Synod did not com-



plete its metrical version until 1694, but I do not know whether or not the completed version was published in that year. Reid, in his '*Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*,' says that the first completed edition was published in that year, but that he had never been able to meet with it. The first completed edition of the Synod of Argyle's version that I have seen was published in 1702. This is also the oldest edition Reid had seen. It has the 3rd edition of the Shorter Catechism (same date) bound up with it, the 2nd edition (1659) having been published with the '*Caogad*.' One would think that if the Synod of Argyle's completed version was published in 1694, the 3rd edition of the Shorter Catechism would be published along with it, whereas the 3rd edition was not published until 1702, according to the title-page of the edition published in that year.

"The next oldest edition of the Synod of Argyle's version that I have got was published in 1738, with which the 6th edition of the Catechism is bound up. Between the edition of 1702 and that of 1738, two editions were published, one in 1715 and the other in 1729.

"A metrical version of the whole Psalms, by Mr Robert Kirke, minister at Balquhiddar, was published in 1684, but there never was a second edition. It does not appear to have been much used. I have the '*Caogad*' and also Kirke's Psalter, but they are very scarce.

"The date of the first edition of the Shorter Catechism is not known. The second edition, as I have stated, was published in 1659.

"The first edition of the New Testament into Scottish Gaelic was not published until 1767. It was prepared by Dr James Stewart, minister of Killin. The first edition of the Old Testament was published in four parts, and at different times. The 1st part, containing the Pentateuch, was published in 1783; the 4th part, containing the Prophets, in 1786; the 2nd part, containing Joshua to the end of 1st Chronicles, in 1787; and the 3rd part, containing 2nd Chronicles to the end of Song of Solomon, in 1801. The 1st, 2nd, and 3rd parts were prepared by Dr John Stewart, minister of Luss, and son of Dr James Stewart, and the 4th part by Dr John Smith, of Campbeltown.

"The Old Testament, translated into Irish by Bishop Bedel, was published in London in 1685. Some 200 copies were sent to Scotland for use in the Highlands. The Irish New Testament was published in 1603, and a second edition, prepared by Bishop O'Donnell, was published in 1681. A copy of this edition is bound up with my copy of Bedel's Old Testament. The volume belonged to the late Marquis of Breadalbane, at the sale of whose library I purchased it.

"In 1690 Bedel's Old Testament and O'Donnell's New Testament were published in London in one volume, in the Roman

character, for the use of the Highlanders of Scotland. There were also copies of the Testament bound separately. Mr Robert Kirke, of Balquhiddy, was the means of procuring this boon to the Scottish Highlanders; and hence this edition is usually called after him, 'Kirke's Bible.' Another edition of the Irish New Testament, in the Roman character, for the use of the Scottish Highlanders, was published in 1754. The publisher was John Orr, a bookseller in Glasgow.

"The publication of Kirke's Bible in 1690, and the reprint of the New Testament in 1754, both in Irish Gaelic although not, like Bedel's Bible, in the Irish character, were the only steps taken to make the Scriptures available for our Highland countrymen previous to the publication of the New Testament in Scottish Gaelic in 1767—a little over a century ago.

"I hope that these hurried notes will be found to supply the information you wish to get. I need not say that I shall be delighted to give any further information that I may possess and that may in the least interest you."

These letters read like Mr E. Gosse's "Gossip in a Library"—only Dr Cameron's is a Gaelic library, but not the less interesting on that account.

He struggled on through the summer and autumn months, working excessively hard, paying pastoral visits to his people, and regularly calling for the strangers. He did not seem to have secured as many ministers on holiday to take a sermon for him as he was wont to do, for he was almost proverbially successful in persuading reluctant preachers to go to the pulpit for an hour. At last, in the early days of October, when he could no longer fight against growing weakness and the rapid advance of several diseases that affected heart, liver, and latterly, lungs, he agreed to go to Strathpeffer; but he was under promise, at the same time, to assist the late Mr Baillie, Gairloch, at his communion, and hoped against hope that he would be able to fulfil his engagement. He only, however, succeeded in arriving at the hospitable home of his old and most kind friend, Mrs Fullarton, Woodside Place, Glasgow—now in her hundred and first year—when violent bleeding at the nose set in, and he was quite prostrated. Only at this juncture did he allow his Gairloch appointment to be telegraphically cancelled; and he managed, with great difficulty, to go through to Edinburgh, where he was at once laid up in Holyrood Manse, under the hospitable roof and genial care of his unfailing

and ungrudgingly kind friend, Rev. Dr William Balfour. Here he lingered for several weeks, battling against overwhelming odds, but brave and patient throughout all his trying illness. He had the very best medical advice from Dr George Balfour and Dr T. A. G. Balfour, George Square, who were unremittting in their attendance and kindness. He received visits from many sympathetic and sorrow-stricken friends, who had a few months before hoped and prayed that he might be spared for many years to continue and crown his life-work ; but it was otherwise ordained, and he uncomplainingly acquiesced in the will of God. He was nursed assiduously and admirably, under the superintendence of Miss Balfour, by one of her servants, and by his own housekeeper, Miss Jane Currie, who was called to Edinburgh when it became evident that he could never see his much-loved home and people at Brodick. He had also the careful attention and unwearied assistance of Rev. J. K. Cameron—who succeeded him in the pastorate at Brodick—during the last three weeks of his heavy trouble ; and, being an eye-witness of the closing days of Dr Cameron's life, he kindly supplied the following touching account :—

“The worth of a man, and the nature of the Christian profession, are always more or less tested on a sick bed, especially when the hope of recovery gradually lessens at the apparent approach of death. The triumphs of faith in such circumstances as these are often very remarkable. To those who were favoured with a measure of the confidence of, and whose painful lot it was to see the late Dr Cameron during the three weeks of suffering, in Edinburgh, which terminated in his lamented death, it was very apparent that his was no mere profession which could not stand in the hour of trial. To a remarkable degree it was seen that it was the man who lived that was there contending with death and the realities of eternity. His patient suffering, and whatever few remarks his painful suffering permitted him to utter, bore ample testimony to the fact.

“For several days he clung to a very strong hope of recovery, but it weakened with a gradual sinking of body under his disease. Notwithstanding all the aid that medical friends did render him, his condition from the first appeared to his friends to be very critical, yet he himself for some time failed to realise that it was so much so. This helped to strengthen his hope of eventually overcoming the disease, at least in a measure. Proof of how little he realised his true condition was afforded by the fact that he proposed to leave Edinburgh on the following morn-



ing after his arrival there for to proceed to Gairloch, in the west of Ross-shire ; which is reached by train to Auchnasheen on the Dingwall and Skye Railway, and thence by coach for a distance of thirty miles. He was to have assisted at the Gairloch Communion services. He intended thereafter to return to the favourite Spa of Strathpeffer, and there rest for some weeks. He had a strong personal desire to be at Gairloch because of how refreshing the Communion gatherings there, on previous occasions, proved to his own soul. His services, too, were always in request in the north of Scotland, where he was very much appreciated by the Lord's people as a preacher of the Gospel. It was, however, his promise, given some time previously, to be there which most determined his purpose.

“ His ministry at Brodick was not without peculiar trials and difficulties, but the people of his congregation had always a warm place in his heart. They were much on his mind during his last illness ; and he desired much, if it were the Lord's will, to be restored to such a measure of health as that he would be able to go back to work again among them. He left Brodick immediately after the close of a busy summer season ; and on account of the many visitors who frequent the place, representing, as they do, so many different classes of society and so many parts of the country, the importance of the place deeply impressed itself upon him, because of the opportunity that is there afforded to a preacher to preach the Gospel to so many of his fellow men. Indeed, the whole interests of the congregation continued to the end to hold a place in his thoughts second only to his own spiritual welfare. Even the night before he died, when he began to calmly put his house in order, his Communion at Brodick was the first thing he arranged for. However strongly, however, he expressed a desire to remain to work among his people, he always beautifully joined with such a desire a strongly expressed prayer for the grace of resignation to whatever the will of the Lord might be towards him.

“ His estimate of his own work in the ministry was very low. During his last illness he dwelt much upon himself as an unprofitable servant. Indeed, to himself that work almost seemed a failure, though there is much testimony to its having been otherwise. However low his estimate was, yet his heart was in the work, and he greatly appreciated all scriptural efforts made by others in it. To many it seemed strange that he should have given so much of his time and talent to the prosecution of his Celtic studies rather than to the real work of the ministry. From his own lips there was the testimony that this was not due to any want of love for the one, or entirely due to his love for the other. However strong his love of Celtic scholarship may have

been, it was the desire of doing some service for the benefit of others that caused him to prosecute his studies with such devotion.

"A zeal for the honour of Christ characterised all his work in the Church. And, when he was called upon either in or out of Church Courts to stand in defence of Christ's honour, he did so fearlessly. The spirit which ruled in him in such matters became apparent during his illness in a conversation which he had with two of his city brethren. Their conversation at one point turned upon the supply for his pulpit at Brodick. He mentioned one man by name whose preaching met with a measure of acceptance by his people. One of his brethren jocularly asked him whether he were jealous of such a man. He replied in all earnestness that he considered himself honest in saying that he was jealous of no man who might become popular through his truly preaching the Gospel, but that he was jealous of men who became popular whom he knew did not truly preach the Gospel.

"Throughout his illness he appeared to maintain his professed reliance on the merit of the atoning death of Christ; yet his few last weeks of sickness had not for him a cloudless sky. He had his mental strife, and no presumptuous delusion could bring peace to his troubled spirit. Only true peace could satisfy a soul exercised as his then was. An intimate friend called one day to see him, but on account of the weak state in which he found Dr Cameron at the time, he said very little to him. When, however, he rose to leave him, he said:—'There remaineth a rest for the people of God.' 'Yes,' replied Dr Cameron, 'that is true, but it is one thing to speak of it, and one thing even to preach of it, but I can assure you from experience that it is a different thing to make personal application of it.'

"On another occasion he was greatly awed with the thought of eternity, which he saw about to break upon him; and the solemnity with which he three times in succession uttered the word *eternity*, is not to be soon forgotten by those who heard him.

"It was well that it was not all darkness. He retained in his illness much of his wonted reticence, yet it was apparent that there was light at times penetrating the darkness, and that he had moments of true joy in the midst of his sufferings. Some such moments as these were enjoyed by him from the visits of the late godly Dr Smeaton, whose prayers were very refreshing to him.

"Towards the close he as much desired to be away as he at first desired to remain. The time seemed long till he should pass in to be with his Saviour.

"The last attempt he made to speak was a few hours before his death, but what he said could not be heard. Thereafter he became unconscious; and after a few hours in this state, he peacefully fell asleep."

The congregation for whose welfare he felt so anxious on his death-bed were not unmindful of him, and showed their continued attachment by subscribing a sum of £40, with which they intended to present him on his home-coming if he should recover. But when it became evident that the end was approaching, Mr John Hastings, Lamlash, one of the elders, and a most faithful and attached friend to Dr Cameron, was requested to convey the people's kindest wishes, and take £20 to him in Edinburgh—a parting gift which the dying pastor pathetically and thankfully received. This was not unlike the spontaneous action of the Metropolitan Tabernacle flock who, the other day, subscribed £700 for the comfort of one of the world's greatest preachers. The result proved similar in both cases. Neither preacher returned to enjoy the gift, but passed to the enjoyment of an eternal reward.

On Wednesday morning, the 24th of October, Dr Cameron rallied considerably and seemed much better, and was pleased that another day had dawned after a restless night. He then spoke of a fairer world and a brighter light that knew no night where the inhabitant shall never say, I am sick. He rested composedly and conversed occasionally until mid-day, after which he spoke little, and towards evening he fell into a deep slumber which ended, as already stated, peacefully in the sleep of the just about nine o'clock.

Many letters of sympathy and condolence were received from men representing many different views of thought and life, but all alike anxious to bear witness to the ability, kindliness, spirituality, and influence of one whose work was widely appreciated, and whose memory will long be held dear. The suddenness of his death—as far as the outer world was concerned—elicited an immediate testimony to the sense of profound loss sustained.

He retained unaltered his great affection for his old home in the North, where he is survived by his younger brother; but his last wish was to be buried at Kilbride, Lamlash, near the scene of his latest labours—a touching and final proof that he loved Arran well. The remains were removed to Brodick; and many came to take a farewell look of the pale but placid face. On Monday, 29th October, the funeral took place, attended by a great



assemblage of sorrowing friends from distant quarters as well as from all parts of the Island.

A handsome granite monument marks his grave, and bears the following inscription :—

## (I.)

Erected by the Free Church Congregation of Kilbride, Relatives,  
and Friends,

To the memory of the Rev. ALEXANDER CAMERON, LL.D.,

Born July 14th, 1827 ; Died October 24th, 1888.

Free Church Minister of Renton, 1859-1874, and of Kilbride,  
1874-1888.

## (II.)

A man of undoubted piety ; an able minister of the Gospel ; an earnest defender of Reformation principles ; a theologian of no mean attainments ; the most eminent Scottish Celtic scholar of his day.

## (III.)

Do ghuth cho caoin ri clàrsaich thall

An talla Thùra nan corn fiall.

D' fhocal taitneach mar an drùchd

'Thuiteas ciùin air raoin nan sliabh,

'N uair a bhriseas a' ghrian o mhùig.

—*Fionnghal*, Duan v., 468-72.

## (IV.)

Aoidheil agus a' gnàthachadh aoidheachd.

Gath soluis do'n àm nach 'eil beò.

*Translation.*

Thy voice is sweet as yonder harp

In Tara's hall of generous bowls.

Thy word is pleasant as the dew

Which gently falls on mountain-plains,

When breaks the sun athwart the gloom.

Affable and given to hospitality.

A ray of light to the time that is gone.

It is appropriate and interesting to add that Dr Cameron's splendid and valuable library, containing nearly 5000 volumes, chiefly Celtic, was bought by Sir William Mackinnon, Bart., Balinakill, for £600, and presented as the "Cameron Collection" to the University of Edinburgh, where it is conveniently located

in a separate room. This mode of disposing of it was what Dr Cameron desired, though he hardly knew how it could be accomplished; for he hoped that the books, which cost him so much time and money to collect, would not, if possible, be scattered. It is highly satisfactory to find that his wish has been so perfectly realised. It is also due to the Duke of Hamilton to state that his Grace spontaneously offered the same sum for the same books, and readily acquiesced in the above purchase.

On Tuesday, 8th January, 1889, the Free Presbytery of Kintyre met and "put on record an expression of their sense of the loss they have sustained by the death of their brother, Dr Cameron. While he differed from the majority of his brethren in many of his ecclesiastical views and positions, they cannot but express their appreciation of his earnest piety and his ripe scholarship, especially in the department of Celtic philosophy. Having clear convictions, he held them firmly and advocated them with courage, at the same time maintaining, as all who knew him intimately are ready to testify, a deserved reputation for genial friendliness and hospitality. The Presbytery, with much sorrow call to remembrance, while now taking notice of their brother's decease, that so short a time has elapsed since they had occasion to congratulate him on receiving the well-earned honour of Doctor of Laws, and they regret that he has been taken away in the middle of his work, and while he had in hand important literary efforts, the completion of which would have been a great boon to Celtic students."

Emerson says—"This is what we call character—a reserved force which acts directly by presence and without means." "Half his strength he put not forth." "Somewhat is possible of resistance, and of persistence, and of creation, to this power, which will foil all emulation." "Greatness appeals to the future." That being so, this chapter may fitly close with the following estimate of Dr Cameron's character by one who knew him long and well—the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D. :—

"Dr Cameron and I were fellow-students in the Divinity Hall of the Free Church College of Edinburgh for four sessions from 1852 to 1856. We sat on contiguous benches, and had frequent opportunities before and after the meetings of the classes of

exchanging words with each other. What struck me specially in these days was his great earnestness and quiet thoughtfulness. He did not take a prominent part in the work of the classes, nor obtrude himself much upon the notice of his fellow-students. He was shy and self-contained, and seemed to shrink into himself at the approach of any one with whom he was not familiar. But he made a most creditable appearance in all the oral and written examinations, and earned the high respect and esteem of his professors and his compeers. While those who had the privilege of his friendship saw beneath his constitutional shyness and reserve a force of character, a warm and generous nature, a mind of fresh and vivid power, and a capability of devotion to any cause he espoused, that were all the more concentrated and persistent that he was reluctant to give outward expression to them, I was not one of those who were admitted into the inner circle of his friends. He was for one thing older than I was ; and perhaps I was more attracted in my youth by a frank enthusiastic nature than by one whose excellencies were not on the surface but required to be brought out, like precious metal dug up from the depths. But my heart warmed to him on account of the many good qualities which I could not help knowing he possessed and showed, and very specially on account of the dear old mother tongue which we spoke together as often as opportunity offered. Even at that time he impressed me greatly with his extensive knowledge of Celtic literature and philology. He gave me glimpses into the wonderful beauty and expressiveness of the language which filled me at once with admiration and surprise. After our college curriculum was finished, we parted ; and we met but seldom, owing to the wide distances between our respective spheres of labour. But I was always glad to see him ; for his conversations on his own favourite topic of Celtic lore, and also on other subjects of more general interest, were invariably most interesting and instructive, and left me richer in the possession of a new thought or a new way of regarding an old thought. I knew no one who had such power as he possessed of clearing up some doubtful or obscure question of philology, by the side-lights which he threw upon it, from his studies of comparative language. He had a wonderful power of linguistic analysis ; an extraordinary patience and skill in hunting out words and idioms or facts to their remotest origins. He was admirably qualified to make the study of the Celtic group of kindred languages a thoroughly scientific pursuit. The literary remains which he has left behind give abundant evidence of his vast and varied and exact scholarship. And we feel that in him we have lost one who would, had he been spared to labour longer, have shed a new halo of interest



and significance round the language and literature of his native Highlands. He did much valuable work in his life-time, cut off prematurely, we cannot but think, at a time when his mind was ripest and most capable of arranging and utilising its great stores of erudition. But we feel sadly that he might perhaps have done more even within the limits of his life-time, had he not unfortunately, as we all have more or less, the defects of his qualities, and the constitutional dreaminess and want of practicality which seems to belong to the Celtic temperament, and is ever, indeed, one of the concomitants and proofs of genius. He could not have found it easy, with his methodical habits, and the very varied and arduous duties that he had to perform as a minister and a pastor in important churches, to find time and energy to carry on his own favourite leisure pursuits. It was astonishing, indeed, that he was able to finish an amount of work which must have required the greatest labour and concentration of mind. We are grateful for the valuable monument of learning he has erected ; but we cannot but regard it as we do the Torso of the Vatican, as a noble relic of what he might and could have finished."

## CHAPTER VI.

### CELTIC STUDIES.

IN this chapter only a general account can be given of Mr Cameron's Celtic scholarship and early enthusiasm for his native tongue, as a more specific presentment of his standpoint and influence in Philology will be given in the second volume. It is interesting to find Dr Mackintosh Mackay, of Dunoon, one of the most accurate Celtic scholars of his time, making the following honourable and encouraging mention of Mr Cameron as far back as 16th December, 1848 :—

“I am very glad to inform you that on examination of the papers given in at the Gaelic competition, I find you entitled to the first of the three prizes of five pounds each. In examining your Gaelic paper, there are several improvements which I could point out to you, though I cannot count them as errors. By attention and perseverance you may make yourself very soon perfectly master of Gaelic orthography.”

It is clear from his subsequent career that he acted according to this suggestion, for no sooner was he settled at Renton than he set about acquiring an accurate knowledge of the literature and philology of Gaelic. But this acquisition was devoted to more than merely personal purposes, for thereby he was preparing himself to become a fit instructor of Gaelic-speaking students.

We find from the following reference to this subject in the *Gael* of June, 1872, that Mr Cameron commenced a Gaelic class in the Free Church College, Glasgow, at least as early as session 1866-7, and that his teaching was very highly appreciated and acknowledged. At a meeting of the Glasgow Free Church Students' Celtic Society, held on 25th March, 1872,

“Mr John Mackay, M.A., President of the Society, and Mr Alexander Paterson, fourth year divinity student, presented the Rev. Mr Cameron, in name of the members of his Gaelic class, which has been taught for several years in the Free Church College with great success, with a testimonial expressive of their

gratitude for his untiring and valuable services, which were gratuitously given during the last five sessions. Mr Cameron expressed his gratitude to the students for their valuable gift, and referred to the importance of an accurate acquaintance with the grammatical structure of the Gaelic language to such as are to be employed in communicating instruction to others through the medium of that language, illustrating his remarks by some amusing examples of mistakes sometimes committed in speaking and writing Gaelic, and urged upon those present the duty of devoting some portion of their time to the study of their native language, which furnishes the key to those treasures of ancient Celtic lore which are now being studied with so much earnestness by Celtic scholars both in this country and on the Continent. Studies which engaged the attention of such men as the Chev. Di Nigra, the Ambassador of the King of Italy, recently at the Court of the Tuilleries, and now to the French Republic, they should not regard as beneath their interest. The books selected for the presentation were 'Leabhar na h-Uidhri,' an ancient Gaelic manuscript published by the Royal Irish Academy, and 'Sanas Chormaic,' an ancient Irish Glossary, recently edited for the Irish Archæological Society by Dr Whitley Stokes."

In the subsequent October number of the same excellent magazine, there is a lecture on Gaelic Philology by Mr Cameron, who concludes it by indicating what required to be done in regard to modern Gaelic :—

"The Gaelic Scriptures must be purged of the errors and anomalies which escaped the notice of the translators, and also of the revisers of the quarto edition of 1826, so that they may become what they were intended to be—the standard of Gaelic grammar and orthography ; the work of which Dr Alexander Stewart laid the foundation in his 'Grammar of the Gaelic Language' must be completed ; a standard edition of the Gaelic poets must be prepared ; the Bardic and other traditional literature which still exists in the Highlands, but which has not been committed to writing, must be collected and preserved before the present generation shall have passed away ; much must yet be done, in addition to what has already been done, to read and interpret the old Gaelic which has come down to us, often much obscured, in the Gaelic names of places ; and, especially, a Gaelic Comparative Lexicon must be prepared, which will exhibit the words of which the language is composed, not only in the different forms in which they appear in the different dialects of the Celtic, but also in relation to their cognate words in the other branches of the Aryan family. This last work would certainly be a heavy



undertaking, and one which could not have been accomplished when, more than forty years ago, the dictionaries of Armstrong and of the Highland Society were prepared ; but the progress which has been made in the study of Celtic philology within the last few years has prepared the way for beginning, and for carrying on to a successful issue, a work of this kind ; and if the Highlanders of Scotland should resolve, ‘shoulder to shoulder,’ to help it forward, he promised that it would be undertaken.”

In the November number of *The Gael* there was an immediate response to this appeal on the part of Mr John Mackay, who wrote :—

“I hail with delight the idea of having a compilation as you shadow forth—a Gaelic Comparative Lexicon. As a Highlander willing to bear a hand, I accept the challenge by offering at once to subscribe a five pound note to begin with, more if found necessary, and take several copies of the work when published.”

Unfortunately, this projected and important work, though begun by Mr Cameron, was not completed, and has not yet seen the light. A Comparative Gaelic Grammar remains to be written. A second revision of the Gaelic Bible is in the hands of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, and there is at present a proposal to reprint the quarto edition of 1826.

Although it does not appear that Mr Cameron composed any original poetry, he was very happy and accurate as a translator of popular hymns into Gaelic—M‘Cheyne’s, Cowper’s, Keats’, Watts’ &c. In 1864 Principal Shairp wrote a short poem, “A Cry from Craigellachie,” on paying a visit for the first time on the railway to Inverness. Mr Cameron translated this piece so successfully into Gaelic that many mistook the translation for the original. It was published in leaflet form, and proved very popular. Many of the hymn-translations appeared in *The Gael*, signed A. C., such as Longfellow’s “Psalm of Life,” “Precious Promises,” “Jehovah Tsidkenu,” &c. He also contributed several excellent and exquisite translations of hymns to *Bratach na Fìrinn*—“The Banner of Truth”—in 1872, one being, “Just as I am,” and another, “The New Jerusalem,” the latter having been, it is believed, translated at a time of deep and enduring bereavement in the translator’s life. And there seem to be traces of this pathetic feeling pervading, and echoes of such a mood of mind prolonged in

the rendering of this harmonious and beautiful poem. A few stanzas may be given as a specimen of the painstaking and pleasant workmanship :—

“ AN IERUSALEM NUADH.

“ O mhàthair chaomh, Ierusalem !  
 A d' ionnsuidh cuin 'thig mi ?  
 O cuin a chrìochnaichear mo bhròn ?  
 Is t' aoibhneas cuin a chi ?  
 O thìr 'tha taitneach sòlasach !  
 O chala ait nan saoi !  
 Cha 'n fhaighear bròn am feasd a' d' chòir,  
 No cùram, saoth'r, no caoidh.

“ Cha 'n fhaighear tinneas annad féin  
 No creuchd air bith no leòn ;  
 'S cha 'n fhaighear bàs no sealladh grànd' ;  
 Ach beatha ghnàth a' d' chòir.  
 Neul dorch cha chuir ort sgàil' a chaoidh,  
 Is oidhch' cha bhi ni 's mò ;  
 Ach dealraichidh gach neach mar ghréin,  
 An solus Dhé na glòir'.

“ Cha 'n 'eil innt' sannt no ana-miann,  
 No farmad fos, no stri ;  
 Cha 'n 'eil innt' ocras, tart, no teas,  
 Ach taitneasan gun dith.  
 Ierusalem ! Ierusalem !  
 Mo mhiann bhi annad shuas !  
 O b' fhearr gu 'n crìochnaicheadh mo bhròn,  
 'S gu'm faicinn t' aoibhneas buan !”

He also translated several political election addresses—a species of composition very difficult to render accurately into idiomatic Gaelic.

As early as 1862 Mr Cameron's eminence as a Gaelic scholar was recognised, and he was appointed a member of the Joint-Committee of the Established and Free Churches on the Gaelic Scriptures. His extreme accuracy to the minutest points was admitted by all, but criticised by some on account of the time involved. Rev. Dr Kennedy, Dingwall, wrote thus in 1882 :—  
 “I once had an opportunity of comparing the best Gaelic scholars in the Established and Free Churches of Scotland, when acting as a member of a joint-committee for the revision of the Gaelic translation of the Bible. I had, at that time, no hesitation in

deciding that, as to exact acquaintance with the structure and roots of the Gaelic language, the copious use of Gaelic terms and phrases, the knowledge of cognate dialects, and the power to explain and establish his opinion regarding any disputed point, there was no member of committee to be compared to the Rev. A. Cameron. He is undoubtedly the best Celtic scholar in Scotland.' This opinion appears to have been shared by many in the committee ; for we find the following corroborative minute :—

“ At Glasgow, the thirty-first day of March, 1864, which day the Sub-Committee of the Established and Free Churches on the Gaelic Scriptures conjointly met. Sederunt—The Rev. Drs Smith, Inverary ; and Macdonald, Comrie ; and the Rev. Messrs M'Lachlan, Edinburgh ; and Cameron, Renton. Dr Smith presided, and opened the meeting with prayer. Mr Cameron was appointed Clerk.”

The following estimate of his ability and not ungenial criticism is from the pen of a fellow-member — Rev. Dr Masson, Edinburgh :—

“ With the late Dr Cameron I first became acquainted at the meetings of the Joint-Committee of the Established and Free Churches on the Gaelic Scriptures ; and my first opinion of him there was that in all things he was too critical. I had heard of him before ; and I knew that in certain influential quarters, and to some highly esteemed Gaelic authorities of that day, he was anything but *persona grata*. It is not unlikely that what, before meeting him, I was in the way of hearing in these quarters had to some extent prejudiced me against Dr Cameron. But when I came to know him in the Committee I found good reason, growing with the progress of our meetings, to entirely abandon the prepossession. He was critical, indeed, but could always give good grounds for every point of criticism on which he insisted. He was particular about inverted commas, hyphens, accents, and spacing, but you soon came to feel sure that when Dr Cameron wished the insertion of an inverted comma some letter or syllable had been left out which the inverted comma should represent. Some of us were at first inclined to poke fun at him as a worshipper of the inverted comma. We soon, however, came to view the matter in a different way. In point of fact, Dr Cameron removed from the Gaelic Bible a great many more inverted commas, which were meaningless, than, with good reason, he wished to insert. His point of view was that every inverted comma, accent, and hyphen on the Gaelic printed page should be distinctly significant. My



own point of view has always been different. I have always held that every such typographical excrescence, though, doubtless, having some significance to the student of word-growth and grammatical inflection, is a needless disfigurement of our Gaelic books, and that, moreover, it greatly increases the difficulty of reading Gaelic, while also it burdens the memory and attention of the writer with a multitude of minute technical details which are practically as useless as they are distracting and irritating. In the Joint-Committee my views had little support from either party in the controversies which raged so hotly. But Dr Cameron met me with the knowledge of a scientific linguist, instead of the traditional superstition of the empiric, which formed the stock-in-trade of his most distinguished opponents.

“Dr Cameron was not one of the first Free Church contingent to the Joint-Committee. It was understood at the time that he had purposely been kept out of it. And no sooner had he appeared in our midst than it was evident that he was distrusted and greatly disliked by his own brethren. But he was not the man to be unfairly put down or sat upon. Nor was our chairman, the late revered and distinguished Dr Colin Smith, of Inverary, the man to allow it. He and many more of us, alas! how many, have gone the way of all flesh—Dr Macdonald, of Comrie, Dr Maclauchlan, Dr Mackay, Dr John Kennedy, and many more. It is an old saying, and wisely charitable, *nil de mortuis nisi bonum*. But it is only the barest justice to Dr Cameron now to testify that though from one influential member of the Committee he met with much provocation and with ungenerous and even violent opposition, he never allowed himself to lose his temper. Firmly and with a calm self-possession, which to his opponent was more aggravating than a sharp retort, Dr Cameron held his own and kept the even tenor of his way. Well, well, they have now, both of them, entered that presence where, “beyond these voices there is peace.” I confess I should have liked to witness their first meeting there.

“In private I seldom met Dr Cameron, nor did I even hear him preach but once. That once, however, was a treat to be long remembered. It was a Gaelic sermon, preached not long before his death in the church of his friend, under whose hospitable roof he died, the Rev. Mr Balfour, of Free Holyrood Church. Seldom, indeed, have I listened to an abler sermon. It could never have been preached by a man who was only a student of words and of mere grammatical technicalities. It was full of human interest and richly laden with divine truth—well reasoned, too, and well proportioned, clearly arranged, and touchingly as well as impressively delivered, and that, too, without a shred of “paper.” Every one was deeply affected. For myself, there was

yet another pleasure, the last I would have anticipated. Dr Cameron was the last man in whom I would have expected to find the gift of song. But that night in Mr Balfour's Church he was his own precentor. He had, I think, but three singings. The first two psalms were sung in plain song, quietly, but with much solemnity. But the last psalm was simply inspiring. It carried me back to the Burn of Ferintosh, full forty years ago. With measured cadence and all the touching simplicity of the true northern modulation, he gave out the line. Then followed strophe and antistrophe, burst on burst of inspiring song, such as carried us off our feet and lifted us up to heaven. I will never forget that night. Save the Benediction, the music of that parting song of praise was the last I heard of the voice that now is hushed for all his friends on earth. Is he singing that song now, and are *they* singing it with him?—they, I mean, who vexed him so sorely in the Church below?"

In 1867 the Joint-Committee drew up and in 1868 submitted a report to the General Assemblies, containing numerous proposed emendations on the 1826 quarto edition of the Gaelic Bible, against the adoption of which Mr Cameron appeared at the bar of the Free Assembly; and his position may be gathered from the closing part of his statement:—

"Now, I beseech the General Assembly not to adopt a report which unfairly throughout, and in some clauses inaccurately, represents the proceedings of the Joint-Committee. If you adopt it, what will be the result? You will be inflicting an injury upon some of the most distinguished ministers of this Church—men who have been devoting their time and strength to the work of this Committee, and whose conduct in the discharge of a public duty that report places, undesignedly no doubt, in a light in which I feel that the conduct of the men who formed the majority of the Joint-Committee in January, ought not to be placed before the Church—as if because they refused to proceed to introduce changes into the Scriptures which the Joint-Committee all but unanimously disapproved of, they had hindered the prosecution of the work entrusted to this Committee. You will be inflicting a wrong upon some of the best Gaelic scholars in this country—men who, not being members of this Church, are precluded from appearing here to defend themselves. You will be inflicting a grievous wrong upon the people of the Highlands by indirectly countenancing unjustifiable interference with that version of the Scriptures which the Church has sanctioned, and which for upwards of forty years they have been accustomed to peruse. Our admirable Gaelic translation of the Scriptures was prepared by such scholars



as Dr Stewart of Killin, Dr Stewart of Luss, and Dr Smith of Campbeltown. Dr Stewart of Dingwall afterwards, in conjunction with Dr Stewart of Luss, bestowed much toil upon its revision. Unfortunately they both died before their work was finished, but in the Pentateuch (of 1820) they have left to others a specimen of the manner in which the Scriptures ought to be revised. The last edition which the Church has sanctioned and authorised to be used in her pulpits to the exclusion of other editions—that of 1826—was prepared by the best scholarship of the time. The name of one distinguished minister of this Church who took a leading part in its preparation I must mention—the late Dr Macdonald of Ferrintosh. This edition is certainly not perfect, but it is decidedly better than any subsequent edition; and on that account, as well as because it is the edition whose words and phrases are lodged in the memories of the people, any unnecessary and extensive interference with it ought not only to be scrupulously avoided, but resolutely resisted. That is precisely what some members of your Committee have been endeavouring for the last four or five years to do, and to do not merely in the interest of the Gaelic Scriptures, but also in the interest of sound scholarship. I therefore trust that the General Assembly will not, by adopting this report, virtually pass a censure upon us in return for our efforts to preserve uninjured their own Bible to our people.”

This appeal resulted in the following resolution, which was adopted by the Assembly :—

“The Assembly receive the report, record their thanks to the Committee, and especially to the Convener, for the diligence and attention that have been bestowed upon the subject of the report; but in consideration of all the circumstances now under view, the General Assembly resolve to discharge, and hereby do discharge, this Committee. In coming to this resolution the Assembly declare that no difference of opinion has arisen between this Church and the Established Church upon the questions that have been under consideration of the Joint-Committee; that, on the contrary, there had been the utmost cordiality in the intercourse which has been carried on, and that any difference of view leading to the discharge of the Assembly’s Committee is a difference among Gaelic scholars, which prevails as much among the members of the Free Church Committee, when taken by itself, as it could among the members of the Joint-Committee when met together. The Assembly, therefore, record their satisfaction with the conferences that have been held on this subject with the Committee of the Established Church, and they hereby instruct the clerks to make communications, both to the Assembly of the



Established Church and the National Bible Society, to the effect that the discharge of the Assembly's Committee on the Gaelic Scriptures is to be explained in the manner now indicated."

Dr Mackintosh Mackay, Rev. Farquhar Macrae, Mr Cameron, and others, about this date came to the conclusion, that whatever might be the defects of the Standard version of 1826, there was little likelihood of its being ever improved, and they add :—

"But if a revision should be deemed expedient, there are many reasons demanding that it should be gone about with much serious deliberation and caution, in such manner as to secure the confidence of our Gaelic-speaking population at home and throughout the world."

The difference of opinion among Gaelic scholars alluded to above can hardly be touched upon in this rapid review, although a lengthy and learned correspondence ensued, in which Dr Maclauchlan and Rev. Mr (afterwards Dr) Clerk, Kilmallie, on the one hand, and Mr Cameron on the other, were the keen combatants. A few extracts will suffice to show some of the points at issue. Mr Cameron wrote to the *Edinburgh Courant* of May 23rd, 1870 :—

"The last authorised edition—the 4to of 1826—although containing typographical and other errors which might easily be removed in a new edition, has always been highly prized by the people, who have been from their childhood familiar with its words and phrases, and, therefore, any extensive interference with it, beyond the removal of obvious errors and anomalies, is much to be deprecated. The alterations introduced by Dr Maclauchlan and Mr Clerk into their edition (1860) are very numerous, and although some of them are corrections, very many of them are either unnecessary or positively erroneous. Having subjected this edition to a minute and careful examination, I am prepared to prove to the satisfaction of any competent Gaelic scholar that the errors and anomalies which have been introduced into it, and which are not to be found in any other edition, may be numbered literally by thousands. Passing by such alterations as 'An toiseach chruthaich Dia na neàmhnan agus an talamh,' 'First God created the heavens and the earth' (Gen. i. 1), and 'An toiseach bha am Focal,' 'First was the Word' (John i. 1), I shall at present give a few specimens of the grammatical errors with which this edition abounds. Some of these errors, it may be noticed, seriously affect the sense of the passages in which they occur." Then follow twenty specimens of errors such as—"An

ceud beò-chreutair," "The hundred living-creatures," for "An ceud bheò-chreutair," "The first living-creature," Rev. iv. 7. "Feuch bha leth-aoin 'n a bolg," "Behold there was the half of one [child] in her [Rebekah's] womb," Gen. xxv. 24. "Longan de Tharsis," 1 Kings xxii 48, represents Tarshish as the material of which Jehoshaphat made the ships! Title-page, "chum craobh-sgaoilidh a' Bhìobuill," for "chum craobh-sgaoileadh a' Bhìobuill." "This error occurs in the only sentence wholly composed by the editors." "Thar nan uile thighibh," for "thar na h-uile thighibh," Isa. xxxii. 13. "Na mìle bliadhna," for "am mìle bliadhna," Rev. xx. 5, &c. "These specimens taken from a very extensive list of errors discovered in this edition are sufficient to show the evil of interfering rashly with the edition of the Gaelic Scriptures which the Church of Scotland sanctioned, and with which the people of the Highlands have been long familiar. Not a few of Dr Mac-lachlan and Mr Clerk's corrections on that edition have now been condemned by themselves; while their efforts to correct their own errors, in the last impression of their Bible, have not unfrequently resulted in producing new errors as awkward as those which they have sought to remove."

Mr Clerk replied on the 26th May in the same newspaper, admitting typographical errors, for which he endeavoured to account by the disadvantages under which the editors laboured in living far from each other, and from the printer who knew not a word of the language he was putting in type; and accusing Mr Cameron of making assertions resting entirely on his own authority. A counter-reply from the latter appeared on August 12th, pointing out that Mr A. Sinclair, Glasgow, who possessed an accurate knowledge of Gaelic, had the corrected proofs submitted to him and revised; but was prevented from interfering with the wish of the editors, after correcting an editorial emendation which represented David, when he feigned madness at Gath, as *writing* instead of *scrabbling* on the doors of the gate. And as to assertion, "the specimens of errors which I have produced violate well-known rules of Gaelic grammar, and they exist only in Dr Maclauchlan and Mr Clerk's edition." This second letter contains an able and elaborate re-statement and proof of the positions laid down in the first—most of which are now acknowledged as unassailable. A further statement on the same subject, which contained a vindication of the 1826 edition from charges preferred by Mr Clerk is dated from Renton, October 3rd.



Writing to Rev. Dr Clerk in 1881, Mr Cameron pointedly says what may be regarded as amply justifying the somewhat unenviable position as candid critic he occupied :—

“I see from your Reference Bible that you have adopted, but without any acknowledgment, the fruits of my criticism. It is too bad to abuse me for criticising, and then quietly to avail yourselves of the results! Is it not? But while you have appropriated my corrections, you have adhered to nearly all your objectionable orthographical changes. You have even introduced new ones, equally objectionable, which until now had no place in the Scriptures.”

No doubt it would have been a much pleasanter, but far less conscientious course, to curry favour by being less critical and more laudatory, but he never yielded to this temptation. The *Monthly Visitor* Gaelic tracts he occasionally submitted as exercises to his students, and as examples of how not to translate. In a letter to the *Inverness Courier*, 17th June, 1869, no fewer than 44 errors occur in a tract of four pages. At the same time I think it may be admitted that, had he devoted as much time to constructive as to critical work, Gaelic philology, and perhaps literature, would have been far more enriched, and Celtic students more highly benefitted than as yet is the case.

The name of Professor Blackie is well and widely known in Celtic circles, and his manifold labours, eventually crowned with complete success, in founding the Celtic chair in Edinburgh University, are universally acknowledged. He is known to have repeatedly stated, as in a letter to a friend in 1876, that Mr Cameron was the best Gaelic scholar he knew. And the Professor was occasionally very candidly criticised by the scholar. The following letter, dated 3rd October, 1882, speaks for itself :—

“In Professor Blackie’s interesting letter, published in the ‘Scotsman’ of Wednesday last, the second part of the compound word *Finlarig*, in Gaelic *Fionnlarig* = Fionn-làirig, is identified with làrach (a ruin), and the first part, *Fin*, is represented as pointing to the ancient Féinne. Neither of these comparisons is correct. The word làrach, explained in the dictionaries as ‘the site of a building,’ ‘a ruin,’ &c., is a corruption of làthrach (a house-site). Làthrach is a derivative from làthair (presence), and has no connection with làirig, the *g* of which is always hard. The latter word occurs very frequently in the Gaelic topography of both



Scotland and Ireland, with the meaning of 'side' or 'slope of a hill,' and is identical as shown by its Irish form *leary* (pronounced *larg*), with the old Gaelic word *lerg* (a little eminence, a plain, a field, a battle-field). *Leargaidh*, which occurs so frequently as *Largy* in place-names, is a derivative from *learg* = *làirig*. For the Irish forms Joyce's Irish Names of Places (1st ser. p. 390) may be consulted.

"If *Fin*, the first part of *Finlarig*, were identical with *Finn*, the name of the famous King of the Féinne, the Gaelic equivalent of *Finlarig* would not be *Fionnlairig* but *Làirig-Fhinn*; but *fionn*, forming as it does the first term of the compound, must be regarded as the adjective *fionn* (fair, white), as in *Fionnghasg* (Fingask), *Fionnairidh* (Finary), *Fionndruim* (Findrum), &c. *Fionnlairig*, therefore, signifies either the 'white hill-side' or the 'white plain' or 'field.' The Gaelic adjective *fionn* (white), in old Gaelic *find*, is identical with the Welsh adjective *gwin* (fair, white), and seems connected with Sansk. *cvind*, *cvindâti* (to be white), Goth. *hveits* (white), A.S. *hvit*, Eng. white."

In 1872 Mr Cameron commenced to contribute to *The Gael* a series of able articles on Gaelic Philology, which were continued for three years, and dealt with some five hundred and fifty root words. They were abreast of the philologic science of the time, and claimed only to be on the right lines. They seem to have been much appreciated, one stating they were the only articles in *The Gael* he read. The origin of these studies is put on record thus :—

"Soon after my settlement at Renton another clergyman in the village and myself agreed to meet for a certain time every week to read Greek and Latin. This we continued for two or three years. It was those readings that first led to my having taken an interest in Celtic philology, the study of which I have been enabled, by the *Grammatica Celtica* of Zeuss, and the writings of Stokes, Ebel and others, to prosecute on the right lines. I was first drawn to the study of ancient Gaelic through having met, quite accidentally, with the copy of Dr Stokes' *Goidelica* which he presented to the Advocates' Library. If I have done anything towards promoting among my countrymen a more accurate knowledge of Gaelic, it has been chiefly by having succeeded, by the help of the ancient language, in clearing up difficulties in the construction of modern Gaelic which had baffled Dr Stewart and other writers on the grammar of Scottish Gaelic."

This idea is put more strongly by Rev. M. Mackay, LL.D. who says of Mr Cameron :—

"I have met with no individual of the present generation more intimately acquainted with the grammatical structure of the Gaelic language, or with its idioms."

Perhaps the most convenient way of introducing the difficult subject of the translation into Gaelic of the Queen's Book is by the subjoined references and extracts. Messrs Edmonston & Douglas, publishers, Princes Street, Edinburgh, wrote on April 2nd, 1872, to Mr Cameron as follows :—

"We have requested our friend, Mr Alex. Nicolson, to edit the late Mr Angus Macpherson's Translation of Her Majesty's Journal in the Highlands, and he is willing to do so provided you will give him your aid in revising the MS. now in the printers' hands. If you will be so kind as to do this, we shall send the MS. to you at once, as there is no time to be lost, and we should be glad to know how many pages a week you can forward the printer, and your probable charge. Did Mr Macpherson talk to you of a preface he had written?"

This request was complied with; but the execution of the work was not proceeded with as rapidly as was anticipated, and hence the following note from Mr Cameron on June 12th, 1872:—

"I was obliged to go north to Caithness on Wednesday of last week, and I was not able to return home until last night. This explains why I have not written sooner in reply to yours of the 6th. I had the printed sheets with me in the north and worked at them as much as I was able. I expect, therefore, that they will be finished by the time I promised. When I saw you in Edinburgh, I undertook to write out on the broad margined sheets the corrections which I had made on the sixteen sheets at the rate of one sheet daily. I told you that I could not undertake more, and that it would not be desirable for the work itself that I should attempt more. That you did not receive the two sheets promised on Monday of last week was no fault of mine, and, therefore, there is no occasion to speak of 'fallacious promises' and of 'promises made only to be broken.'"

The corrections on the margined sheets became almost innumerable—at any rate unmanageable within the period fixed, and the difficulties and delays were correspondingly numerous and exasperating. Expostulation was frequent and urgent, and the readiness of response was not always all that could be desired. Whether it was excessive painstaking or a touch of dilatoriness, or both, on the part of the reviser, the publishers were greatly



inconvenienced and not a little displeased, as there had appeared several notices of the coming book, and many subscriptions had already been received. The *Inverness Courier* said :—

“We understand that the Gaelic edition of the Queen’s *Journal in the Highlands*, translated by Mr Angus Macpherson, Deputy-Secretary of the Highland Society, will be published immediately by Messrs Edmonston & Douglas, Edinburgh. It has been arranged that there shall be two editions of the work, one giving the Gaelic and English in opposite pages and the other giving the Gaelic only. Her Majesty has very kindly supplied a number of sketches and illustrations, not previously published, which will add greatly to the value of the work ; and besides this new feature, nearly all the illustrations in the two-guinea edition will be reproduced. A special photograph of the Queen spinning her Highland wheel will form the frontispiece . . . Mr Macpherson, the translator of the work, is an excellent Gaelic scholar, and has taken much pains in discharging his honourable and difficult task.”

The controversy already adverted to grew so keen and unfortunate that Mr Cameron declined to continue his revision or permit the publication of the large portion—almost the whole—already printed and revised. This proved a loss to the publishers and a great disappointment to the public. I am unable to give full particulars, and at this distant date, when the matter is beyond recall, it may be as well. Here, however, is a letter from Mr Cameron to Dr F. W. Ramsay, of Inveresk, stating how the matter stood at a later date—August 30th, 1873—but, sad to say, the translation, though executed and excellent, never saw the light :—

“The late Mr Angus Macpherson’s translation of the Queen’s Book was put some time ago into my hands that I might revise it, which I have done, and I am now arranging for its publication. From papers which have been sent to me I find that the Highland Society of London promised to take 500 copies, I presume, of the 4s 6d edition, or to give a subscription of £100. In arranging with a new publisher, which has been found necessary, it would be of great importance to know whether or not that subscription be still available ; for if it be not available, I am afraid that the idea of publishing the translation must, at least for the present, be abandoned, which would be unfortunate after so much has been written and spoken about it. I shall therefore feel greatly obliged



if you can give me any information regarding the Society's subscription and the condition or conditions on which it was promised.

"I may inform you that I have carefully examined the translation, comparing it, clause by clause, with the original, and that I have also corrected the orthography, so that the MS. is now ready for the press. It is, perhaps, proper to state that the translator's father has authorised me to write you, and that I wish to get the above information to facilitate the arrangements in regard to the publication, and not for any personal ends, for I do not intend to accept of any remuneration for my work.

"In consequence of the long delay in issuing the volume, it is considered better to publish only one edition—that with Gaelic and English on alternate pages, at 10s 6d; and if the publisher with whom I am arranging shall see his way to take the publication in hand, the volume will be finished in the best style of typography. I take the liberty of sending you a copy of a Gaelic magazine, published in Glasgow (*The Gael*, March, 1873), which contains an extract from the *Inverness Courier* in regard to my connection with the translation." In the extract referred to, *Nether Lochaber* intimates the prospect of early publication, Cluny Macpherson having taken an interest in the matter, and stated that the work was under the superintendence of Rev. Mr Cameron, Renton, who, it is added, "perhaps knows more of the genius and grammar of our mountain tongue than anybody else that we can at present think of."

In 1876 Mr James Macdonald, London, writes to Mr Cameron :—

"I was very interested to read in the newspaper reports an account of a valuable paper which you read at the meeting of the British Association the other day at Glasgow on the etymological affinity of the Gaelic and English languages."

The Gaelic class continued to be taught with much success in the Free Church College until 1876, when, on August 31st, Professor Candlish, as Clerk of the Senatus, wrote to Mr Cameron :—

"As the Senatus are about to make arrangements for awarding the College bursaries for next session, I write to request that you will give me such information as may enable the Senatus to arrange for awarding these bursaries among the rest."

It was not possible, however, to fix even the number of, much less the amount available for, bursaries beforehand, and this

proposal, to have control over what cost so much toil and time to collect, could hardly fail to be regarded by him whose unaided efforts secured the money, as undue interference on the part of those who had no knowledge of the subjects taught, and could not, therefore, well have any voice or vote in the award or distribution of the bursaries. The result was an application for the use of one of the University class-rooms, and the request was immediately and frankly granted. The removal to a more central, accessible and unrestricted sphere proved a great boon, and the attendance at the class was more than doubled. The sums of money given by Sir William Mackinnon, Bart. of Balinakill, and the late Mr Kidston of Ferniegair, along with many other friends of Gaelic-speaking students, by way of encouragement and incitement to become proficient in their native-tongue, amounted some sessions to almost £200. The instruction given was highly appreciated, as the numerous testimonials given at a later date by old students amply testify, and as a more tangible proof of affection indicates—the presentation of a copy of “The Sculptured Stones of Scotland,” in April, 1878, by the members of the University Gaelic class to Rev. Alex. Cameron, “as a cordial expression of their appreciation of his devotion to Celtic scholarship in general, and especially as a token of their gratitude for his disinterested and invaluable services as teacher of this class.” Some of the students who had hardly any knowledge of Gaelic to begin with acquired a keen interest, not only in modern, but specially in ancient Gaelic. Mr Cameron took great pains in giving very accurate and minute information on many difficult and intricate points of Gaelic construction, and he also took great delight in leading up through the beauties of Ossian to the higher planes of philological thought, from which one could take a wide survey of the history of language, and learn somewhat of the past life and modes of thinking of otherwise forgotten or even unknown people and nations.

In 1880 the attendance of students exceeded 70, and the class was at its best ; but the teacher had, on account of severe illness, most reluctantly to give up his much-loved work, and not without pathos part with his attached pupils—he fondly hoped only for a brief period. But communication with Brodick in winter

was then only three times a week, and this implied absence from home for several days each week, so that on account of additional congregational and literary work and less strength to meet so many pressing calls, he was never again able to resume his teaching.

The following is a brief tribute to the teacher's memory from one of his most distinguished pupils, Rev. Duncan Brown, M.A.:—

“He had the teacher's prime qualification of enthusiastic devotion to his subject. He was therefore able to impart this enthusiasm to the true student of Celtic. He had the no less necessary qualification of thorough acquaintance with his subject. Any student who sat under him, and who had a mind at all, could not fail to see how great was the store of learning from which he drew constantly his illustrations and examples. As a result of the combination of these two qualities in him, he was suggestive and inspiring in the highest degree. Sitting under him for only one hour a week during a short session, I can yet say that he gave me not only a love for but an insight into, the scientific study of Gaelic as well as of language in general. His influence in this respect, upon myself at least, was as great as that of professors under whom I sat not one hour but five hours in the week. The truest evidence of his power was that he could be all this and yet that there was no show or display in his teaching. It was slow, quiet, unassuming, but powerful in the grasp and force with which it laid hold of the mind.”

The project of starting a periodical which would take up Gaelic scientifically, and give the latest philological researches and results, occupied the mind of Mr Cameron for a long time. It took definite shape in 1878, and was submitted to the well-known collector of Gaelic Tales, J. F. Campbell of Islay, who replied thus:—

“I have the pleasure of knowing that you are a great Gaelic scholar, and feel the compliment of being asked to contribute to a Celtic periodical of which you have sent me the proof prospectus. You ask my opinion and suggestions. My experience leads me to advise caution in starting another Celtic periodical. I know the classes who take an intelligent interest in Gaelic lore, and know them to be poor in purse if rich in mental gifts. Between the poor, who really know and admire and take interest in songs and heroic traditions and popular tales and legends, and the rich who subscribe to support a Gaelic chair, there extends the entire class of book buyers and Gaelic vendors who have never yet made any



Gaelic serial pay its way or pay contributors. It is a maxim amongst men of the press who understand their business, that no publication can flourish that does not pay. To the best of my knowledge there exists no Celtic publication that pays contributors or can pay its own way. The writing is done by men who seek a vent for the fire that burns within them, not by men who have found a way to make themselves heard. The class of Celtic scholars is very limited—I mean the set of men who go at a subject from the bare love of it, and work gratis with might and main. The ‘Celto-maniacs’ include Germans, Irish, Scotch, Italians and others who are scattered all over the world. They, if they were got to bring their several lights to a focus, would make a blaze; but even then they would but enlighten each other. There is no buying public for a Celtic periodical as yet. I have a great pile of Gaelic stuff, but my hope is to live long enough to make some use of my gatherings on my own plan. I shall be glad to hear that you come good speed. I wish you every sort of luck in your venture.”

Mr Cameron’s reply indicates the character and contents of the proposed publication:—

“I am much obliged for your kind letter and for your offering to become a subscriber to the *Celtic Review*. From the prospectus I sent you, you would see that the *Review* is intended, if it go on, to occupy ground which has not hitherto been formally taken up by any periodical in this country. It will not, therefore, interfere with any periodical at present in existence. The articles that appear in the *Highlander* and in the *Inverness Celtic Magazine*, if I except some Gaelic ballads with airs, would not be suited for the *Review*, and most of the articles that I would like to see in the *Review* would not be suitable for those publications, which are intended more for general readers. Any Celtic publication that may appear in this country must for years to come move in the rear of Kühn’s *Beiträge* and other similar publications on the Continent; but if the *Review* be started at all it must go on the same lines so as to reflect to some extent in this country the blaze of Celtic light to which you refer in your letter, and perhaps to increase it by some few sparks of its own kindling. It must therefore more especially at the outset appeal for support to a narrow circle of readers, and to a still narrower circle of contributors. It must also be self-supporting. It is therefore necessary that the subscription price should be higher than the ordinary price of magazines. There can, of course, be no pay for contributors, nor for conducting the periodical: all that must be a labour of love. I may mention that the idea of starting such a publication as the *Review* is not new. It is now more than seven

years since the matter was first talked of, and it has never been entirely lost sight of. If the idea is to be at all realised it seems to me that no more time should be lost. A considerable portion of the necessary expense for the first year is already secured. The prospectus, however, will not be published until a sufficient number, or nearly so, of subscribers has been obtained by means of private effort."

Accordingly the first number of the *Scottish Celtic Review* appeared in March, 1881, and was well received alike by reviewers and readers. This number contained articles—chiefly by the editor—on the place of Celtic in the Indo-European Family; Grimm's Law; the Laws of Auslaut in Irish—a translation of a valuable paper by Professor Windisch of Leipzig; a specimen of Old Gaelic—St Patrick's Hymn; a West Highland Tale, contributed by Rev. Mr Campbell of Tyree; a Gaelic Song; Notes on Gaelic Grammar; and a Gaelic air—Coire-a'-Cheathaich.

Professor Windisch—than whom there is no higher authority in Celtic philology—gives the following favourable estimate of the work begun :—

"A foreigner like myself naturally finds the Gaelic texts the most interesting, and I observe with peculiar pleasure that you have also begun to present to your readers the invaluable 'Book of the Dean of Lismore.' Perhaps you will permit me some time to send a short article for your journal, explaining my view of the value of that remarkable manuscript. With your fine knowledge of Gaelic you combine a comprehensive grasp of the principles and methods of comparative philology. You have rightly recognised that a scientific acquaintance with the phonetic laws is before all things essential. This is the A B C of philology and of all grammar. You have done me the honour to translate a treatise of mine and insert it in your journal. I mention this only in order to remark that the correctness of your translation is eminently deserving of recognition. I have not observed a single error, although the German scientific style is none of the easiest. Your grammatical analysis of single portions of texts is certainly calculated to afford assistance to those beginning the study of Gaelic etymology, and to stimulate them to deeper research. I am convinced that your *Scottish Celtic Review*, and your own work in connection with it, will bear good fruit, first of all in your own country, and will also be prized in other countries."

Professor Rhys, of Oxford, writes on the same subject in the *Academy* :—

“Most of the earlier articles are earnest efforts on the part of the editor to initiate his countrymen into reasonable views on Scotch Gaelic, which they do not, as a rule, like to see connected too closely with Irish, it being, as they have usually thought, a much finer thing to dip at once into Sanskrit or Hebrew, or anything Oriental, than into the source to which history clearly directs them.”

The *Northern Chronicle* remarked :—

“Judging from the first number—a large, beautifully printed octavo of eighty pages—the magazine will differ from its Scottish predecessors in the Celtic field, in that it will devote considerable space to philology, and what may be called the higher branches of Celtic literature, while, at the same time, it will not neglect the simpler and more popular subjects connected with the Gaelic language.”

It adds that the editor had devoted more time and attention to the objects thus to be promoted than any other Scotchman, and that he is generally considered to be one of our most erudite and accurate Celtic scholars.

The second number appeared in November, and contained a continuation of former articles, together with new material. There is an interesting note on the “*Tuairisgeul*” Mòr by Mr Alfred Nutt; there is a flowing translation of the “Aged Bard’s Wish” by Dr Hugh Macmillan; and there is also the highly popular air and song—“*Macrimmon’s Lament*.”

The third number appeared in November, 1882, and contained “*Eas-Ruaidh*,” an Ossianic ballad, from the Dean of Lismore’s book, transcribed and translated by the editor—who was always admirable and accurate in his renderings of ancient or modern poems; a West Highland tale—“How Finn went to the Kingdom of the Big Men,” with translations by Rev. J. G. Campbell; the affinity of the Celtic and Teutonic languages; and studies in Gaelic grammar which account for and illustrate many difficult and obscure idioms.

The fourth and final number which, on account of pastoral and ecclesiastical anxieties and duties, did not appear until October, though dated July, 1885, contained the “*Lay of the Muireartach*” with revised version and translation, Macphie’s “*Black Dog*,” “*Gaelic Orthography*,” “*Common Mistakes*,” “*Laws of Auslaut in Irish*” concluded, “*Studies in Gaelic*



Grammar," "Macgrigor of Roro" with translations by Principal Shairp, and music of "Macgregor's Lament."

Mr Cameron had abundant material at hand to continue the periodical for years, and almost adequate support to carry it on successfully, as will be seen from this reference in 1886 :—

"In regard to the *Celtic Review*, I may state that the cause of its not appearing more regularly is that most of the articles had to be written by myself, whilst my professional duties, especially during the summer months when Arran is much frequented by strangers, leave me but small fragments of time for other work. I cannot complain of want of encouragement, so far as the number of subscribers is concerned. In a very short time the number reached nearly 500, of whom about 80 subscribed for the large paper edition ; and at that time the circulation could easily be extended. I believe that even now, notwithstanding that the successive numbers have been issued at such long intervals, a considerable number of additional subscribers could be got without much difficulty ; for I have urgent requests from different quarters to continue the *Review*, which I would willingly do if I could devote to it more of my time."

As proof of this wide-spread desire, may be given a very friendly letter from Mr R. A. Neil, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, who writes on 12th November, 1886 :—

"You may perhaps recollect that I had the pleasure of meeting you in your manse some years ago. This is partly my excuse in writing now to trouble you about a matter in which I take considerable interest, and on which several people have spoken to me lately. It seems to be a very great pity if a periodical publication devoted to Scotch Gaelic should not be kept up and strongly supported : and the *Scottish Celtic Review* has always appeared to me to be the only thing of the kind worthy of the subject. May I ask you what are the chances of its being continued ? I ask this, because, though I fear it has not had the support it has so fully deserved, I do not think it would be difficult to get a considerable number of more subscribers. Without any trouble I think I could get 10 or 15 among my personal acquaintances, and this ought to mean that a good many more could be got through them. If it would be of service I should be very glad to do anything in my power towards furthering such an excellent object as the keeping up of the *Review*."

But his hands were full of other and less profitable work in the form of conflict with Church Courts, so that for the remaining three years he was hardly able to buy or consult the books requisite to

keep him abreast of the rapid advances of philology on newer lines. One cannot pass from the promise and possibilities patent in these papers without a sigh over all that might have been, to which the world that credits what is done is cold.

Mr Cameron had the honour of being a member of the Royal Irish Archæological Association ; and a similar mark of esteem was bestowed upon him when, on 1st December, 1882, it was intimated to him from the Royal Institution, Edinburgh, that he had been elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

On the same date, "within a few days of the expiry of the time appointed for giving in applications," he offered himself "as a candidate for the Celtic chair recently instituted in the University of Edinburgh," and submitted testimonials of the highest order proving his fitness for occupying the arduous and honourable position. Perhaps it may suffice in this connection to quote the opinion formed of the whole by Sir Noel Paton, LL.D. :—

"December 9th.—I have carefully read, and herewith return the printed testimonials of your fitness for the very important task of inaugurating the scientific study of Gaelic in Scotland ; and it is with much satisfaction I find so many competent persons bearing witness, on the one hand, to the extent and accuracy of your attainments as a Celtic scholar, and on the other, to the enthusiasm, patience and success with which, for so many years, you have gratuitously taught the subject in Glasgow. You have done original work, the value of which has been recognised by scholars at home and abroad, and you have proved your capacity for communicating to others the results of your investigations."

Referring to the labour involved in conducting the *Scottish Celtic Review*, "which would make it necessary to follow the example of the Paris *Revue Celtique* and other continental publications devoted to special subjects by issuing the successive numbers as they can be made ready," he states the reason for finally, though very reluctantly, making up his mind to exchange pastoral for literary work :—

"But even under this arrangement I find that it is impossible to carry on my literary work efficiently, and, at the same time, to discharge faithfully my professional duties. It is this consideration mainly that has decided me to become a candidate for the Celtic chair, so that my whole time might, for the future, be devoted to the promotion of Celtic study among my countrymen."

In the same strain Mr Macbain wrote—"It would be well for Gaelic literature and philology if Mr Cameron could obtain the comparative leisure of the Celtic Chair to enable him to give to the world the wealth of knowledge he possesses in the language, myth, and literature of the Scottish Celt." Dr R. C. Jebb, M.P., said—"Mr Cameron is a thorough scientific scholar, who adds to his intimate knowledge of Gaelic as a vernacular the possession of the latest results in comparative philology and a mastery of the most approved methods." And to add only one other weighty opinion, Rev. H. Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., stated—"I know no one so well qualified in every respect to occupy the chair with honour, and make it useful and stimulating. His Celtic scholarship is both profound, far-extending, and accurate."

There was thus a general consensus of opinion as to his great, if not unrivalled, claims and fitness for the position, and considerable surprise—not to say disappointment—was elicited when it transpired that he was not the successful candidate. His own view was that, if possible, it would be preferable to secure the services of Professor E. Windisch or of Dr Whitley Stokes, and he repeatedly said that if either of these distinguished linguists could be got to accept the chair, he would be glad to become tutor to their pupils in modern Gaelic, but to those of none else.

On the 23rd February, 1883, he received, written in Gaelic, the diploma of the Edinburgh University Celtic Society, conferring upon him the honour of honorary membership.

In the long-continued controversy as to the authorship of the famous Poems of Ossian, the question that calls for settlement is, whether James Macpherson was, as he professed, the translator, or, as many maintained, substantially the author. Mr Cameron does not appear to have publicly pronounced an opinion, but his attitude on the subject seems to be indicated by a remark made in conversation—"That not a line of the Gaelic originals which we possess exactly corresponds with the old Ossianic ballads."

The last published literary work in which he was engaged, and the only one for which he received any remuneration, was a contribution of two ballads from the Dean of Lismore's Book, which appeared, with modern renderings and translations, in the *Scottish Review*.



His zeal for Celtic matters continued without flagging unto the end ; for he had with him on his last journey to Edinburgh MSS. that he hoped to be able to transcribe. He felt handicapped and hindered in his work by distance from the requisite material and by lack of leisure, as this reference shows :—

“I have a considerable quantity of material which might interest a large class of readers and which deserves to be published. I refer to transcripts of Ossianic and other ballads, chiefly from MSS. in the Advocates’ Library. I have been trying during the last few years to do something whenever I could spend a little time in Edinburgh in the way of transcribing portions of these MSS. I have transcribed a considerable part of the Dean’s Book (including all the Ossianic ballads contained in it), about one-half of the Glen-Massan MS., and portions of others. Besides these MSS. there is now deposited in the Library the large collection of Highland Tales and Ballad Poetry which belonged to the late Mr John F. Campbell of Islay, and which is available for use. From these two sources a large amount of material could be got.”

The excessive care bestowed upon, and the great accuracy attained in the transcripts made from the MSS., may be shown by a note from Dr Thomas Dickson of the General Register House—a well-known authority on such matters—to whom Mr Cameron was very highly indebted for his great kindness in reading over and comparing the transcripts with the manuscripts : —

“22nd September, 1886.—As this is a bright day I went to the Library and examined again the words of doubtful reading. There is, I think, no room for doubt about ‘demyth.’ The ‘h’ is written on the line and there is nothing after it. Of the other word, the only doubtful letter is that which precedes the ‘g,’ and to-day I seemed to perceive more clearly than before that it consists of two parallel strokes, and is in short either ‘n’ or ‘u.’ I thank you very much for your kind invitation to Arran ; but regret that owing to the absence of other officials on holiday I am closely tied to the oar at present.”

As already stated in the preceding chapter, Mr Cameron’s *Alma Mater*, the University of Edinburgh, conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. on 18th April, 1888. He had fondly hoped to be permitted to do some literary work worthy of the distinguished honour bestowed upon him. He had already translated Professor Windisch’s Irish Grammar, but was anticipated by others in its publication. He had been for half a

life-time collecting and cogitating material for a scientific Gaelic Grammar, but, with the exception of notes for his class, he had not begun to reduce it to writing. He had in hand a Gaelic Etymological Dictionary which was long-looked-for, and which all concerned expected would prove his *magnum opus*. But *diis aliter visum*. Six months later he was at rest ; and these purposes and plans were not destined to be carried into full effect. And yet it is satisfactory to find that his wish in regard to making public property of the materials he had with such labour and learning accumulated, will be largely realised, and his work continued, though not completed, in the publication of “*Reliquiæ Celticæ*.”

JOHN KENNEDY.

CATCOL, ARRAN, 8th March, 1892.

## EXPLANATIONS OF SIGNS AND ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE TEXTS.

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ALL editorial additions and materials are put within square brackets. The round brackets are reserved for Dr Cameron's work, or for the editor of the Sage and Mackenzie Collections.

Dr Cameron's texts are reproduced *literatim* as he left them; and the abbreviations of the original MSS. which he left unextended are here reproduced "diplomatically" by the following signs (the signs of abbreviations in the Dean of Lismore's text being explained on page 1) :—

The apostrophe (') stands for a stroke with a super-imposed dot, which is placed above a letter (·). This sign generally stands for a vowel and *dh* or *gh*. But, like many of the signs in these MSS., it is used for other abbreviations, as *thain'* for *thainic*.

The double apostrophe (") is much the same as the small super-linear *s* or *f*, which see below.

A single inverted comma (') shows that the preceding letter (*i.e.* consonant) has a stroke drawn above it. This abbreviation stands generally for an omitted liquid consonant with suitable vowels. It may simply mean a reduplication of the letter. But *m'* may be for *mac*, son, and *t'* is a vowel and *rt*.

A double inverted comma stands for two strokes over a letter in the original MS. It denotes a larger supply of liquids and vowels than the foregoing. It often stands with a single letter for one word, as *F''* for *Fergus*.

The small super-linear *f* or *s*, or doubles of the same, are attempts at reproducing similar forms in the MSS. These generally are abbreviations of *r* or *-rr* with a vowel prefixed.

Other small letters show contractions which affect them, but these may be easily understood. The letters are similarly placed in the MSS., unless they are written over the letter which should precede them. Of course, this last position could not be imitated in print, nor is it anyways necessary.

The gamma-like letter in the MSS., with super-imposed line, which stands for *chd* or *cht*, is represented by *x*. If a dot occurs above the line, then an apostrophe follows the *x*, or an *h*.

The letter *h*, italics, is always reserved for any letter in the MSS. having a dot above it.

Of the numerals employed, the 3, or letter *z*, stands for a similar abbreviation, which means *s* preceded by some vowel. The figure 4 represents *ar*.

The figure 7 stands for "*acus*," or the English equivalent for "and." But it has also the value of *et* or *ed* (arising from its being originally for Latin *et*). When it has the dot above it, the aspiration thereby meant is represented by italic *h* in print. Thus, *c7* is for *cét*, *ceud*, "one hundred," and *b7ha* is for *beatha* or *beatha*, "life."

Once or twice on p. 165 the apostrophe represents a similar sign of abbreviation in the MS., but no confusion can arise. It is final in *baith'*.

These abbreviations apply only as far as page 166. The rest of the book is printed from modern MSS. written in the ordinary characters.



# THE TEXT

OF

## THE DEAN OF LISMORE'S BOOK,

WITH

### TRANSLITERATIONS AND TRANSLATIONS.

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THE Book of the Dean of Lismore is a manuscript collection of Gaelic poetry taken down from oral recitation, more than three hundred and fifty years ago (1512-1526), by Sir James Macgregor, Dean of Lismore, in Argyllshire, and his brother, Duncan Macgregor, who acted as his secretary. The MS. contains 311 quarto pages neatly written in the current Roman hand of the period. The orthography, which is not always uniform, is phonetic, and may, therefore, be regarded as accurately representing the spoken Gaelic of the West Highlands of Scotland at the time the MS. was written, a circumstance which greatly enhances its value for linguistic purposes, although it immensely increases the difficulty of presenting its contents in an intelligible form to Gaelic readers of the present day.

A complete transcript of the Dean's Book, with the exception of those parts that are illegible, was made in 1813 by Ewen Mac-lachlan, of Aberdeen; and a volume containing a selection of pieces from it, with modern versions and translations, and a valuable introduction written by Mr W. F. Skene, was published in 1862 by the late Rev. Dr Mac-lauchlan, Edinburgh.

[In reproducing Dr Cameron's transcripts, the contractions and peculiarities have been retained, except when extended by himself. They are as follows:—

*c* italic shows that the original has a form which may be either *c* or *t*.

*e* italic, doubtful if vowel be *e* or *o*.

*h* italic is used after any letter that has a point—*punctum deleus*—above it.

*m* italic after another *m*, shows that a stroke is above the *m* in the MS.

—a sign of duplication.

$\bar{n}$  is for *nn*.

*o* italic may be *e*.

*r*, small and at the top of the line, is for *ir* or *er* or such

*s* alone italicised, doubtful if not *ss*.

*t*, similar to *r* described above, is for *th* or *ch*.

*t* italic may be *c*. See *c*.

' , apostrophe, is a contraction generally for *n*, but it may be *m*, or *r*, or even a mere flourish of the pen, if terminal.

‘ a sign for *r* with vowel.

Other italics denote extended contractions].

## THE DEAN'S TEXT.

---

A houd<sup>r</sup> ossan m<sup>c</sup>finna etc.

Di chonna mee tyly<sup>t</sup> finn is ner vai tyly<sup>t</sup> teme trea  
Aggis di chonna mee scheve di vont<sup>r</sup> in nir in nea  
Di choña mee tyly<sup>t</sup> art far lar vat doña binni  
Far is farre ne agga mee di choña maa tyly<sup>t</sup> finn  
Dane vaga mir a choña mee choña m<sup>c</sup>ynlai fa ynna  
Owcht is merk na vagga ea di choñek ma tyly<sup>t</sup> finn  
Goym ree ni lygh no<sup>t</sup> gi olk za vil er mo chinni  
Gin seirra marreine o faynna Dy<sup>t</sup> chonna ma tyly<sup>t</sup> finn.  
Di chonna mee tyly<sup>t</sup>

A houd<sup>r</sup> so ossin.

Is fadda no<sup>t</sup> ni nelli finni is fadda linni in nycheit<sup>t</sup> ryr  
In lay dew gay fadda zoyth di bi lor fadda in lay de \*      \* dey ?  
Fadda lwmmi gy<sup>t</sup> lay za dike    ne mir sen di cleachta domh  
Gin deowe gin dany<sup>t</sup> cath\* gin wea foylim clas dlwo<sup>t</sup>

\*creach ?

Gin neni<sup>t</sup> gin choill gin chrute gin fronti<sup>t</sup> crew gin gneiwe gr . . .  
Gin deilly<sup>t</sup> ollom zoir    wea gin neilli gin oill fley  
Gin chin er swrri na er selgi in da cherd ray in roy<sup>t</sup> mee    [noi ?  
Gin dwlli in glaew no in gay<sup>t</sup>    oichane ach is derrith dow  
Gin wrait<sup>t</sup> er ellit no er feygh    ne hawle sen bi wane lom  
Gin loegh<sup>t</sup> er chonvert na er chon    is fadda no<sup>t</sup> in nalli fi[nni]  
Gin enri<sup>t</sup> gaske znaai<sup>t</sup>    gin nimmirt\* mir 'a baill linni

\*nimirt ?

Gin snaw zair leichre er loch    is fadda  
Din teill mir a ta mee    is trowig er bea mir a ta sinn  
Menir a tarring clocht    Is fadda  
Derri ni feyni foir\* nois is mee ossin mor m<sup>c</sup>finni    \*far ?  
Gesticht re goy<sup>t</sup>ow klokki    Is faddi  
Faye a phatrik zoein o zea    fiss\* in ninni † in bea sinni    \*fis ? † nini ?  
Gi<sup>t</sup> serrir marrun roi<sup>t</sup> locht    Is fadda

Is fadda

## MODERN VERSION.

---

Ughdar so Oisin<sup>1</sup> Mac Fhinn.

[Do chunna mi teaghlach Finn, is nior bu teaghlach tioma treith ;  
Agus do chunna sibhe de mhuinntir an fhir an dé.  
Do chunna mi teaghlach Airt, fear le'r mhac donna, binn,  
Fear is fearr ni fhaca mi. Do, &c.  
Da 'n faca mar a chunna mi ! Chunna Mac An Lai fa Fhinn.  
Och ! is mairg na faca e. Do, &c.  
Gu 'm ré ni ioghnadh gach ole dha bheil air mo cheann  
Gin saora maruinn o phein. Do, &c.  
Do chunna mi teaghlach].

Ughdar so Oisin.

Is fada nochd na neula f[ionn] Is fada leinn an oidhche 'n raoir  
An là an diu ge fada dhomh Do ba leòr fada an là an dé.  
Fada leam gach là dha 'n tig Ni mar sin do chleachtadh dhomh,  
Gun deabhadh, gun deanamh cath, Gun bhi fòghlum chleas dlù,  
Gun eineach, gun cheòl, gun chruit, Gun phronnadh [crew?] gun  
ghnìomh [gré],  
Gun dìoladh ollamh [dh'òr], Bhith gun fheile, gun òl fleadh.  
Gun chion air suirghidh no air seilg, An dà cheird re an robh me,  
Gun dol an gliadh no an cath, Ochòin ! ach is deurach domh.  
Gun bhreith air eilid no air fiadh, Ni h-amhlaidh sin ba mhiann  
leam,  
Gun luaidh air chon-bheirt no air choin, Is fada nochd na neula  
f[ionn]  
Gun [ionnruith] gaisge ghnàth, Gun imirt mar a b' àill leam,  
Gun snàmh dh'ar laochraidh air loch, Is fada nochd na neula f[ionn],  
De 'n t-saoghal mir a ta me, Is truagh ar bith mar a ta sinn,  
'M'aonar a' tarraing chloch, Is fada nochd na neula f[ionn].  
Deireadh na Féinne far nois ; Is me Oisin mòr mac Fhinn,  
'G éisdeachd re guthaibh chlog, Is fada nochd na neula f[ionn].  
Faigh, a Phàdraig, dhuinn o Dhia Fios an inbhe am bi sinn,  
Gu saorar maraon roimh lochd, Is fada nochd na neula f[ionn].  
Is fada.

<sup>1</sup> "Oisin" (a fawn), dim. from *os* (deer), cognate with Goth. *auhsa*, Eng. *ox*.



## Auc Ossin.

La zay deacha finn mo rayth di helg er sleyve ny ban finn  
 Tre meillith way<sup>tew</sup> ny wayn ne zeaat skaewi vasi ginn  
 Ossin is binni \* lwmmi di zloyr bannicht foiss er anmyn finn \* vinni?  
 Agis innis gay wayd feyg hwtti er sleyve ny ban finn  
 Ga mor lewe crathamir sloe or ne in deacha voywi ffoleyi . .  
 Di hutti er sleyve ny ban finn di zeyith lay fin ny<sup>t</sup> wleyg  
 Innis doyf roy<sup>t</sup> gi skayle banni<sup>t</sup> er a waill gin zoeyth  
 A beyig eaddi<sup>t</sup> no ermme a doll lewe a helg gi looy  
 Di weith eaddy<sup>t</sup> agis ermme a doll linni a helg mir sen .  
 Ni weitht feanee zeiwe ym zoe gin leynith royll is . . .  
 Gin chottone schee schaiwe gin lwry<sup>t</sup> sparri zeyr zlynni  
 Gin cheenwart cloot di chorri<sup>t</sup> si zai ley in norn gi fir  
 Gin skay noyny<sup>t</sup> wairry<sup>t</sup> boye gin lanni chroye re skolty<sup>t</sup> kenn  
 A nearry<sup>t</sup> in doytin fayn schea<sup>t</sup> ne roye<sup>t</sup> nat bi zar no finn  
 Is schea a barri enicht\* is awge ne zeat law vas a chiunn \*ennicht?  
 Doll in dastill a choyn zill gi aggin er farri mir finn  
 Cath eggir a choymir (?) shear a helg er sleyve ni ban finn  
 A phatrk oyd chinni ni glair di balin grayn vas ir ginni  
 Noyr a hwy<sup>t</sup> finni ir gonni di bimmi soirri is scheair (?)  
 Gow gyir o chnok gow knok a mosklei<sup>t</sup> hork is efeyg (?)  
 Di weith finni is brann nane swe selli er in tleywe  
 Gy<sup>t</sup> fer rewe in nayd halg no gir eirry<sup>t</sup> kolga nin . . .  
 Di legymir tre m cove a barri lowe sy<sup>t</sup> way gi garga  
 Warwe gi kowe zewe sin da eyg selli fane deach in eylli na hard  
 Di hwtti vi meill feyg bar er a zlann di weith fane tleywe  
 A hagws eyg is arbe ne zarni selgi mir sen reywe  
 Gir bee derri ir selgi hear a clairre oyd ni glair is ni glok  
 Deach cayd kow fa lawre oyr hutti fa rone xc tork  
 Di huttid<sup>r</sup> lynni ni twrk a roynit ni hwlg er in lerga  
 Mir a weygh ir lannith is ir lawe di veirdeis\* air er in telga \*berdeis ?  
 A phadrk ni baichill fear a wakka tow hear no horri  
 Selga in lay raid lin a waynow fin bi woy<sup>t</sup> no sen  
 Ach sen selga a rony<sup>t</sup> finn v<sup>e</sup> alpin ni mynni blay<sup>t</sup>  
 Gar ni goyllane ansi cheille gi bi winni lwm ane lay  
 Lay za dea<sup>t</sup>

## Sliabh nam Ban-Fionn.

Là dha 'n deachaidh Fionn, mo thriath, Do shealg air Sliabh nam  
Ban-Fionn,

Trì mìle mhaithibh nam Fiann, Ni 'n deach' sgiatha os an cionn.  
Oisin ! is binn leam do ghlòir, Beannachd fòs air anmain Fhinn,  
Agus innis cia mheud fiadh 'Thuit air Sliabh nam Ban-Fionn.  
[Cia mor leibh creachar sleigh, Oir ni an deachaidh bhuaibh fo leth],  
Do thuit air Sliabh nam Ban-Fionn Do fhiadhaibh le Fionn nam  
fleadh.

Innis domh roimh gach sgeul ; Beannachd air do bheul gun ghò,  
Am biodh éideadh no àirm A' dol leibh a shealg gach lò ?  
Do bhi éideadh agus àirm A' dol leinn a shealg mar sin,  
Ni bhi Féinnidh dhiubh a' m' dhòigh Gun léine shròill is [mù]  
Gun chotan sìoda séimh, Gun lùireach is bàrr gheur ghloin,  
Gun chean-bheart chlochdha chòrr 'S dhà shleagh an dorn gach fir.  
Gun sgiath uaine bheireadh buaidh, Gun lainn chruaidh re sgoltadh  
cheann,

An iarraidh an domhain fa seach Ni robh neach a b'fhearr † no  
Fionn † ba dhear ?

Is sè a b'fhearr eineach is àgh, Ni 'n deach' làmh os a chionn,  
Dol an taisdeal a' chuain ghil, Gun fhaicin air fear mar Fhionn.  
Cath eagair a chuadhmar siar A shealg air Sliabh nam Ban-Fionn ;  
A Phàdraig, oid'-chinn nan cliar, Do b'alainn grian os ar cionn.  
'Nuair a shuidheadh Fionn ar coin Do b'iomdha soir is siar  
Guth gadhair o chnoc gu cnoc A' mosgladh thorc is fhiadh.  
Do bhi Fionn is Bran 'N an suidhe seal air an t-sliabh,  
Gach fear dhiubh 'n ionad 'sheilg No gur éirigh colg nam fiadh.  
Do leigeamar trì mìle cù A b'fhearr lùth 's a bha gu garg  
Mharbh gach cù dhiubh sin dà fhiadh Sol fa 'n deach' an iall 'na  
h-àrd (?)

Do thuit sè mìle fiadh bàrr Air a' ghleann do bhi fo 'n t-sliabh,  
A h-eugmhais agh is earb, Ni dhearnadh sealg mar sin riamh.  
Gur b' e deireadh ar seilg shiar, A chleirich, oid' nan cliar 's na clog,  
Deich ceud cù air slabhraidh òr Thuit fa shroin deich ceud torc.  
Do thuiteadar leinn na tuirc A rinn na h-uile air an leirg  
Mar a bhiodh ar lanna is ar làmh Do bheirdeas àr air an t-seilg.  
A Phàdraig nam bachall fiar Am faca tu shiar no shoir  
Sealg aon latha re d' linn O Fhiannaibh Fhinn 'ba mhò na sin ?  
Ach sin sealg a rinn Fionn, Mhic Alpainn nam mionn blàth ;  
Gàir nan coilean† ann sa' choill Gu'm ba bhinn leam an là. †al.*cuilean*  
Là dha 'n deachaidh.

## Awtor.

Lay [za deat<sup>t</sup>] say zai keill patrik grinni ni [bachal . .  
 Rug say in tossin les er wurū gow [yis daa g . .  
 Is di bail lwme awzaill woid Ossane\* nyn rooik nach teyme \*Ossain?  
 Coo in tein neaat<sup>t</sup> gin a loyi<sup>t</sup> smow chvir groym er feanow finn  
 A chlery<sup>t</sup> ny<sup>t</sup> bai<sup>t</sup>ill brek by wor yn beacht zut [reid linn  
 A chwrii a wreyr a znai<sup>t</sup> ne wai zaw er fanow finn  
 Ony<sup>t</sup> harly zut gin none a ossin gin doll nane d . . y  
 Beis (?) say er cha<sup>t</sup>ris gi braa how ga<sup>t</sup>ris di znaa nyn fane  
 Kegit blyin da bein boa a geysky<sup>t</sup>\* reid chooil sy<sup>t</sup> keill \*geysty<sup>t</sup>?  
 Ne hynnassit zut gow maik a lwit aycht a rin fany<sup>t</sup> f . . .  
 Fa rannew in doyn traane wa aggin fen . . er gy<sup>t</sup> . . .  
 Keis gai hoikwail gow fane fin na noo [in teig will . .  
 Ne rowe an sy<sup>t</sup> si doyt<sup>t</sup>in voir\* na<sup>t</sup> da bi<sup>t</sup> chor †boa na... \*vor? †bea  
 Na rowe in nalve nyn<sup>1</sup> lann brek a ra . . . [brek a darveith . .  
 Da nynnosit zowe in nes a ossin nyn gres na<sup>t</sup> ...m  
 Coo in tein neat<sup>t</sup> bi zar lawe . . [wa sen  
 Mor in feme a churris orm a clery<sup>t</sup> oyd [ne . . f . .  
 Ni hynnosit gow lay looin na\* way loy . . . \*ne?  
 Ony<sup>t</sup> harly<sup>t</sup> how nane dey a ossin da [dan . .  
 Coo ny<sup>t</sup> lei<sup>t</sup> bar lat mait skay er d[ol] din ane ...  
 Oskir is kilt is gowle is m<sup>c</sup> lowi<sup>t</sup> nyn lann maa<sup>t</sup>  
 Fa hymchill v<sup>c</sup> kowle ail boyin di bi [raa si chaath  
 Farzone fully<sup>t</sup> m<sup>c</sup> ynrei<sup>t</sup> is kerrill re snewe zaa<sup>t</sup>  
 Derzmin daa<sup>t</sup> alin gyn nawle re hoir skaat<sup>t</sup> chenn bi waa<sup>t</sup>  
 Colly<sup>t</sup> m<sup>c</sup> cheilt er wley mynni ky'kei<sup>t</sup> curri nyn genk maa<sup>t</sup>  
 Is rynny<sup>t</sup> m<sup>c</sup> ynrei<sup>t</sup> myry<sup>t</sup>in nar weny<sup>t</sup> in gaa<sup>t</sup>  
 Felane foltinn bi wak<sup>t</sup> ind agis garry<sup>t</sup> in donn\* nawi \*doim?  
 Deirring m<sup>c</sup> doyr<sup>t</sup>\*<sup>2</sup> gyn none Eygh m<sup>c</sup> garry<sup>t</sup> bi waa<sup>t</sup> lawe \*doyr?  
 me fene is g' m<sup>c</sup> smail is dyry<sup>t</sup> dar' ri<sup>t</sup> m<sup>c</sup> ronane  
 Tre mek ny<sup>t</sup> kerd gyn chalk re oyr hemy<sup>t</sup>\* di barm zark \*henty<sup>t</sup>?  
 Mir a zanna ma zut goo a clery<sup>t</sup> wor furt (?) ny<sup>t</sup> mynni  
 Cha no<sup>t</sup> banit dost<sup>t</sup> din nane a<sup>t</sup> gi<sup>t</sup> fer fene a bra<sup>t</sup> a zilli  
 Soe id cha<sup>t</sup>ir is gawe di fenni is di (?) wayasi in narm gi leir  
 Gi ein neat<sup>t</sup> ga bi zar laiwe hany<sup>t</sup> o chaai<sup>t</sup> gvs in nane  
 Hany<sup>t</sup> rei<sup>t</sup> lo<sup>t</sup>lin er ler daar\* done skaha<sup>t</sup> bi war† gnaa \*daor? †wor?  
 Di wraa keis errin er koyne fane deyry<sup>t</sup> ir sloygh gy<sup>t</sup> leir  
 Hany<sup>t</sup> i<sup>t</sup> chawir zair wane twoa dey hug as gi knok  
 Carbry<sup>t</sup> loei<sup>t</sup>chir bi waa<sup>t</sup> lawe iiii chay<sup>t</sup> slane gow port (?)  
 vii cay<sup>t</sup>in\* hanik in nane huggin in near o lea coynni \*cay<sup>t</sup>...  
 ..... in deach... ir gerrow oo rae zein slane o zary<sup>t</sup> dwnn  
 Is sai waa na chawly<sup>t</sup> long dary<sup>t</sup> doown sy<sup>t</sup> hyly<sup>t</sup> fene

<sup>1</sup> A word apparently deleted.<sup>2</sup> in apparently deleted.



xxx feit<sup>1</sup> di loyit<sup>t</sup> nat<sup>t</sup> dea woyn dayn (?) deir fene  
Waa ga wee ow er in trae l cown kreir bi lave gin  
Ruk sloygh nyn hyn ea zeive is di hog ea kenni reit<sup>t</sup> er knok  
Cowin m<sup>c</sup> reit<sup>t</sup> wlli<sup>t</sup> nyn reacht is dollir nyn greach trome  
Di zagamir er in trae\* er yn bayt<sup>t</sup> fo zair tonni \*traa?  
iii mek doytit<sup>t</sup> ga bi rane y<sup>t</sup> toythit o lair in long  
Fer tenni is kirkil a flwk a zaik sin a gwrp gi lommi  
Dor armyt<sup>t</sup> neyn reit<sup>t</sup> grekga is forni nyn beyne trome  
Di zagamir fa zaar byve is neir\* aig synn in vyve fa broyn \*ner?  
iiii mek reit<sup>t</sup> lochlin lir a chasgir sein de newe arm  
ne tre balwe one vorrin oir neyn deacha said voyn at m... [marge  
Re in doytin ga bi war dair done skayt<sup>t</sup> bi zall gnai  
Di zaig sin a chorp er trae er ni lot fo wail nyn nane  
Di loyew in doytin trane neyn deach woyn fene sin nair  
Ach rei ni franki mir hea an tyn say brea er in nail  
Er eggill in noskir wll cha di leggi ay voyeni er layr (?)  
Gow glen balkan mir ta hest ch is and di zave ay fos is tawe  
Er traye fintrath ni goyn for ni churri in sloye in ta...  
Er reow in doytin trane di zeil sein fene ir sair  
Di bimmi o reich ir narme leich a waa marve er in la...  
Di bimmi claive is skayt<sup>t</sup> na bloyw har er in traye  
Er tray fintraithin nyn port di bimmi ann corp fir rane  
Di bimmi leich fa zair vyve is di bimmi ann feyve er la . .  
Phatrik v<sup>c</sup> alpin ail neyn danik zair\* wane wo rae \*zar  
Ach da cath eggir gin loth is ne roif in gorb slane  
Cath di chlanni biskynni zeive boein\* no<sup>t</sup> char venyt<sup>t</sup> in lave \*beein?  
Cath di clanni mornyt<sup>t</sup> nyn grat<sup>t</sup> is in darne lay clannow smail \*  
\* smail?  
Er fir lawsyt<sup>t</sup> a halgin trane say zaik sin dair\* wane sin na... \*dar  
Coyk cathin eggir zair sloyegh a legga woyn er in trae  
xxx &<sup>i</sup> cah feizit gin rach deicheayd feitzit gi<sup>t</sup> cath zeive\* \*zewe?  
Zarremay loygh zair zoynn nach draynik er toynn a reis  
A halgin da wregrin clair o baillait deym pen gy<sup>t</sup> sbail (?)  
gow dwkgai caha zawryt<sup>t</sup> ny<sup>t</sup> glann no<sup>t</sup> cha daynik ken ir lay  
Di rynni sin a gawli long is argit trome in reich  
In noor sin neydda sin neythe in neirrin\* er gi lea dee \*nerrin?  
A phadrik matha ni mynn an id keilli a waym bas  
Cur feyn tallow her mo knes os aggit hay fis mo skail  
Ossin o taa tow skeit<sup>t</sup> dane in nos di heit<sup>t</sup> gow bas  
Gaw turnigin is ear tlws is gew dea nowth gi lay  
Er sleyve seyane lay looyin is ni sloye er a lar  
Meichall is mvr\* m<sup>c</sup> dey dy' hoyrt fene er in laa \*mw . . ?  
In da espil deyk si wlay gi eleryt<sup>t</sup> may is gi fay  
Edrwme agis effrin oir di wi gi croy er mi lay  
Lay.

<sup>1</sup> "ftad" above line.

A auto<sup>r</sup> hujus Osseane m<sup>c</sup> finn.

Anvin in no<sup>t</sup> nart mo lawe ne ell mi choozein er laar  
 Is nee eny<sup>t</sup> zof waa brony<sup>t</sup> ym zebil trogh sennorry<sup>t</sup>  
 Troyg gi nei<sup>t</sup> cheddey<sup>t</sup> doif seach gi dwn er twne talwon  
 Re tarring chlach a hallinn gow reling hulchin talzing  
 It ta wrskal aggwme zut er Ir zi wunt<sup>r</sup> phadrik  
 Estith re astinny<sup>t</sup> Inn schal beg er tocht zin talgin  
 Brwin di rinny<sup>t</sup> in swun er sleywe quoalgein moeoly<sup>t</sup> lwmm  
 Di churri er feanow pail ywir<sup>\*</sup> in ta hunwail \*ywr?  
 Da drane din wrwin wroy<sup>t</sup> chur finn er clan morn  
 Agis in trane ell zeit orms is er clannow<sup>\*</sup> biskneith \*clanow?  
 Hugis fregry<sup>t</sup> nar choyr er m<sup>c</sup> cowle v<sup>c</sup> tranewoyr  
 Hurd na<sup>t</sup> bein fada fa smacht is nach dany' doo gilleicht  
 Di weit finn fada na host in lei<sup>t</sup> nach burris a cosga  
 Fer gin noyin gin neggill nor a quayl in dohoh regry<sup>t</sup>  
 Is sea coyrra di raa rwmm flath eany<sup>t</sup> ny vane finn  
 Bea tow schell a tarring clooch ma in deyt how in weith  
     vreny<sup>t\*</sup> \*vrony<sup>t</sup>  
 Di zeyrris is sin ra erg sos o vakcowle a rinzerga  
 Sea lenn me din nane awny<sup>t</sup> cathrow chath croychalm  
 Fast<sup>r</sup> mis ag in nane verrir roysa my wraa feyn  
 In lweht a wa gim heit ann Is da in deit Id tam gi anvin  
 Faa meith in coy<sup>r</sup>ly<sup>t</sup> \*crohoh din nane in gath crwn-vony<sup>t</sup>.  
     Anvin \*coy<sup>t</sup>irly<sup>t</sup>?  
 Ymyth nac gyn annych ann da in tally<sup>t</sup> tame gy<sup>t</sup> anvin  
     Anvin  
 Anvin in nocht cleyh mo cvrp creddwm di wrarrew padrik  
 Eddir laywe is chos is chenn It tam vlli<sup>t</sup> gi anvin  
     Anvin nocht.

A howd<sup>r</sup> soo Oflyne.

In soo choñich maa in nayne di choñichma kayne is goole  
 Finni is oskir mi vacki Rynith is art is dermit deone  
 M<sup>c</sup> loivith ky'keith ni<sup>\*</sup> galge garri<sup>t</sup> derk is ey beg \*in?  
 M<sup>c</sup> ey m<sup>c</sup> carrith nor heyne ni tre finni is fed  
 Glas agis gow is gairri galwe ni gead is coñan bras

## Auctor hujus Oisin Mac Fhinn.

Anmhainn a nochd neart mo làmh, Ni bh-'eil mo chomh-ghin air làr,  
Is ni [eineach] domh bheith brònach, A' m' ghiobal truagh  
seanòireach.

Truagh gach ni [cheadaich] domh Seach gach duine air tuinn  
talmhain

Re tarraing chlach [a shallain] Gu [relig thulaich an tailgin].

Ata uirsgeul agam dhuit Air [fhir] dhe mhuintir Phàdraig.

Eisdibh re [faistneachd Fhinn] Seal beag air teachd dh' an tailgean.

Bruighean do rinn an sonn Air Sliabh Chualgain [maola, lom]

Do chuir air Fiannaibh Phàil [Aobhar ann do thionail].

Dà thrian de 'n bhruighean bhruachdha Chuir Fionn air Clainn  
Mòirne ;

Agus an trian eile dheth orm-sa Is air Clannaibh Baoisgne.

Thugas freagra nar chòir Air Mac-Cumhaill Mhic-Treunmhòir.

Thubhairt nach bidhinn fada fa smachd Is nach deanainn dò  
géilleachd.

Do bhi Fionn fada 'n a tbosd, An laoch nach b' fhuras a chosg,

Fear gun uamban, gun eagal, 'Nuair a chuala dò-fhreagra.

Is se (an) còmhraidh do ràidh rium Flath [einich] nam Fiar'n, Fionn :

Beidh tu seal a' tarraing chloch [Mu 'n d' tleid thu 'na bhith  
bhrònach].

Do éireas an sin r' a fheirg suas O Mhac-Cumhaill an ruinn-dheirg,

'S e lean mi de 'n Fhéinn amhna Ceathramh a chath cruaidh-chalma.

Fasdair mise aig an Fhéinn, Bheirear [roimhse] mo bhràth féin

An luchd a bha 'g am [theid ann Is da an d' theid. Ata mi gu  
anmhainn,

Fa mi an coimhairleach crodha Do 'n Fheinn an cath cron-  
bhuineach]

Iomadh neach gun [aithne ann Da an ta'amh ta'm gu h-anmhainn].

Anmhainn a nochd cliath mo chuirp, Creideam do bhriathra,  
Phàdraig,

Eadar làmh is chos is cheann Ataim uile gu anmhainn.

Anmhainn a nochd.

## A h-ùghdar so Oisin.

An so choinnich mi an Fhéinn, Choinnich mi C[ian] is Goll

Fionn is Oscar mo mhac, Roinne is Art is Diarmaid donn.

Mac-Lughaidh cingeach nan calg, Garraidh dearg is Aodh beag,

Mac-Aoidh, Mac-Gharraidh nar thiom, Na tri Finn agus Fead.

Glas agus Gobha is Garraidh, Galbh [nan cead is Conan bras



Gole is cwin\* m<sup>c</sup> gwille Sokkich m<sup>c</sup> fynni is bran \* cuin  
 Kilt m<sup>c</sup> ronane ni gath Doywn coylin is leym er gleinni  
 Is caedith a froñith oir is fer one woyne varly vinni  
 Bayni<sup>t</sup> m<sup>c</sup> brasill ni lanni m<sup>c</sup> chromchin tenni m<sup>c</sup> ynsmyoll  
 Agis oskir m<sup>c</sup> carrith zerve ni tre balwe is ni tre skaill  
 Tre benane\* zlinnith schroill tre rwell o voyni<sup>t</sup> Reith \*beyane?  
 Vii mek cheilt ni glas tre zlasni zlesrā nyn sei...  
 Tre beath chnoki durt be veddeis fa wurnni\* a zna<sup>t</sup> \* wuryni  
 Deach m<sup>c</sup> eichit vorní vor oisi teacht er boie id tad  
 In soo a choni<sup>t</sup> ma in nane boyine eall di chenchy<sup>t</sup> koyll  
 In dy'chill ossin is Inn Swle zlinni di fronfre or \* \* oir?  
 Fer loo is kerrill croye di verdeis boye er gy<sup>t</sup> caiht\* \* cacht?  
 Fay cannyn is felane feall di choñik mea ead in soo  
 In soo choñi

Houd' so ossin m<sup>c</sup> finn.

Innis downe a phadrik noñor a leyvin  
 A wil noewa gi hayre ag mathew fane eyrrin  
 Veyrs zut a zayvin a ossinn ni glooyn  
 Nac wil noewa ag aythyr ag oskyr na ag goolle  
 Ach is troygh in skayl cha'nis tus cleyrry  
 Mis danow chrawe is gin noewa ag fayne eyrrin  
 Nach math lat a teneir vee tew si caythre  
 Gin keilt gin noskyr wei<sup>t</sup> far rutt is taythyr

The Author of this is Oisín, Son of Finn.

Tell to us, oh Patrick,  
 In honour of thy learning,  
 Have (they) heaven truly,  
 The nobles of the Feinn' of Erin?

I tell thee of a truth,  
 Oisín of the valiant deeds,  
 That thy father has not heaven  
 Nor (has) Oscar nor Gaul.

But sad is the tale  
 Thou tellest, oh cleric;  
 I do (my) devotions,  
 And the Feinn' of Erin have not heaven.

Goll is Cuthin mac Ghuill, Socach mac Finn is Bran.  
 Caoilte mac Ronain nan cath, Donn Chualgne is Leum-air-glinne,  
 Is Ceudaidd a phronnadh òr, Is fear o'n bh-fhaigh an bheurla bhinn,  
 Beathan mac Braiseil nan Iarn, Mac Chroimchinn teann mic an  
 Smoil,  
 Agus Osgar mac Gharraidh ghairbh, Na tri Balbh is ni tri Sgeoil.  
 Tri Benain Ghlinne Shròil, Tri Ruail o Mhonadh-r'igh,  
 Seachd mic Chaoilte nan cleas, Tri Glaisne o Ghlasraidh nan saor.  
 Tri Beath Chnoic-duirt, Do bhitheas fo mhuirn a ghnàth,  
 Deich mac fhichead Mhoirn mhóir Os teachd air buaidh a tàd.  
 An so a chunnaic mi an Fheinn, Buidheann fhiall do cheannchadh  
 ceòl,  
 An timchioll Oisin is Fhinn Sul ghlinn do phronnar òr.  
 Fear-lùth is Caruil cruaidh, Do bheirteas buaidh air gach cath,  
 Fé-cannain is Faolan fial, Do chunnaic mi iad an so.  
 An so chonna].

### Ughdar so Ossin Mac-Fhinn.

Innis duinn, a Phádraig, An onoir do<sup>1</sup> leighinn,  
 A bh-fheil nèamh gu h-áraidh Aig maithibh Féinne Eireann?  
 Bheirims'<sup>2</sup> dhuit a<sup>3</sup> dheimhin, A<sup>4</sup> Oisin nan glonn,  
 Nach bh-feil nèamh aig t'<sup>5</sup> athair, Aig Oscar, no aig Goll.  
 Ach is truagh an sgeul 'Chanas tus', a chléirich;  
 Mise dèanamh 'chrábhaidh,<sup>6</sup> Is gun nèamh aig Féinne Eireann.  
 Nach math leat a' t' aonar Bheith a' t' shuidhe sa' chathair,  
 Gun Chaoilte, gun Oscar, Bheith far ruit, is t' athair?

<sup>1</sup> The MS. has "a" for "do" (thy).

<sup>2</sup> The MS. has "veyrs" for "bheir-sa" (I will give).

<sup>3</sup> The MS. has "a" for "do" (of).

<sup>4</sup> In modern Scottish Gaelic, "a" is always omitted, for the sake of euphony, before the vocative of nouns beginning with a vowel or with *f*.

<sup>5</sup> "Ag aythyr" = "ag th' athair" = "aig t' athair" (at or to thy father).

<sup>6</sup> The article is understood before "chrawe" = "chrábhadh." Cf. "di hearnyt chrawe" = "do Thighearna chrábhadh," for "do Thighearna a chrábhaidh." In the Ir. Oss. Society's version, the gen. of "crábhadh" is not attenuated in these stanzas.

Would'st thou not wish alone  
 To be sitting in the city,  
 Without Caelte, without Oscar  
 Being with thee—or thy father?

Little pleasure it were to me  
 To be sitting in the city,  
 Without Caelte, without Oscar  
 Being with me—or my father.

Beg a wath lwmsi wee ym hew si chaythree  
 Gin keilt gin noskyr weit<sup>t</sup> far rwm is may<sup>t</sup>ir  
 Is farr gnws v<sup>c</sup> neyve re agsin raa ane lay  
 Na wil doyr si grwnnith vea aggit gi hymlane  
 Innis downe a halgin skayle ni cathry<sup>t</sup> noya  
 Versi zwt gi hayre scaylli cath gawrraa  
 Ma sea skayll ni cathry<sup>t</sup> zeawris tws a hannor  
 Gin netow gin nagris gin n'kis gin nanehoyve  
 Ka id muntir neyve is oyssil fayne cyrrin  
 Vil kroys na gree na deilli sead cleyrri  
 Ne hy'nin is ni fayni ne cosswil eayd ree cheyll  
 Ne ir zlas glayre wea geyrre spre<sup>y</sup> \*      \* sorey?  
 Er zraw tenni phadrik na fagsi ni deneth  
 Gin nis di ree noya ber a steach ni fayni  
 Ga beg a chwle chronayni<sup>t</sup> na in dad one<sup>\*</sup> zat<sup>h</sup> zreyne    \*om?

Better the face of heaven's son  
 To behold it for one day,  
 Than that all the gold of earth  
 Were wholly thine.

Tell to us, oh holy man,  
 The tale of the heavenly city;  
 I will tell thee truly  
 The tales of the battle of Gabhra.<sup>1</sup>

If tis the tale of the city  
 Thou askest, old man,  
 (Tis) without thirst, without hunger,  
 Without want, without stain.

What more are the people of heaven  
 Than the nobles of the Feinn' of Erin?  
 Is their hardness in their heart,  
 Or reward they clerics?

They are not like the Feinni,  
 They resemble not each other—  
 Tis not a noble office  
 To be tending cattle.

For the love of thine honour, Patrick,  
 Forsake not thou the men;

<sup>1</sup> In the long version of Cath Gabhra given in the Ir. Oss. Soc.'s Transactions, Oisín gives an account of the battle earlier in the poem; but the fut. "bheirsa" represents best the MS. "versi."



Beag a<sup>1</sup> mhath leam-sa Bheith<sup>2</sup> a' m' shuidhe sa' chathair<sup>3</sup>  
 Gun Chaoilte, gun Oscar, Bheith<sup>2</sup> far rium is m' athair.  
 Is fearr gnúis Mhic nèimhe R' a faicsin<sup>4</sup> re aon lá,  
 Na bh-feil do ór sa' chruinne<sup>5</sup> Bheith agad gu h-iomlán.<sup>6</sup>  
 Innis duinn, a thailgein, Sgeul na cathrach nèamhdha;  
 Bheir-sa dhuit gu h-àraidh Sgeula cath Ghabhra.<sup>7</sup>  
 Ma 's e sgeul na cathrach<sup>8</sup> 'Dh' fhiafr'as tus', a sheanoir;  
 Gun íota, gun acras, Gun airceas, gun ainíomh.  
 Ca iad muintir nèimhe, Is uasail Féinne Eireann?  
 Bh-feil cruas 'n an cridhe,<sup>9</sup> No 'n díol<sup>10</sup> siad cléirich?  
 Ni h-ionnan a's na Fianna, Ni 'n coshmail iad re 'chéile;  
 Nior dhleas gléire Bheith 'g airghe spréidhe.<sup>11</sup>  
 Air ghrádh t' éinigh,<sup>12</sup> Phádraig, Na fág-sa na daoine;<sup>13</sup>  
 Gun fhios do Righ nèimhe, Beir a steach na Féinnidh.  
 Ge beag a' chuil chrónanach, No an dad o'n<sup>14</sup> ghath ghréine,

<sup>1</sup> "Beg a wath liomsi" = "beag a mhath leam-sa" (lit. little its good to me).

<sup>2</sup> "Bheith" aspirated because preceded by "a" or "do" (to) understood.

<sup>3</sup> "Si chaythree" = "sa chathraigh" (in the city). In Scottish Gaelic, the dat. is now "cathair" or "caithir."

<sup>4</sup> The MS. has "re 'agsin" = "re 'aicsin" = "re a aicsin" (to see it). The infinitive is now "faicsin" or "faicin" with prothetic *f*. The verb is "faic," in Old Gael. "ad-ciu."

<sup>5</sup> In "grwnnith" = "g-cruinne," *c* is eclipsed by *g*.

<sup>6</sup> The last syllable of "iomlán" is long, rhyming with "lá," the last word of the second line of this stanza.

<sup>7</sup> "Gabhra," the scene of a battle fought between the Clan Morna and the Clan Baoisene in the third century (283 or 296), is now Garristown, about fourteen Irish miles north of Dublin.

<sup>8</sup> "Cathryt" = "cathrach," gen. sing. of "cathair" (city).

<sup>9</sup> "Na gree" = "'na g-cridhe," with *c* eclipsed by *g* in consequence of the nasal termination of the poss. pron. *an* (their).

<sup>10</sup> "Na deilli sead" may be for "no d-teiligh siad" = "no an teiligh siad" (or refuse they)? The corresponding stanza in the Ir. Oss. Society's version (Trans., Vol. I., 96) is "no a n-etionn siad aeinne" (or refuse they every one)? "Díol," however, seems to be the word intended.

<sup>11</sup> The modern version of the third and fourth lines of this stanza is conjectural. The MS. is quite distinct, with the exception of the letter "p" in the last word of the fourth line; but the meaning of some of the words is doubtful.

<sup>12</sup> "Tenni" = "t' éinigh," gen. sing. of "éineach" (honour, generosity, goodness), with the poss. pron. preceding. The gen. sing. would now be "éineich" or "éinich" in Scottish Gaelic, but "éinigh" in Irish Gaelic.

<sup>13</sup> "Demyth?"

<sup>14</sup> The letter "e" of "one" is indistinct in the MS. The word may possibly be "om" for "um" (about); or "dad om" may be for "dadom" (atom, mote), which occurs in another version.

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Unknown to the King of heaven  
 Bring in the Feinni.

Though small the humming-fly  
 Or the mote from the sunbeam

Gin nis din re woralych ne rey fa wil a skaye  
 Ne hay sin di v<sup>c</sup> kowle re math<sup>h</sup> we sin ni faynow  
 Rachteis fir in doyin na heit<sup>t</sup> wle gin nearri  
 Is troyg lwm hennor is how in der teissi  
 Cha chorry'mich a wra sin ver how er mi reissi  
 Barr in chath layddir verri flnni ny fayni  
 Na di hearny<sup>t</sup> craue is tow feyn lay cheill  
 Bog sin a he'nor a ne in coyra bolla  
 Is far dea re hynlay na fayne eyrrin olla  
 Ga tarnig mi layis is mi derri meissi  
 Phadrik na toyr ayhis er mathew clynni beiskni  
 Ne hurrinn\* zut aythris ossin v<sup>c</sup> in reayne \* hurrim ?  
 Ac nac inny' fir mathis agis flaythis mi heyarni  
 Di m'ra aggwm conane far mewlas ni fayni  
 Ne legfe layd wu'nel di chomis a cleyrri  
 Na habbir sin a ossin is a'meine di wrayrri  
 Be fest gi fostynich is gaw hugit mi ryilt

---

Unknown to the King majestic  
 It goes not beneath the edge of his wing.

Not so with Mac-Cumall,  
 The good king who ruled the Feinni;  
 All men on earth might go  
 Unto his house unbidden.

'Tis sad to me, old man,  
 And thou at the life's close;  
 Not just is the judgment  
 Thou passest on my King.

Better one stout battle  
 That Finn of the Feinn' would fight  
 Than thy Lord of devotions  
 And thyself together.

'Tis pitiful, old man,  
 Thou speakest words of madness;  
 Better is God for one day  
 Than all the Feinn' of Erin.

Though gone my princely power,  
 And I at my life's close,  
 Patrick, cast not reproach  
 On the nobles of the Clan Baoisene.

Thou canst say nothing,  
 Oisin, son of the Queen,

Gun fhios do 'n Rígh mhórdhalach Ni rach<sup>1</sup> fo bhill' a sgéithe.  
 Ni h-e sin do Mhac-Cumhaill, Rígh math 'bhi air<sup>2</sup> na Fiannaibh;  
 Rachdais<sup>3</sup> fir an domhain 'N a thaigh uile gun iarraidh.  
 Is truagh leam [sin], a sheanoir, Is thu an deireadh t' aoise;  
 Cha chothromach a' bhreith sin 'Bheir thu air mo rígh-sa.  
 B' fhèarr aon chath láidir 'Bbeireadh Fionn na Féinne  
 Na do Thighearna 'chrábhaidh Is tu fein le chéile.  
 Bochd sin, a sheanoir, A ni an cómhradh boile;  
 Is fèarr Dia ré h-aon lá Na Fianna Eireann uile.  
 Ged tharnaig<sup>4</sup> mo fhlaithneas, Is mi 'n deireadh m' aoise,  
 Phádraig, na toir athais Air maithibh Clanna Baoiscne.  
 Ni h-urrainn duit 'aithris, Oisin, mhic na rioghain,  
 Ach nach ionnan bhur maitheas Agus flaitheas mo Thighearna.  
 Da<sup>5</sup> maireadh agam Conan, Fear míobhlas na Féinne,  
 Ni leigfeadh le d' mhuineal Do choimeis,<sup>6</sup> a chleirich.  
 Na abair sin, Oisin, Is an-mhín<sup>7</sup> do bhriathra;  
 Bi am feasd gu foistineach, Is gabh chugad<sup>8</sup> mo riaghailt.

<sup>1</sup> "rey" is probably for "regh" or "regha." Cf. "doreg" (veniam), and "dorega" (veniet), in Gramm. Celtica and Windisch's Ir. Texte.

<sup>2</sup> The MS. has "sin," but other versions have "air," which the sense requires.

<sup>3</sup> "Rachteis" = "rachdais," 3rd pl. fut. sec. Cf. Windisch's Ir. Texte.

<sup>4</sup> With the MS. "tarnig," cf. O'Reilly's "tarnac" (it was finished).

<sup>5</sup> In "di marra," "di" (if), which is the same word as "da," in "da vacca" below, is for "dian" (Z. 709) = *di-an*, the prep. *di* (of), and the rel. *an* (which). The nasal of the relative is assimilated to *m* of "marra" = "maireadh."

<sup>6</sup> "Di chomis" may be for "do chomas" (thy power).

<sup>7</sup> "Meine" = "mín," in Dermaid's Lay.

<sup>8</sup> "Hugit," now frequently written "thugad," is for "chugad" (to thee, *ad te*), Old Gael. "cucut," the prep. *co* (*to*) reduplicated, and the 2nd pers. pron. suffixed.

But that not alike are your bounty  
And the sovereignty of my Lord.

Had I now Conan living,  
The bitter-tongued man of the Feinni,  
He would not allow thee<sup>1</sup>  
Thy comparison, oh cleric.

Say not so, Oisin,  
Froward are thy words;  
Be evermore in peace  
And take to thee my rule.

<sup>1</sup> This line is somewhat obscure.



Da wacca ni catha is ni braddichi grast  
 Ne wee ane reid id ter ach meyr ni fayni  
 Ossin v<sup>c</sup> ni flaa mest tannyn a bei<sup>t</sup>yll  
 Na cwne ni cath cha nil ag asling sin seill  
 Da glwnta ni gyir' is meith ni shalga  
 Bar' lat wee na warri na wea si chay<sup>t</sup>ir noya  
 Troygh sin a he'nor is meithur ni schelga  
 Faychin gi honnor za wil si chay<sup>t</sup>r noa  
 Na habbir sin a phadrik is fallow di wrayrri  
 In deggow sin dayny<sup>t</sup> bar finn is no fayni  
 Er a lawe v<sup>c</sup> eweisni ne fallow mi wrairri  
 Is farr angil din ni hanglew na finn is ni fayny<sup>t</sup>  
 Da beany<sup>t</sup> mir a veissi<sup>t</sup> a gath zawry<sup>t</sup> ni bey<sup>t</sup>mi'  
 Di zelin in demis ver tow er ayne errin  
 Dimmy<sup>t</sup> di worzail er cath di heill  
 Ne warrin did choy<sup>t</sup> lawy<sup>t</sup> ach how nes a teneyr'  
 Da m' mi zenissi ne estin di choyllane

If thou hadst seen the battalions  
 And the embroidered banners,  
 Not one thing would be in thy thought  
 But the glory of the Feinni.

Oisin, son of the prince,  
 Thy soul suffers for thy folly ;  
 Save the remembrance of the battalions  
 (Thou) hast no dream in the world.<sup>1</sup>

If thou hadst heard the hounds  
 And the joy of the chase,  
 Rather would'st thou be in their train  
 Than in the heavenly city.

Poor is that, old man,  
 And the joy of the chase,  
 Compared with all the honours  
 That are in the heavenly city.

Say not so, oh Patrick,  
 Empty are thy words ;  
 In doubt<sup>2</sup> and in danger,  
 Better Finn and the Feinni.

By thy hand, son of Baoisene,  
 Not empty are my words ;  
 Better an angel of the angels<sup>3</sup>  
 Than Finn and the Feinni.

<sup>1</sup> This line is somewhat obscure.

<sup>2</sup> *Teagamh* signifies also difficulty.

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.*, one of the angels.

Da \* bh-faca na catha Is na brataiche greusda,  
 Ni bhi aon reud a' t'aire Ach meadhair na Féinne.  
 Oisin, mhic na flatha,<sup>1</sup> 'S misd t' anmain am baoghal;  
 Na cuimhne nan cath Cha 'n 'eil ag aisling san t-saoghal.<sup>2</sup>  
 Da cluinnteadh<sup>3</sup> na gadhair Is meadhair<sup>4</sup> na seilge,  
 B' fhèarr leat bheith 'n a bh-farradh<sup>5</sup> Na bheith sa' chathair  
 nèamhdha.

Truagh sin, a sheanoir, Is meadhair na seilge,  
 Fa chionn gach onoir Dha bh-feil<sup>6</sup> sa' chathair nèamhdha.  
 Na h-abair sin, a Phádraig, Is falamh do bhriathra;  
 An teagamh<sup>7</sup> is an deineachd,<sup>8</sup> B' fhèarr Fionn is na Fianna.  
 Air do<sup>9</sup> láimh, Mhic Ui Bhaoisene, Ni falamh mo bhriathra;  
 Is fèarr aingeal de na h-ainglibh Na Fionn is na Fianna.  
 Dam<sup>10</sup> bidhinn mar a bhidheas An Cath<sup>11</sup> Ghabhra nam beuman,  
 Do dhíolainn an díneas Bheir tu air Fhéinn Eireann.  
 Diomach do mhórdhail Air caitheamh do shaoghail;  
 Ni mhaireann de d'chmh-lamhaich Ach thu nis a' t'aonar.  
 Da maireadh<sup>12</sup> mo dhaoine-sa Ni h-eisdinn do cheolan,

<sup>1</sup> "Flaa" = "flatha," gen. sing. of "flaith" (prince), a fem. *i*-stem.

<sup>2</sup> The 3rd and 4th lines of this stanza are, to some extent, conjectural in the modern version.

<sup>3</sup> "Da glwnta" = "da g-cluinnteadh" = "dan cluinnteadh" = "d'an cluinnteadh."

<sup>4</sup> "Meith" is apparently for "meithir" = "meadhair." See "meitur" below.

<sup>5</sup> "Na warri" = "'na bh-farradh" = "'n an farradh."

<sup>6</sup> "Za wil" = "dha bh-feil" = "dhan feil" = "dh'an feil." For "da," which may be translated by "that" or "which," see O'Donovan's Gramm., p. 133.

<sup>7</sup> "In deggow" = "an d-teagamh," for "a d-teagamh" = "an teagamh." In the Dean's Book, the nasal termination is frequently retained, although the initial consonant of the following word is eclipsed.

<sup>8</sup> "Déineachd" is merely conjectural.

<sup>9</sup> "A" for "do" (thy).

<sup>10</sup> In "da beanyt," the nasal of the relative is omitted.

<sup>11</sup> "A gath" = "a g-cath" = "an cath" (in battle).

<sup>12</sup> "Da marri" = "danmaireadh" = "da maireadh," with *n* of the relative, assimilated to *m* of "maireadh."

\* "Da wacca" = "da bh-faca" = "dan faca" = "dian faca." See note on "d marra," above.

If I were as I was  
 At the battle of Gabhra of wounds,  
 I would avenge the insult  
 Thou givest to the Feinn' of Erin.

Unseemly is thy boasting  
 At the end of thy days:  
 There remains not of thy comrades  
 But thee now alone.

Is zoywo di hemoo in nerrik di choyrra  
 Da m'deis sin vlli si goyni<sup>t</sup> ra cheilli  
 Ne wea mi holli bwe re vii cayth ni fayni  
 Vii feychit vrrit vrrit vil tus zi cleyrrew  
 Di huttideis sin vlli lay oskir na henyr  
 Ta tow in der di heill a hennor gin cheyll  
 Scur a neis id wreysrow is be fest zim rayr  
 Da wacca in lwcht coy<sup>t</sup>oyll a v<sup>c</sup> fin in nalvin  
 Ne raacha za gomor re munt<sup>r</sup> ni caythre noya  
 Aggis neir low ir dy'noyll nor' heg most gow tawra . .  
 Sa'nossil ni bray<sup>try</sup><sup>t</sup> fane woery zi ry'nis  
 Mathwm zut a cleyrre di skaylli na hy'nis  
 Innis downe

If my men were living,  
 I would not listen to thy bell ;  
 And thou should'st get wounds\*  
 In reward for thy speech.

\* Lit. "thy  
wounding"

If all those were living  
 And helping each other,  
 I would be nowise beholden  
 To the seven battalions of the Feinni.

Seven score times as many  
 As thou hast of clerics,  
 All these did fall  
 By Oscar alone.

Thou art at thy life's end,  
 Thou foolish old man,  
 Cease now thy vanity  
 And ever submit to me.

If thou had'st seen the cowlèd men,  
 Son of Finn, in Almu,  
 Thou would'st not compare them  
 To the people of the heavenly city.<sup>1</sup>

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

And not less was our gathering  
 When we came to Tara.

Unseemly are the words  
 In the strife that thou hast made ;  
 I forgive thee, cleric,  
 Thy tales do not tell. Tell to us.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In this stanza and that which follows, the ballad is evidently defective.

<sup>2</sup> When a ballad is complete the last word is always the same as the first.



Is gheabhadh [tu] do theumadh An éirig do chómhraidh.  
 Da mairdis<sup>1</sup> sin uile 'S a g<sup>2</sup>-cómhñadh r' a chéile  
 Ni bhiodh mo thuilleadh<sup>3</sup> buidhe Re seachd catha na Féinne.  
 Seachd fichead uiread uiread, A bh-feil<sup>4</sup> agads<sup>5</sup> do chleir'chibh,  
 Do thuitidis sin uile Le Oscar 'na aonar.  
 Ta tu an deireadh do shaoghail, A sheanoir gun chéill;  
 Scuir a nis do d' bhaosradh,<sup>6</sup> Is bi feasd dha m' réir.  
 Da bh-faca<sup>7</sup> an luchd-cochail, A mhic Fhinn, an Almhain,  
 Ni rachadh dha g-comoradh<sup>8</sup> Re muintir na cathrach nêamhdha.  
 Agus nior lugha ar d-tionol<sup>9</sup> 'N uair 'thigimisid gu Teamhraigh.  
 'S an-uasal na briathra F' an bhuaradh<sup>10</sup> do rinneas;  
 Maithim dhuit, a chléirich, Do sgeula na h-innis.  
 Innis duinn.

<sup>1</sup> "Da mardeis" = "dan mairdis" = "da mairdis" (see last note). "Mairdis" or "mardais" is the 3rd pl. of the fut. sec. of "mairim" or "maraim" (I remain).

<sup>2</sup> "Si goynit" = "'s a g-cómhñadh" = "'s an cómhñadh" (lit. and in helping).

<sup>3</sup> "Holli" may be for "tholadh," aspirated form of "toladh" (more) = "tuilleadh," or for "h-uile" (all). See "olla" = "uile," in 16th stanza.

<sup>4</sup> "Vil" is for "a bh-feil" = "an feil."

<sup>5</sup> The MS. has "tus'" for "tu-sa" (thou), but the sense requires either "sibhse" (you) or "agads" for "agad-sa" (at or to thee).

<sup>6</sup> "Wreysrow" is for "weysrow" = "bhaosradh" (vanity, vain glory).

<sup>7</sup> See note to stanza 21.

<sup>8</sup> "Za gomor" = "dha g-comor" = "dh' an comor," for "dh' an comoradh" (to compare them; lit. to their comparing).

<sup>9</sup> "Ir dynnoyll" = "ar d-tionol" (our gathering) = "arn tionol."

<sup>10</sup> "Bhuaradh" is merely a conjecture for "woery" in the MS.

## A Howdir Soo Ossein.

Annit doif skayle beg er finn, ne skayl nach cwrre in su(ym a)<sup>1</sup>  
 Er v<sup>c</sup> cowle fay math gelle, fa cowin sen rame ray  
 Di wamyn beggane sloyegh, ag essroygh nyn neggin mawle  
 Di chemyn fa holt yr lerr,<sup>2</sup> currych mor & ben ann  
 Keigyt leich zownyth mane reith, fa math ir gneeith er gy<sup>t</sup> gart  
 Fir rair ness is marg a cheith, di zowmist er gi teir nert  
 Derrymir willi gi dane, ach finn no wane & gowle  
 Dethow churrych fa hard keym, wa na reym scolty<sup>t</sup> nyn donn<sup>3</sup>  
 Ne zarny<sup>t</sup> tamh na tocht, gir zoyve calle si fort znaa  
 Yth techt doy her in ness, derre ass m<sup>c</sup> cayve mnaa  
 Gilli a darli no syth zraane, is seir mayne no sy<sup>t</sup> dalwe  
 In nynnin hanyk in gane, de waymin feyn rompy<sup>t</sup> sorwe  
 Heg chuggin gow pupbill finn, & banneis gi grin doy<sup>t</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edge of the MS. is worn away.

<sup>2</sup> This word is written above the line in different ink.

<sup>3</sup> The MS. is worn away.

## Eas-Ruaidh (Easroy).

I know a little tale of Finn—  
 'Tis not a tale I would despise—  
 Of Cumhall's son of valour great,  
 Whom I'll remember while I live.

Once, when we were, a little band,  
 Close by the Salmon-Leap,<sup>1</sup> Easroy,  
 We spied, full sail, upon the sea,  
 A currach large, which bore a maid.

Fifty warriors were we round the king,  
 Brave were our deeds on every field ;  
 Where now, alas ! are found our peers ?  
 O'er every land our arms prevailed.

We all uprose in haste,  
 Save Finn, prince of the Feinn, and Gaul,  
 To await the currach bounding high,  
 And cleaving, in its course, the waves.

It rested not, nor slackened speed,  
 Till in the wonted port it moored ;  
 Then, as it anchored by the fall,  
 Forth from it stepped the youthful maid.

<sup>1</sup> Lit., "Easroy of salmon's slow," i.e., "of the slow-moving salmon's," referring, perhaps, to the salmon being retarded when ascending the river by the cataract.

## 'Ughdar so Oisin.

Aithnicht'<sup>1</sup> domh sgeul<sup>2</sup> beag air Fionn—Ni sgeul nach cuirfidh<sup>3</sup>  
an suim e—

Air Mhac-Cumhaill ba<sup>4</sup> mhath gail, Ba<sup>4</sup> chumhain<sup>5</sup> sen re m'ré.  
Do bhamar<sup>6</sup> beagan sluaigh, Aig Eas-Ruaidh<sup>7</sup> nan eagan<sup>8</sup> mall,  
Do chimear fa sheòlt'<sup>9</sup> air lear, Curach mòr agus bean ann.

Caogad laoch dhuinne mu'n rìgh, Ba mhath ar gnìomh air gach gart;  
Fir r'ar n-déis is mairg a chì, Do ghabhamaid<sup>10</sup> air gach tìr neart.  
Dh' éireamar<sup>11</sup> uile gu dian, Ach Fionn nam Fiann<sup>12</sup> agus Goll,  
Dh' fheitheamh<sup>13</sup> a' churaich a b' àrd ceum, 'Bha 'na réim  
sgoltadh<sup>14</sup> nan tonn.

Nior<sup>15</sup> dheàrnadh tàmh no tochd,<sup>16</sup> Gu'r ghabh cala 'sa' phort<sup>17</sup>  
ghnàth

A' teachd dò air an eas, Dh' éirich as macaomh-mnà.

Gile a dealradh na<sup>18</sup> a' ghrian,† Is fearr ‡ a mèinn na<sup>19</sup> a dealbh; †  
An inghin 'thàinig an céin, Do bhamar féin roimpe soirbh.

Thig chugainn gu pùbull Fhinn, Is beannaicheas<sup>20</sup> gu<sup>21</sup> grinn dò;<sup>22</sup>

\* The forms given at the foot of each page, with a few exceptions easily distinguished, represent more accurately the forms of the Dean's MS. ; but as our modern version is intended chiefly for Scottish readers, we have used, as far as possible, the Scottish orthography, although it is frequently less accurate.

† See note, p. 184. ‡ "Saoir" ?

<sup>1</sup> Aithnight', <sup>2</sup> "Scél."

<sup>3</sup> "nach g-cuirfidh," fut. ind. in Miss Brooke's version.

<sup>4</sup> "fa" = "ba," usually written "bu" in Scottish Gaelic.

<sup>5</sup> "cowin" = "cumhain" (remembrance).

<sup>6</sup> "bhamairne" in Miss Brooke's version.

<sup>7</sup> "Eas Aedha ruaidh mhic Bhadhairn" (the cataract of red Aedh, son of Badharn), now more commonly called the Salmon-Leap on the Erne, at Ballyshannon. (See Ossianic Society's Transactions, iii., 115).

<sup>8</sup> Gillies' version has "eighin;" but cf. "ii eggìn ees Vc Mowrn" (p. 138 of MS.), where "ii eggìn" means "two salmons."

<sup>9</sup> "fa sheòlt'" = "fo sheòlta" (under sails).

<sup>10</sup> "Do ghabhamaoisd." <sup>11</sup> "D' éireamar." <sup>12</sup> "na bh-Fiann."

<sup>13</sup> "D' fheitheamh." <sup>14</sup> "Scoltadh na d-tonn." <sup>15</sup> "Ni."

<sup>16</sup> "na 'theachd'" ? The MS., however, is clearly "tocht." <sup>17</sup> "'sa b-port."

<sup>18</sup> "nas a'." <sup>19</sup> "nas a'." <sup>20</sup> "beannaigheas." <sup>21</sup> "go." <sup>22</sup> Sc. "dà."

Brighter her radiance than the sun,  
Her grace and mien surpassed her form;  
The maiden who came from afar,  
We all before her silent stood.

We brought her to the tent of Finn,  
Whom she greeted courteously;



Reggir m<sup>c</sup> kowle na heme, in bannow beinn gin toy<sup>t</sup>  
 Darrit in reith fa math drach, gi hard di neyn dath ylan  
 Ca trawe as danik in wan, toywir skaylli gi gar rowne  
 Neyn may re heir fa hwne, innossit gy<sup>t</sup> crwn my zaylle  
 Ne elli trawe fa nayin grane, nar earis feyn di lecht fal...<sup>1</sup>  
 A reithzin hwlle gi royd, a neyn oyk is math dalwe  
 In tosga fa dangis in gane, tawir is doyt<sup>t</sup> pen gi darve  
 Mi chomrych<sup>2</sup> ort mass tow finn, di rae rinn in makeayve m(naa)  
 Daywis towrloyry<sup>t</sup> is di loye, gove mi chomre gi loyth tra  
 Derrit in reith fa math fiss, sloneich in niss ca ther a hee  
 Goym rayd chomre a wen, er gi far za will in greith  
 Tay lay feich a techt er mvrri, leich is math gel er mi lorg...<sup>3</sup>  
 Mak re ni sorchir<sup>4</sup> is gear erme, is do fa hanm Dyr borb  
 Di churris gessi no chenn, gi berri fin may er saylle  
 Is nach bein aggi mir wnee, gar wath a znee is a awghe  
 Di raye osgir gi gloir mir, far sin di chosk gi reith

<sup>1</sup> Indistinct in MS.<sup>2</sup> "chomryth" ?<sup>3</sup> One or two letters illegible after "lorg." <sup>4</sup> "sorthir" ?

And Cumhall's dauntless son returned,  
 Not silently the soft salute.

Enquired the king of graceful form,  
 Whence is the maid of aspect fair,  
 From what land has the maiden come—  
 "Narrate to us in brief thy tale."

"My sire is king of Tir-fa-tonn,<sup>1</sup>  
 Briefly I shall tell my tale ;  
 There is no land beneath the sun,<sup>2</sup>  
 Where I've not sought thy heroes brave."

"Princess, who hast trod every land,  
 Youthful maid of matchless form,  
 What quest has brought thee from afar ?  
 Thy story let me truly know."

"If thou art Finn, I crave defence,"  
 Then said to us the youthful maid,  
 "For the excellence of thy speech and fame,  
 Protection grant me speedily."

Enquired the king, quick to discern,  
 "Name him by whom thou art pursued ;

<sup>1</sup> "Land-beneath-the-wave." See note from Dr Joyce's interesting volume "Old Celtic Romances," given at the end of this translation.

<sup>2</sup> Lit., "which the sun surrounds."

Freagair Mac-Cumhaill nar thiom,<sup>1</sup> Am beannachadh<sup>2</sup> binn gun tò.  
Dh'fharraid<sup>3</sup> an rìgh, 'ba mhath dreach, Cia h-àird<sup>4</sup> do nighin  
dath ghlain,

Cia 'n tràith as an d' thàinig a' bhean<sup>5</sup>—"Tabhair sgeul gu gar  
dhuinn."<sup>6</sup>

"Nighean mi<sup>7</sup> rìgh Thìr-fa-thuinn, Innisim<sup>8</sup> gu cruinn mo dhàil ;  
Ni bh-'eil<sup>9</sup> treabh fa'n iadhnann grian, Nar iarras féin do fhlaith fàil."

"A rìoghan, 'shiubhail gach ròd, A nighean òg a's math dealbh,  
An tosg fa'n tàingeis an céin,<sup>10</sup> Tabhair 'fhios domh féin gu  
dearbh?"

"Mo chomraich ort, ma's tu Fionn," Do ràidh rinn am macaomh-  
mnà ;

"Dh' fheabhas<sup>11</sup> t'ùrlabhraidh is do luaidh Gabh mo chomraich  
gu<sup>12</sup> luath trà."

Dh' fharraid<sup>13</sup> an rìgh, 'ba mhath fios, Sloinn a nis cò 'th' air do  
thì ;

Gabham ri d' chomraich, a bhean, Air gach fear dha bh-'eil an crì."

"Ta le faoch<sup>14</sup> a' teachd air mulr Laoch<sup>15</sup> a's math gail air mo  
lorg—

Mac rìgh na Sorchir a's geur arm, Is dò ba h-ainm Daighre Borb."

"Do chuireas geasa 'na cheann, Gu'm beireadh Fionn mi<sup>16</sup> air sàil ;

Is nach bidhinn aige mar mhnaoi, Gur mhath a ghniomh is 'àgh."<sup>17</sup>

"Do ràidh Oscar le<sup>18</sup> glòir mhir, (Am) fear sin do choisg gach rìgh,

<sup>1</sup> "thim."

<sup>2</sup> "beannaghadh."

<sup>3</sup> "D' fharraid."

<sup>4</sup> "Gu h-àrd" ? Miss Brooke's version has "Ca h-àird." <sup>5</sup> "an bhean."

<sup>6</sup> "scél go gar rinn." <sup>7</sup> "mé." <sup>8</sup> "Inneòsad." <sup>9</sup> "bh-fheil."

<sup>10</sup> "fa d-tangais a g- céin." <sup>11</sup> "d' fheabhas." <sup>12</sup> "go." <sup>13</sup> "D' fharraid."

<sup>14</sup> "faech." <sup>15</sup> "laech." <sup>16</sup> "mé." <sup>17</sup> "is a àgh." <sup>18</sup> "re."

Protection, maiden, grant I thee,  
From every man who would thee harm."<sup>1</sup>

"There comes with wrath across the sea  
A warrior strong in my pursuit—  
The son of Sorca's sharp-armed king,  
And who is named the Dyro-Borb."<sup>2</sup>

"With vows<sup>3</sup> I shunned his hateful suit,  
Till Finn should take me o'er the sea ;  
And that I might not be his spouse,  
Though goodly be his deeds and fame."

Then Oscar said with wrathful speech,  
That man who every king subdued,

<sup>1</sup> Lit., "from every man who is in the body."

<sup>2</sup> "Borb" (fierce). <sup>3</sup> Spells, charms.

Gin gar for finn di zess, ne rach tow less mir wneith  
 Di chemyn techt her stead, leich si wayd oss gi far  
 Sowle ni farga gi dane, si nwle chadin zoyve a wen  
 Clokghit tenn teyghne ma chenni, fa nar nar heme is nar...ey..<sup>1</sup>  
 Skaa zrwmy<sup>t</sup> zow er a zess, a drinlin cless er a claa  
 Clawé trome tortoyl nach gann, gi tenn er teive in ir vor  
 A gymirt class ossi chind, is a techt in genn tloy  
 Za woneiss zasg gi moya, a sessow in gawlow skay  
 Er nert, er ghask, er zelle ne elli fer mir ach say  
 Naill flath & rosk reith, in genn in ir fa keyve crow  
 Math in noyth, fa<sup>2</sup> gall a zayd, is loay<sup>t</sup> a stayd no gi srow  
 Tanik in stead sin in deir, sin far nar weine riss in nayne  
 Kegit leich wemir ann, zony<sup>t</sup> ra hynsyth gar nar  
 Er eggill in nir is a heyth, ne royve leich zein gan zrane

<sup>1</sup> MS. indistinct. Miss Brooke's version has "bhi trén."

<sup>2</sup> "is" seems to have been erased before "fa."

"Though Finn should not relieve thy plight,  
 Thou shalt not go with him <sup>1</sup> as spouse."

We saw approaching on a steed  
 One who <sup>2</sup> in stature all surpassed,  
 And travelling the sea with speed  
 By the same course the maid had come.

A flaming helmet girt the head  
 Of that undaunted man of might ;  
 On his right arm a black curved shield,  
 Whose field was marked with figured sports.

A strong and massive broadsword hung,  
 Close fastened to the warrior's side,  
 Which sportively he waved on high  
 As he advanced to meet our men.

Two mighty spears of victory  
 Stood in the hollow of his shield ;  
 For prowess, valour, and for strength,  
 No man with him could be compared.

A noble mien and kingly eye  
 Marked the comely hero's face ;  
 Fair was his aspect, white his teeth,  
 More swift his steed than any stream.

<sup>1</sup> Dyro-Borb.

<sup>2</sup> Lit. "a warrior, hero."



Ged nach fòireadh<sup>1</sup> Fionn do gheas, Nior rach tu leis mar mhnaoi.”  
 Do chìmeas a’ teachd air steud, Laoch ’s a mheud os gach fear,  
 Siubhal na fairge gu dian, ’San iùl cheudna ’ghabh a’ bhean.  
 Clogad teann teinnghe m’a cheann, Fa’n fhear nar thiom is nar ...;\*  
 Sgiath dhruimneach dhubh air a dheas A drinlin (?) cleas air a clé.<sup>2</sup>  
 Claidheamh trom torteil nach gann, Gu teann air taobh<sup>3</sup> an fhir  
 mhòir,

Ag iomairt chleas os a chionn,<sup>4</sup> Is e teachd an ceann (an) t-slòigh.<sup>5</sup>  
 Dà mhanais<sup>6</sup> ghaighe gu<sup>7</sup> buaidh A’ seasamh an gabhlann a sgéith’;  
 Air neart, air ghaighe’ air ghail, Ni bh-eil fear mar<sup>8</sup> (sin) ach sé.  
 Neul flaith agus rosg rìgh An ceann an fhir ’ba chaomh<sup>9</sup> cruth;  
 Math a shnuadh, ’s ba gheal a dheud, Is luaith’ a steud na gach  
 sruth.

Thàinig<sup>10</sup> an steud sin an tìr,<sup>11</sup> ’S am fear<sup>12</sup> nar mhin leis<sup>13</sup> an  
 Fhéinn’;

(Ni fhacas samhail an fhir Teachd gu ruige<sup>14</sup> sin an céin).<sup>15</sup>  
 Caogad laoch<sup>16</sup> bhiomar ann, Dhuinne r’a innseadh (?) gur nàr(?);<sup>17</sup>  
 Air eagal an fhir is a shith,<sup>18</sup> Nior robh laoch dhinn gun ghràin.

\* Miss Brooke’s version has “’s do bhi treun” (and who was brave).

<sup>1</sup> “Gun gar fòir.”

<sup>2</sup> Miss Brooke’s version—“Droim lán a g-cleas air an g-clé.”

<sup>3</sup> “taebh.”

<sup>4</sup> “os a chind.”

<sup>5</sup> “i g-cenn [in] t-slóigh.”

<sup>6</sup> “Dhá mhanaois.”

<sup>7</sup> Sc. “le.”

<sup>8</sup> “mear (?) ach sé.”

<sup>9</sup> “fa chaemh.”

<sup>10</sup> “Táinic.”

<sup>11</sup> “i d-tìr.”

<sup>12</sup> “an fear.”

<sup>13</sup> “ris.”

<sup>14</sup> “nuige.”

<sup>15</sup> From Miss Brooke’s version.

<sup>16</sup> “laech.”

<sup>17</sup> “’gar n-àr” (to our slaughter) ?

<sup>18</sup> “theachd” ?

That steed then landed on the shore,  
 And he, much dreaded by the Feinn;  
 (Never was one to match this man  
 Seen until then come from afar).<sup>1</sup>

Full fifty warriors were we there,  
 And be it said unto our shame,  
 Fear of the man and his advance  
 With horror filled our heroes all.

<sup>1</sup> The fourth line is Dr Smith’s translation. See Highland Society’s Report, p. 101.

Di twne mir hanik in deir, darrit in reith fa math clw  
 In nathin tow feyn a wen, in na sowd in fer a der tow  
 Hanney<sup>m</sup> v<sup>c</sup> coulle a ynd, is fowir linn a zi tane  
 Targi say mis wra less, ga math di thress a Inn ayle  
 Derre oskir *agis* gowle, bi worb coskir lonn ni gath  
 Nane sessow in gar in tloy<sup>t</sup>, eddir in far mor si flaath  
 Hanik in leich bi wath tlacht, lay fei<sup>t</sup> is lay nart no genn  
 Aggis foddeis woyn in ven, di we gar a zolin Inn  
 Tuk m<sup>c</sup> morn in turchir dane, gi croy no zey din tleygh  
 Neir anni in turchir nar hay, za sky gin darny da wlygh  
 Di crath oskir fa mor ferg, a chrissi zerg za layve chl(ai)  
 Agis marweis stayd in Ir, moir in teaach a rinnyth lai  
 Nor hut in stead er in lerg, zimpoe la ferg is la feich  
 Agis fokgris, borbe in teme, corik er in kegit leich  
 In teiwe moe zimsyth fene is dinn, kegit leich nar heim no z(aylle)<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Indistinct.

When from the wave he came to land,  
 The king of goodly fame enquired,  
 "Maiden, dost thou recognise  
 Be this the man of whom thou spak'st!"

"I know him, Finn of Cumhall son,  
 Harm to thy Feinn he'll do, I fear;  
 He will attempt to bear me off,  
 Though great thy strength, O generous Finn!"

Oscar uprose and with him Gaul,  
 Both valiant in the deadly fray;  
 And close beside our men they stood,  
 Betwixt the warrior and the king.

The graceful hero then advanced,  
 With strength and fury, them to meet,  
 And snatched away from us the maid,  
 Who stood close by the side of Finn.

Eagerly Mac-Morna threw  
 Right after him, with might, his spear;  
 Not feeble was that headlong thrust,  
 The warrior's shield was split in twain.

Then Oscar shook, in furious rage,  
 The bloody lance from his left hand;  
 And by it slew the hero's steed,  
 Great was this feat which it performed!

De thuinn mar 'thainig an tìr,<sup>1</sup> Dh'fharraid<sup>2</sup> an rìgh 'ba mhath cliù,  
 "An aithnigheann tu féin,<sup>3</sup> a bhean, An e sud am fear<sup>4</sup> a deir tu?"  
 Aithnicheam,<sup>5</sup> Mhic-Cumhaill, Fhinn, Is pudhar leam \* e do t' Fhéinn';<sup>6</sup>  
 Tairgidh se mise bhreth leis Ge math do threis, Fhinn fhéil."  
 Dh'éirich<sup>7</sup> Oscar agus Goll, Ba bhorb cosgar<sup>8</sup> lonn nan cath,<sup>9</sup>  
 'Nan seasamh an gar an t-slòigh, Eadar am fear<sup>10</sup> mòr 's am flath.<sup>10</sup>  
 Thàinig<sup>12</sup> an laoch<sup>13</sup> ba mhath tlachd, Le faoch<sup>14</sup> is le neart 'nan ceann,<sup>15</sup>  
 Agus fuadas uainn a' bhean,<sup>16</sup> Do bhi 'n gar do ghualainn Fhinn.  
 Thug Mac-Mòirn' an t-urchar dian Gu cruaidh<sup>17</sup> 'na dhéigh de 'n t-sleagh;  
 Nior fhann an t-urchar nar shàmh, Dhe 'sgéith<sup>18</sup> gu'n deàrnadh<sup>19</sup> dà bhlaigh.  
 Do chrath Oscar, 'ba mhòr fearg A' chraoisigh<sup>20</sup> dhearg dhe 'laimh chlé;  
 Agus marbhas steud an fhir, Mòr an t-euchd a rinneadh lé.<sup>21</sup>  
 'Nuair thuit an steud air an léirg, Dh'iompaidh<sup>22</sup> le féirg is le faoch,  
 Agus fògras,<sup>23</sup> borb an taom,<sup>24</sup> Còmhrag air a' chaogad laoch.<sup>25</sup>  
 An taobh muigh dhiom-sa féin 's do Fhionn,<sup>26</sup> Caogad laoch nar thiom 'na dhàil;

\* The MS. is plainly "linn"; but the sense requires "leam" = "liom" in Miss Brooke's version.

<sup>1</sup> "in d-tìr," or "i d-tìr."

<sup>2</sup> "D'fharraid."

<sup>3</sup> Sc. "An aithnich thu féin."

<sup>4</sup> "in fer," now "an fear" in Irish.

<sup>5</sup> "Aithnighim."

<sup>6</sup> "a Fhind."

<sup>7</sup> "D' éirigh."

<sup>8</sup> "coscar."

<sup>9</sup> "na g-cath."

<sup>10</sup> "an fear."

<sup>11</sup> "sa flath," for "'s a bh-flath."

<sup>12</sup> "Thàinig."

<sup>13</sup> "laech."

<sup>14</sup> "faech."

<sup>15</sup> "'na g-cenn."

<sup>16</sup> "an bhean."

<sup>17</sup> "cròdha."

<sup>18</sup> "sciath."

<sup>19</sup> Sc. "drinneadh."

<sup>20</sup> "a chrissi," in the MS. = "a' chraoisigh," acc. correctly.

<sup>21</sup> "Sc. "leatha."

<sup>22</sup> "Dh' iompaigheas."

<sup>23</sup> "fòcras."

<sup>24</sup> "taem."

<sup>25</sup> "an caogad laech."

<sup>26</sup> "d' Fhinn."

But when his steed fell on the plain,  
 With wrath and fury he turned round,  
 And challenged, savage was his rage,  
 Our fifty warriors to fight.

Besides myself and Finn our prince,  
 There met him fifty fearless men ;



Gar waath in cessow sin drost, di zyle in gosk la ny<sup>t</sup> lawe  
 Varrit da willi gi marri, gi dane di gi far zew sin  
 De vemist wlli fa hur, mir hw ac coryk fir  
 Chaywill tre nenour gi moy, sin nirrill chroy solii di scurr<sup>1</sup>  
 Ga croy caywill ni dre cheill, er gi eine dew sin a churr<sup>2</sup>  
 Di zrwt gowle in nagni vir, gow leddirt in ir in gor ro...<sup>3</sup>  
 Ga bea chewi<sup>t</sup> ead in sin, bi zarve in gell is in gloa  
 Horchir m<sup>c</sup> morn lai lawe, m<sup>c</sup>re ny<sup>t</sup> sorchir skaylle mor  
 B markg trayve in danik in ven, fa hut in far in gar (zi) ch(oy<sup>n</sup>)<sup>4</sup>  
 Is er tuttwm in ir wor, in gar zi choyn, croy in keme  
 Di we neyn re heir fa hwne, bleyghin ac finn ansy<sup>t</sup> nane  
 Flann m<sup>c</sup> morn, croy in cass, hor bass fa mor in teacht  
 Ne royve leich a danik ass, zeive gin a chneit<sup>5</sup> lane di (chrecht)<sup>6</sup>  
 Mathirsy<sup>t</sup> feine bi wath tlacht, neach a wacky<sup>t</sup> reyve neir (er)<sup>7</sup>  
 In nis oss derri dym zneith, er Inn is annit doth skaylle.  
 Annit doth skaylle.

<sup>1</sup> Indistinct.<sup>2</sup> Indistinct.<sup>3</sup> Indistinct.<sup>4</sup> Indistinct.<sup>5</sup> Indistinct.<sup>6</sup> Chneith ?<sup>7</sup> Indistinct.

Though great their valour and their strength,  
 He vowed his arm would them subdue.

If but two sudden blows he dealt,  
 With ardour to each man opposed,  
 We all would have been under ground,  
 In combat vanquished by this man.

Three times nine men the victor bound,  
 In the fierce contest ere he ceased ;  
 Tightly the binding of three smalls<sup>1</sup>  
 Upon each one of them he placed.

Then did the valiant Gaul advance  
 To crush the hero in close fight ;  
 Whoever then should them behold,  
 Fierce was their ardour and their strife.

There fell, by brave Mac-Morna's hand,  
 The king of Sorca's son—sad tale !  
 Woe to the land to which had come  
 The maid for whom the man was slain !

<sup>1</sup> The neck, the wrists, and the ankles.

Gar mhath an gaisge<sup>1</sup> 's an trosd, Do gheall an cosg le a làimh.  
 Bheireadh dà bhuille gu mear, Gu dian do gach fear dhiubh sin,  
 Do bhiomaid<sup>2</sup> uile fa h-ùr, Mar h-uagh (?), ag còmhrag fir.  
 Cheangail trì naoinear le<sup>3</sup> buaidh, 'San iorghail chruaidh sol do  
 sguir ;

Gu cruaidh ceangal nan trì chaol, air gach aon diubh sin do chuir.  
 Do dhruid Goll an aignidh mhir, Gu leadairt an fhir an gar dhò ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Ge b' e 'chitheadh iad an sin, Ba gharbh an gail is an gleò.  
 Thorchair Mac-Mòirne le 'làimh Mac rìgh na Sorchir, sgeul<sup>6</sup> mòr!  
 Is mairg treabh an d' thàinig a' bhean,<sup>7</sup> Fa 'n thuit am fear<sup>8</sup> an  
 gar dhò.

Is air tuiteam an fhir mhóir, An gar dha chuan, cruaidh an ceum!  
 Do bhi<sup>9</sup> nighean rìgh Thir-fa-thuinn Bliadhn' aig Fionn anns an  
 Fhéinn'.

Flann Mac-Mòirne, cruaidh an càs. Fhuair bàs, ba mhòr an  
 t-euchd !

Nior robh laoch a thàinig<sup>10</sup> as, Gun a chneas lan do chreuchd ;  
 M' athair-sa féin, ba mhath tlachd, Neach a' mhacaidh<sup>11</sup> riamh  
 nior eur :

A nis o's deireadh do'm ghnai, Air Fhionn is aithne dhomh sgeul.<sup>12</sup>  
 Aithnìcht' domh sgeul.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "caiseadh" (?). Miss Brooke's version has "gaisge." <sup>2</sup> "bhimisd."  
<sup>3</sup> "gu." <sup>4</sup> "seuir." <sup>5</sup> "dhà." <sup>6</sup> "scél."  
<sup>7</sup> "in bhen." <sup>8</sup> "an fear" = "in fer." <sup>9</sup> "Sc. "bha."  
<sup>10</sup> "thàinig." <sup>11</sup> "a mhacaidhe." <sup>12</sup> "scél" = mod. Ir. "sgéal."

And when the mighty warrior fell  
 On ocean's strand—event of woe !  
 The royal maid<sup>1</sup> of Tir-fa-ton  
 In Feinn-land dwelt a year with Finn.

Flann Mac-Morna—woeful deed !  
 Was slain—it was a mighty feat ;  
 Nor was there warrior that escaped,  
 Whose body was not full of wounds—

(Except) my sire of noble mien,  
 He who stranger ne'er refused :  
 Now, since my countenance is changed,  
 To me is known a tale of Finn.  
 I know a tale.

<sup>1</sup> Lit., "The daughter of the King of Tir-fa-tonn."

The following stanza is written at the bottom of page 221 of MS. :—

Do<sup>1</sup> zawe sea churre na o skay, leich na thraa zor royve ann  
Na gin dug ayr mor er ir wane, is gin dranik sea feyn fynn.

The following stanzas are written at the bottom of page 222 :—

Mir wee kegit leich garwe in daall in narm zo gi loor  
Wemost gin choyvir fa smach, da goyvyss woyn in cor...<sup>2</sup>  
Di weit in glywe gin tocht a clyith chorp *agis* skay  
Co math chorik sen a deiss, ne aykyth reiss er mi raye  
Elegir aggin ag in ess fer bi wath tressi is gneiwe  
Curir fay wrayth gi noyeir,<sup>3</sup> fane oyr in nanoyr mi reith  
Deych bleyin zoolle in narm naye in leich worb nar layeth in gath  
M<sup>c</sup> morn fa deyiss lamm, gai leygiss ac Finn ni fleygh.

<sup>1</sup> Illegible. "Di"?

<sup>2</sup> Indistinct.

<sup>3</sup> "noyeir," the word in the MS., may be a clerical mistake for "moyeir" = "medir." Cf. Miss Brooke's version.

He neither lance nor shield did show  
To chief or warrior that was there ;<sup>1</sup>  
Our Feinn contemptuously he passed,  
Until he came up close to Finn.

Had not our fifty warriors stout  
Been in the clash of arms his match,  
We helpless would have been in thrall,  
Deprived of what had been our right.

Unceasing would the sword have been  
Destroying men and shields alike ;  
So fierce a conflict betwixt two,  
Was not, in my day, seen again.

<sup>1</sup> For these two first lines, Gillies' version has :—

Ni 'n d' fheuch e lann no sgiath  
Do laoch no thriath da 'n robh ann.



The following stanza is written at the bottom of p. 221 of MS. :—

Do ghabh se 'churaidh no a sgiath, Laoch no thriath dha'n robh ann ;  
Na gu'n tug àr mòr\* air ar Féinn', Is gu'n d' ràinig se féin Fionn.

The following stanzas are written at the bottom of page 222 :—

Mar bhiodh caogad laoch<sup>1</sup> garbh An dàil an àrm dhò<sup>2</sup> gu leòr,  
Bhiomaid<sup>3</sup> gun chabhair fa smachd, Do ghabhas uainn a' chòir.  
Do bhiodh an claidheamh gun tochd A' claidh chorp agus sgiath ;<sup>4</sup>  
Cho math còmhrag sin an dis<sup>5</sup> Ni fhaca ris ri<sup>6</sup> mo ré.  
Adlaicthear againn aig an eas Fear ba mhath treis is gnìomh  
Cuirear fa bhràigh gach meòir Fàinne òir an onoir mo rìgh.  
Deich bliadhn'<sup>7</sup> a Gholl nan àrm àigh,<sup>8</sup> An laoch borb, nior  
thlàth an cath,<sup>9</sup>  
Mac-Mòirne ba dheagh-fhios leinn, 'Ga leigheas aig Fionn nam  
fleadh.

\* "tair mhòr."

<sup>1</sup> "laech."

<sup>2</sup> "dhà."

<sup>3</sup> "bheimisd."

<sup>4</sup> "sciath."

<sup>5</sup> Miss Brooke's version is "ag dis" = "aig dithis."

<sup>6</sup> "re."

<sup>7</sup> "bliadhain."

<sup>8</sup> "na n-àrm n-àigh."

<sup>9</sup> "in g-cath" for "i g-cath."

We buried then, close by the fall,  
The man renowned for might and deeds ;  
And on each finger point we placed  
A ring of gold, to mark a king.

For ten years, Gaul of valiant arms,  
The hero fierce not slack in fight,  
Marna's son, as well we know,  
Was healing with Mac-Cu'all<sup>1</sup> of feasts.

<sup>1</sup> Finn.

Awtor hujus Ossane m<sup>c</sup> Finn.

Sai la guss in dei  
 Fon n<sup>t</sup> vaga mai fin  
 cha nakim rem rai  
 Sai boo zad lym  
 mak neyn oe heik  
 Ree ny<sup>t</sup> wolly<sup>t</sup> tromm  
 meddi is mo raith  
 mo cheyl is mo choñ  
 Fa filla fa flaa  
 Fa ree er gire  
 Finn flah re no vane  
 Fa treat<sup>t</sup> er gy<sup>t</sup> teir  
 Fa meille mor marre  
 Fa lowor er lerg  
 Fa schawok glan gei<sup>t</sup>  
 Fa sei<sup>t</sup> er gi carde  
 Fa hillani<sup>t</sup> carda  
 Fa m'ky<sup>t</sup> nor verve  
 Fa hollow \* er znei<sup>t</sup>      \*hellew?  
 Fa stei<sup>t</sup> er gi scherm  
 Fa fer chart a wrai  
 Fa tawicht toye  
 Fa ly'seich naige  
 Fa brata er boye  
 Fa hai in techt'i ard  
 Er chalm is er keil (?)  
 Fa dwlta ny' dawf  
 o zaik graig ni glar  
 A kness mir i galk  
 A zroie myr in ross  
 bi zlan gorm a rosk  
 a holt myr in tor  
 Fa dwle dawf is donna  
 Fa hary<sup>t</sup> nyn aw  
 Fa hollow er gnee  
 Fa meine' re mnawe  
 Fa hai meill mor  
 makmvrna gi mygh  
 Bar' lyny<sup>t</sup> nyn land...  
 In cranna oss gy<sup>t</sup> Ig  
 Fa seywar in rygh  
 a vodla mor zlas ny . .

## Auctor hujus Oisín Mac Finn.

Sé lá gus an dé  
 Bho nach faca me Fionn ;  
 Cha 'n fhac re mo ré  
 Sé a b' fhaide leam.  
 Mac nighin O' Thaidhg,  
 Rígh nam fola trom,  
 M' oide is mo thriath,  
 Mo chiall is mo chonn.  
 Fa filidh, fa flath,  
 Fa rígh air gach rígh,  
 Fionn flath rígh nam Fiann,  
 Fa triath air gach tír.  
 Fa míol mór mara,  
 Fa luthmhor air leirg,  
 Fa seabhag glan gaoithe,  
 Fa saoi air gach ceird.  
 Fa h-oileamhnach ceirde,  
 Fa marcach nar mheirbh,  
 Fa ullamh air gníomh,  
 Fa stéidh air gach seirm.  
 Fa fíor cheart a bhreith,  
 Fa tabhach tuaith,  
 Fa ionnsaigheach 'n aigh,  
 Fa breadha air buaidh.  
 Fa h-e an teachda árd  
 Air chalm' is air chiall,  
 Fa diultadh nan dáimh  
 O dh'eug grádh nan cliar.  
 A chneas mar a' chaile  
 A ghruaidh mar an rós,  
 Ba ghlan gorm a rosg  
 A fholt mar an t-ór.  
 Fa dúil dáimh is daoine,  
 Fa áireach nan ágh,  
 Fa ullamh air gníomh,  
 Fa míne ri mnáibh.  
 Fa h-e am míol mór  
 Mac Muirne gach miodh,  
 [Barr loinneach] nan lann  
 An crann os gach fíodh.  
 Fa saidhbhir an rígh  
 A bhotla mór [ghlas]



Din zort zar\* zerve      \*zair  
 Terf (?) no cha thra...  
 [... a chorp chrow bane]  
 . . . . . tleye  
 Fa bi (?) croy chane  
 Fa chossnw ni grei<sup>t</sup>  
 Fa vanve ni bann  
 Gin dug in fla<sup>t</sup>  
 tre chaid \* ca<sup>t</sup> fa chann      \*trechaid ?  
 Er stratty<sup>t</sup> o zea  
 m<sup>c</sup> kowle nor chail  
 Id deir fa zoo  
 Ne closs goo na vail  
 Neir ear ne er na<sup>t</sup>  
 Zar air voo ynd  
 Cha royve a<sup>t</sup> re grane  
 re reyve vass a chynn  
 neir aik pest an locht  
 na arry<sup>t</sup> in noef  
 neryn nyn neve  
 nar\* varve in ser seyve †      \*ner      †soyve ?  
 ne hynnasse \* zneve      \*hynasse  
 a beine gin de bra  
 ner ynnasse voyn  
 trane a voy . . . . haya  
 a<sup>t</sup> is olk id tamm  
 In dei ind ni vane  
 Di quhy less ni fla<sup>t</sup>  
 gi ma<sup>t</sup> wa na ze  
 Gin angnow in vor  
 Gin anni<sup>t</sup> glan gei<sup>t</sup>  
 Gia uor in mue \* ree      \*mne ?  
 is gin wre in leich  
 Is tursy<sup>t</sup> id tam  
 in dei chinni ni gaid  
 Is me in crann er crei<sup>t</sup>  
 is me kewe\* er naik      \*keive?  
 is me chnoo chei<sup>t</sup>  
 is mee in teach gin schrane  
 achadane mi nor  
 Is me in toath gin treat<sup>t</sup>  
 Is me ossin m<sup>c</sup> fynn  
 Er trane yn znei<sup>t</sup>  
 nad\* bi voa finn      \*nads ?  
 di bi lwme gi nei<sup>t</sup>

D' fhion [ghort, gheur, gharbh,  
Tairbh noch char threith . .

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

Fa chosnaich na greith  
Fa Bhanbha nam ban ;  
Gun d' thug am flath  
Tri cheud cath fa cheann.  
Air sgreadadh o Dhia,  
Mac Cumhail nior cheil  
A deir fa dheoidh,  
Ni clos gu na bheil].  
Nior eur ni air neach  
[Dh' iarr air] bho Fhinn  
Cha robh ach rígh gréine  
Rígh riamh os a chionn.  
Nior fhág béist an loch  
No arracht an uaimh  
An Eirinn nan naomh  
Nar mharbh an saor suaith.\*  
Ni h-innis a ghníomh  
Da bidheann gu Dé bráth,  
Nior innseadh bhuaim  
Trian a bhuaidh is 'ágh.  
Ach is olc a taim  
An dheidh Fhinn na Féinne ;  
Do chaidh [leis an fhilath]  
Gach math 'bha 'na dheidh.  
Gun eangnamh [nam fear],  
Gun anach glan gaoith,  
Gun [fhear am magh reidh],  
Is gun bhrígh an laoich.  
Is tuirseach a taim  
An deigh chinn nan ceud ;  
Is me an crann air chrith  
Is me [caoidh iar 'n-eug].  
Is me a' chno chaoch,  
Is me an t-each gun srian,  
[Ochadan mo nuar !]  
Is me an tuath gun triath.  
Is me Oisin mac Fhinn  
Air trian [am ghníomh] ;  
An fhad 's ba bheó Fionn  
Do bu leam gach nidh.

\* suaith ?

vii sliss er i hyg<sup>h</sup>  
 m<sup>c</sup> kowl gyn blyg<sup>h</sup>  
 vii fy<sup>t</sup>it skae chliss  
 er gi sliss dew sin  
 kegit ymme\* oole \*yme?  
 in dymhale mi ree  
 kegit leich gin zmwzn  
 sy<sup>t</sup> gi<sup>t</sup> ymne\* zeive † \*yme † zewe<sup>?</sup>?  
 x<sup>t</sup> pley bane  
 na balli<sup>t</sup> re hoil  
 x<sup>t</sup> vrskir gorm  
 x<sup>t</sup> corn in noor  
 a<sup>t</sup> bi wa<sup>t</sup> in traive\* \*trawe?  
 a wag finni ni vane  
 gin dechil\* gin drow \*dochil?  
 gyn glw is gyn gley  
 Gin talkis ind  
 er in err za ayne  
 ag dol er gi nae  
 Di we ca<sup>t</sup> za rair\* \*rar  
 Finn fla<sup>t</sup> in tloye  
 sech.. an er a low  
 re nyn vlle oig  
 roy\* zwne ni neir zult \*rey?  
 Neir zwlt finni re ne<sup>t</sup>  
 ga bi veg a lynn  
 char churre ass a heach  
 na<sup>t</sup> zar\* dany<sup>t</sup> ann \*zor?  
 math in donna finn  
 math in donna ai  
 no<sup>t</sup> chair helit\* na<sup>t</sup> \*helic?  
 lai zor helic sai  
 Sai

### A Houdir so Allane m<sup>c</sup> royre.

Glenn Schee in glenn so rame heiv a binn feigh ayne & lon  
 Menik redeis in nane er in trathso in dey agon  
 A glen so fa wenn zwlbin zvrn is haald tulchi fa zraen  
 Neir\* wanew† a roythi gi dark in dey helga o Inn ni va... \*Ner?  
 † wannew?  
 Estith beg ma zalew leith a chwdy<sup>t</sup> cheive so woym<sup>m</sup>\* \*woyin?  
 Er winn zwlbin is er Inn fail is er m<sup>c</sup> ezoynn skayl troygh  
 Gwir\* lai finn fa troyg in skelga er v<sup>c</sup> ezwn is derk lee † \*Gwr



Seachd sliosa air a thigh,  
 Mac-Cumhail gun bhladh,  
 Seachd fichead sgiath chlis  
 Air gaoh slios diubh sin.  
 Caogad iomdhaigh thall  
 An timchioll mo rìgh,  
 Caogad laoch gun iomghuin  
 Air gach iomdhaigh dhiubh.  
 Deich ceud bleidh bán  
 'Na thalla ri h-ól,  
 Deich ceud usgar gorm,  
 Deich ceud corn an óir.  
 Ach bha mhath an tréabh  
 A bh' aig Fionn nam Fiann,  
 Gun doicheall, gun tnúth,  
 Gun ghleo, is gun ghliath,  
 Gun tailceas innt'  
 Air aon fhear dh'a Fhéinn,  
 Ag dol air gach [nì],  
 Do bhi cách dh'a réir.  
 Fionn flath an t-slóigh  
 [Sothran (?) air a lúth ;  
 Rìgh nan uile òig,  
 Roimh dhuine nì nior dhiult.  
 Nior dhiult Fionn roimh neach,  
 Ge bu bheag a linn,  
 Char chuir as a theach  
 Neach dha 'r d' thàinig ann.  
 Math an duine Fionn,  
 Math an duine e,  
 Noch char thiodlaic neach  
 Leth dha 'r thiodhlaic se.  
 Sé].

### Ughdar so Alan Mac Ruaraidh

Gleann-sìdh an gleann so re m' thaobh, Am beinn féidh agus loin,  
 Minig a raideas an Fheinn Air an t-srath so an déigh an con.  
 An gleann so fa Bheinn-Ghulbain ghuirm A's àilde tulcha fa ghréin,  
 Nior bh' anamh a shrutha gu dearg An déigh shealg o Fhionn na  
 Féinn'.

Eisdibh beag mu dh' fhalbh laoch, A chuideachd chaomh so uainn,  
 Air Bheinn-Ghulbain is air Fhionn Fàil Is air Mac O Dhuinn  
 sgeul truagh.

Gur le Fionn fa truagh a' chealg Air Mac O Dhuinn a 's dearg li,

Zwll di weynn zwlbin di helga in t<sup>r</sup>kgi na<sup>t</sup> fadin\* erm ze... \*fadm?  
 Lai m<sup>c</sup> ezwn nar' ay da bay gin dorchirri in tork  
 Gillir roy<sup>t</sup> la zoill finn is sche assne rin di locht  
 Eir\* fa harlow a zail m<sup>c</sup>ezw<sup>n</sup> graw nin skoll \*Er?  
 Ach so in skayl fa t<sup>r</sup>sy<sup>t</sup> mnā\* gavir† less di layve in to.. \*mnaan?  
 †gavr? gavis?

Zinggwal di la<sup>h</sup> ni wane da gwrri ea ass i gnok  
 In senn tork shee\* be garv di vag ballery<sup>t</sup> na helve mok \*schee?  
 Soyeth finn is derk dreach fa winn zulbin zlass in telga  
 Di fre dimit less in tork mor in tolk a rinn a shelga\* \*skelga?  
 Re elastith cozair\* ni wane ner† si nar' teach fa a cann \*cozar?  
 †nor

Ersi\* in uavest o swoyn is glossis woy<sup>t</sup> er a glenn [Glenn \*Ersi?  
 Curris re faggin nin leich in sen tork schee er frei<sup>t</sup> borbe  
 bi geyr no gany<sup>t</sup> sleygh bi trane iseygh no gath\* bolg \*gaih?  
 mak ezwn ni narm geyr frago<sup>r</sup> less in uavest vlk  
 na teive reyll trom nayvny<sup>t</sup> gay curris\* sleygh in dayl in turk  
 \*currir?

brissir a cran less fa thre si chāān fa reir er in nvk  
 In tleyg o wasi varzerga vlaye rait less no<sup>t</sup>char hay na c<sup>r</sup>p  
 Targis in tan lann o troyle di chossin mor boye in na<sup>r</sup>  
 marviss m<sup>c</sup> ezwn in fest di hany<sup>t</sup> feyn. de\* hess slane \*da  
 Tuttis sprocht er Inn no wane is soyis say<sup>1</sup> si gnok  
 Makz<sup>2</sup> ezwne nar zwlt dayve olk less a hecht slane o tork  
 Er wei<sup>t</sup> zoy<sup>t</sup> faddi no host a durt gar volga ra ray  
 To<sup>t</sup>iss a zermi<sup>t</sup> o hoht ga waid try sin tork so id taa  
 Char zult ay achhonych finn olk linn gin a heacht da hygh  
 Toessi tork er a zrw<sup>m</sup> m<sup>c</sup> ezwne nach trom trygh  
 Toiss na ye reiss a zermint gi meine a tork  
 Fa lattis roygh za chinn a zil nin narm rind gort  
 Ymboeis bi hurris gaye agis toissi zayve in tork  
 Gune\* i freich neive garve boonn in leich bi zarg in drod \*gunne?  
 Tutte in sin er in rein m<sup>c</sup> ezwne nar eyve fealle  
 Na la di heive in turk ach sen a<sup>h</sup>ya<sup>h</sup> zut gi dorve\* \*darve?  
 A ta schai\* in sw<sup>n</sup> fa chreay m<sup>c</sup> ezwne keawe ni gleacht \*shai?  
 Invakaiwe fullich ni wane sin tulli soo chayme fa art  
 Saywic swlzorme essroyve far la berrith boye gi ayr  
 In dey a horchir\* la tork fa hulchin a chnok so i ta<sup>h</sup>ka<sup>h</sup> \*horchirt?  
 horchrt?

Dermi<sup>t</sup> m<sup>c</sup> ezwne ayill huttwme tra ead my noor\* \*uoor?  
 Bi gil a wrai no grane bi derkga wail no blai kn...

<sup>1</sup> "say" deleted in MS., and "ea" written above in different ink.

<sup>2</sup> z apparently stroked out.

Dhol do Bheinn-Ghulbain a shealg An tuirc nach feudann àirm a dhith.

Le Mac O Dhuinn an àirm àigh [Do b'e gun torchair an torc,  
Geillear roimhe le foill Fhinn], Is se e-san 'rinn do lochd.  
[Fhear fa tharladh an gaol] Mac O Dhuinn gràdh nan sgol,  
Ach so an sgeul fa tuirseach mnàì Gabhar leis d'a làimh an torc.  
Dhiongbhal do laoich (?) na Féinn' Do cuireadh e as a' chnoc,  
An seann torc sidh 'ba gharbh Do [fhac ballardaich na h-alla-muic].  
Suidh (?) Fionn a 's dearg dreach Fa Bheinn-Ghulbain glas an t-seilg,

Do fridh d'imich leis an torc, Mòr an t-olc a rinn a' cheilg.  
Re clasteacht comhgair nam Fiann An ear 's an iar a' teachd f' a cheann,

Eireas an uamh-bhéist o suain Is gluaiseas uatha air a' ghleann.  
Curas re faicin nan laoch An seann torc sidh air fraoch borb,  
Ba ghéire na gàinne sleagh Ba tréine a fhriogh (?) na gath-bolg.  
Mac O Dhuinn an àirm gheir Freagoir leis an uamh-bheist olc,  
'Na taobh [thriall trom neimhneach gath], Curas sleagh an dàil an tuirc.

Brisear an crann leis fa thri 'S a cheann fa réir air a' mhuc ;  
An t-sleagh o 'bhas bharr-dhearg bhlàth [Rait leis noch char e 'na corp].

Tairngeas an t-seann-lann a truail Do choisinn mòr bhuaidh an àir,  
Marbhas Mac o Dhuinn a' bheist, Do thàinig fein do h-eis slàn.  
Tuiteas sprochd air Fionn na Féinn, Agus suidheas se 'sa' chnoc ;  
Mac O Dhuinn nior dhuilt dàimh Olc leis a theachd slan o 'n torc.  
Air bhith dha fada 'n a thosd A dubhairt gar b'olc r 'a ràdh :  
Tomhais, a Dhiarmaid, o 'shoc Cia mheud troigh 's an torc so 'tà.  
Char dhuilt e athchuinge Fhinn Olc leinn gun a theachd [da-thigh],  
Tomhais a' torc air a dhruim Mhic O' Dhuinn nach trom troigh,  
Tomhais 'n a aghaidh a ris A Dhiarmaid, gu mion, an torc ;  
Bu leatsa rogha dh'a chionn A ghil' nan àirm roinn goirt.  
Impaidheas, bu thurus gàidh,<sup>1</sup> Agus thomhais dhoibh an torc  
Ghuin an fraoch nimhe garve Bonn an laoich bu gharg an trod.  
Thuit an sin air an raon Mac O' Dhuinn nar [aoibh feall]  
'Na laidhe da thaobh an tuirc Ach sin [àgh] dhuit gu doirbh.  
Ata se an sin fo chriadh Mac O' Dhuinn ciabh nan cleachd,  
Aon mhacamh fuileach na Féinn 'San tulaich so [chitheam] fo fheart.

Seabhag suil-ghorm Easa-ruaidh, Fear le'm beireadh buaidh gach àir,

An déigh a thorchairt le torc, Fa thulchain a' chnuic so a tà.  
Diarmad Mac O' Dhuinn [àill', A thuiteam fe eud mo nuair !]  
Bu ghile 'bhràigh na gréin Bu deirge 'bheul na blath cnò

<sup>1</sup> Of peril.



Fa boe Innis a olt fadda rosk barzlan fa lesga  
 Gwrme is glassi no hwle maissi is cassi i gowl ni gleacht  
 Binni-\* is grinnis no zloyr gil no zoid barzerg *vlahah* \*Binnis?  
 mayd agis yvycht sin leich seng is seir no kness bayn\* \*bayne?  
 Coythtych is maaltor ban m<sup>c</sup> ezvne bi var' boy  
 In turri char hog a swle o chorreich wr er a zroy  
 Ymmi r *deich*<sup>1</sup> eyde is each fer in neygin chreach nar charri  
 Gilli a bar gasga is yve<sup>2</sup> ach troygh mir a feich\* si *ghlenn*. \*teich?  
 Glennshee.

A ho[wdir] s[os]s Allan m<sup>c</sup> royre.

Mor in nocht my chow feyn a halgin id ta zim rair\* \*rar?  
 Re smentew a chaa chrow huggemir is carbry<sup>t</sup> cranroye  
 A mak sen chormik echwyni *merga* in nayn harly<sup>t</sup> fa chung  
 Rei<sup>t</sup> gin chass vin chaa<sup>t</sup> di churri is gin zrane roytht boe  
 Kailsvm\* git olli<sup>t</sup> fame hwnni Inni is clann kewe chwnni \*Kailsvin?  
 Gussi\* wyve sen charbre roye nir smene senie† olk na *anzwain*  
 \*Guss i? †seine?  
 Di chan carbri<sup>t</sup> rany<sup>t</sup> loye<sup>t</sup> agis di be in nollit\* chroye \*nellit?  
 uollit?  
 gir bar less twttwm er myg agis in nane la cheille  
 Nassy<sup>t</sup> reit<sup>r</sup>e wea vir agis in nane a weit<sup>t</sup> er nerrin

<sup>1</sup>ymmir *deich*.

<sup>2</sup>"yve" deleted. "seith" or "seich" in different ink above line.

## The Battle of Gahhra.

Great this night is my sorrow,  
 Holy man, who art subject to me,<sup>1</sup>  
 Thinking of the fierce battles  
 That we fought with Cairbre of the Red Spear.

That son of Cormac O'Conn,  
 Woe to the Feinne that came under his yoke !

<sup>1</sup>This is evidently a mistake. It was Oisín that was under Patrick's rule.  
 Cf. :—

"As mor a nocht mo chumha féin  
 A Phatraic gidh taim dod' reir"

—in the Ir. Oss. Soc.'s Transactions, Vol. 1, p. 110.

[Bu bhuidhe innis] a fholt, Fada rosg barghlan fa [liosg],  
 Guirme agus glais' 'n a shùil Maise 's cais an cùl nan cleachd  
 Binneas is grinneas 'n a ghlòir Gile' n a dhòid bharr-dhearg bhlàth  
 Meud agus éifeacha 's an laoch Seang is saor 'n a chneas bàn.  
 Coiteach is mealltair bhan, Mac O'Dhuinn bu mhòr buaidh,  
 An t-suiridh char thog a sùil. O chorruich iur air a ghruaidh.  
 [Imirdeach fhaoghaid] is each Fear an eigin chreach nar chàr  
 Gille a b' fheàrr gaisg' is sìoth Ach truagh mar a [theich] 'sa'  
 ghleann.

### Ughdar so sios Alan Mac Ruaraidh.

Mòr an nochd mo chumha féin, A thailgein a ta dha m' réir,  
 Re smaoineadh a' chatha chruaidh Thugamar is Cairbre Crann-  
 ruadh.  
 Am mac sin Chormaic O' Chuinn Mairg an Fhéinn 'tharla fa  
 chuing  
 Rìgh gun chas uim chath do chuir Is gun ghràin roimh biodhbha.  
 [Cailleas mi gach uile fa m' dhaoine] Fhinn is clanna caomh Chuinn  
 Gus a bh-faidhbh sin Chairbre-ruaidh, Nior smaoineadh sinn olc  
 no anmhaoin.  
 Do chan Cairbre r' a shluagh Agus do b' i an fhala chruaidh  
 Gur b' fhèarr leis tuitim air magh Agus an Fhéinn le cheile  
 Na(sa) rìghreachd bheathadh mhir Agus an Fheinn a bhith air  
 Eirinn.

A king careless about giving battle,  
 And without fear before his foes.

[I lost all of my men,  
 Fionn and the gentle race of Conn,  
 Until Red Cairbre's yoke  
 We thought not of evil or wrong].

Said Cairbre to his host  
 (And it was direful treachery),  
 That rather would he fall in the field  
 And the Feinni with him

Than (have) the sovereignty of the living world  
 And the Feinne be over Erin.

Di chan barrin gi prap cwnei<sup>t</sup> mvkre agis art  
 ffir sinsir huttwm in sen di wreit<sup>t</sup> felli<sup>t</sup> ni faynet  
 Cwnei<sup>t</sup> a gessith chroye is cwnei<sup>t</sup> in non \* oywir \*nen?  
 Is na<sup>t</sup> royin \* cogeit<sup>t</sup> rame linni ach na heiggeit<sup>t</sup> † vakkowle \*reym?  
 reyin ? † hoiggeit<sup>t</sup>?

Ba corle clonni cwne agis carbe a lay trome  
 Ead feyne a hawrt dar ginni agis sinni di zechin  
 gow marrei<sup>t</sup> no zey wleygh is <sup>1</sup> gin nane a wei<sup>t</sup> in nalvin  
 Is weadeisst baiss fa zoem tra na<sup>t</sup> bedeis in mir zloe  
 Hug sen gi fei<sup>t</sup> f'gi<sup>t</sup> in cath sen cath<sup>t</sup> zawraa  
 Di hut in nane bonni re bonni is reire\* olsa errin \*reit<sup>re</sup>  
 Ne roygh oo nynea nor gow fodleit<sup>t</sup> earra in doyt<sup>in</sup>  
 In rei<sup>t</sup> na<sup>t</sup> reigh fair\* smacht rair† linni gwss a chaa sen a halgin  
 \*far †rar

O churri an sen ir nair\* ner zowe rweni keiss <sup>2</sup> na kayn \*nar ?  
 Is ne roye ag dwn kei<sup>t</sup>rw<sup>n</sup> ach fair gwde di zea neirrin\* \*nerrin?  
 ymm \* er fey† in doyn worre na<sup>t</sup> lar ueyin† dei<sup>t</sup> in tloye \*ymni?  
 †ymme fey ? †neyin ? noyin ? weyin ?  
 Ni fenyeit\* la er lai a hwtteim la na cheilli<sup>t</sup> \*fonyeit ?  
 Da degfei<sup>t</sup> awlworrei<sup>t</sup> in sen orrew in neirrin eazlyn \*nerrin ?

<sup>1</sup> "is" apparently deleted.

<sup>2</sup> "keiss" with the "ss" deleted in MS.

Said Parran in haste,  
 "Remember, Mucramh and Art,  
 That your sires fell there  
 By the treachery of the Feinni.

"Remember their heavy tributes  
 And remember their exceeding pride,  
 And that there was not one province in my time  
 But was a tributary to Mac-Cumall."

It was the counsel of the Clan of Conn,  
 And of Cairbre from Liath-druim,<sup>1</sup>  
 To give themselves in our cause  
 And to have us beheaded,

That matters might continue as they were  
 And no Feinne to be Almr ;  
 And that we should die at last  
 When engaged in frantic strife.

We fought fiercely, wrathfully,  
 That battle, Gabhra Battle ;

<sup>1</sup> Leitrim.



Do chan Barran gu prap, Cuimhnich Mucruimhe agus Art,  
 Bhur sinnsir thuitim an sin Do bhrìgh fala<sup>1</sup> na Feinne.  
 Cuimhnich an geasaidh cruaidh, Is cuimhnich an an-uabhar,  
 Is nach robh aon Chòige ri m' linn Ach na h-ìocaidhe do 'Mhac-  
 Cumhaill.

B' e comhairle Cloinn-Chuinn Agus Chairbre o' Liath-druim  
 Iad fein a thabhairt d' ar cionn Agus sinne do dhicheann.  
 Gu maireadh 'na dheigh amhlaidh, Is gun Fheinn a bheith an  
 Almhain,

Is faighdeas bàs fa dheòigh, Trath nach beideas am mir ghleò.  
 Thug sinn fiadhaich feargach An cath sin cath Ghabhra;  
 Do thuit an Fhiann bonn ri bonn Is rìghre uailse Eireann.  
 Ni 'n robh o'n Innia noir Gu Fodhla iar an domhain  
 Aon rìgh nach robh fa 'r smachd r' ar linn Gus a' chath sin, a  
 Thailgein.

O chuireadh an sin ar n-ar Nior ghabh ruinn eòs no càin  
 Is ni robh aig duine [cith ruinn] Ach bhur cuid do iath-n-Eireann  
 Iomadh air feadh an domhain mhòir Neach le 'r eibhinn dìth an  
 t-slóigh

Na Fianna (?) leth ar leith A thuitim le na cheile.  
 Da d-tagfaidh Allmharraigh an sin Oirbh an Eireann iath-ghlain.

<sup>1</sup> feallaidh ?

The Feinni fell, foot to foot,<sup>1</sup>  
 And the noble kings of Erin.

There was not, from India in the East  
 To Fodhla, furthest West of the world,  
 One king to us not subject, in our time,  
 Until that battle, holy man.

Since our battle there was fought  
 We have not taken cess nor tribute.  
 [Nor to us was tribute due,  
 Only our share of Eirin's extent].

Many a man throughout the great world  
 Rejoiced at the destruction of the host:  
 [That the Feinn side by side  
 Should fall all together.]

If foreigners had then come  
 Against you in Erin, the fair land,

<sup>1</sup> Lit., "sole to sole," meaning close together.

Ossin cred a zaneit<sup>t</sup> finni \* is errssmi† far neirrin† \* fyny?  
† ersmi? † nerrin?  
Er a lawe a cleyrre chaye ne royit<sup>t</sup> si vanve vane  
Beggane di leithre erse\* agis ogre gin darve \*errse? arse? arrse?  
Ga bea reit<sup>t</sup> heissy<sup>t</sup> in sin zoyve sai fodleit<sup>t</sup> in nasgeit<sup>t</sup>  
Gin chath<sup>t</sup> gin nirrill gin nawgh gin nene\* gin achassen \*none?  
Churrsin ir dethta sor gow fahah mayk v<sup>c</sup> conni  
Di heit\* orrin nar genni di zowell reit<sup>t</sup>reit<sup>t</sup> errin \*hoit?  
Mor in tysin dymit<sup>t</sup> orweit<sup>t</sup> ar reit<sup>t</sup> tawreit<sup>t</sup> fa mow torm  
Twllit<sup>t</sup> owyr a twg gew\* dul di warwa er ollea \*gow?  
Ossin innis dhowe\* skail nor chorsew in nirrill trane \*dhoive?  
Nor hutyt<sup>t</sup> di waksi si chaa na drwg tow er er lawrytht  
Oskin mi vek osgir ayen. \* hanyt<sup>t</sup> mis er cwrreit<sup>t</sup> in nar a \*ayew?  
Id tanik keilty<sup>t</sup> er\* sen oskin a hecht' clynni \*or?  
Hanyk in\* roye boa zair† weane woskin in garrit<sup>1</sup> feyn \*ni? †zar?  
Drong zoe lawrrit or\* sin is weit<sup>t</sup> drong elli<sup>t</sup> gin armyn \*or?  
A cleyrreit<sup>t</sup> ni baichil(?) bane ga bea zeit<sup>t</sup> chewit<sup>t</sup> in tayr  
Byt<sup>t</sup> wor in troye rair\* lin olsa errin di huttym \*rar?  
Ymmeit<sup>t</sup> caithraa codeit<sup>t</sup> kewe \* y'mi loereit<sup>t</sup> heit<sup>t</sup> heir† \*keive? †her?  
Y'meit<sup>t</sup> skait<sup>t</sup> har 'si si wygh agis a trea gin anmyn

<sup>1</sup> In 4th line, "dyt" is written above "it" of "garrit."

Oisinn, what would Finn have done,  
And the remnant of the men of Erin?

By thy hand, oh holy cleric,  
There was not in fair Banbha  
(But) a few aged warriors  
And of youths untried.

Whatever king might then have come,  
He would have got Fodhla for nought  
Without battle, without strife, without contest,  
Without blame, without reproof.

We sent our messengers eastward  
To Fatha, son of Mac-Conn,  
To come to us to aid us  
And take the sovereignty of Erin.

[Great the grief that came on you  
From Tara's loud-spoken king;  
Further pride went altogether,  
For all our men were slain.]

Oisin, recount to me  
When you fought the stout contest,

Oisin, cred a dheanadh Fionn Is iarsma fhear Eireann ?  
 Air do làimh, a chleirich chaidh, Ni robh 'sa' Bhanbha bháin  
 (Ach) beagan do laochraidh ársaidh Agus óigridh gun dearbhadh.  
 Ge b' e rìgh 'thiseadh an sin, Gheibheadh e Fodhla a n-asgaidh,  
 Gun chath, gun iorghail, gun àigh, Gun on, gun achmasan.  
 Chuir sin ar teachda soir Gu Fatha mac Mhic Cuinn  
 Do theachd oirnn 'n ar ceann Do ghabhail rìghreacht Eireann.  
 Mòr an t-saith<sup>1</sup> sin d' imich oirbh O rìgh Teamhra fa mo toirm  
 Tuilleadh uabhair a tug gu dul A mharbhadh ar n-uile.\* [\*oile?]  
 Oisin, innis domh sgeul 'Nuair 'chuir sibh an iorghail threun,  
 'Nuair 'thuit do mhac-sa sa' chath An d' rug tu air air labhra ?  
 Os cionn mhic, Ocair àigh, Thàinig mis' air cur an air,  
 Ad tàinig Caoilte iar sin Os cionn a sheachdnar chloinne.  
 Thàinig na robh beo d' ar Feinn Os cionn an càirde fein,  
 Droing dhiubh 'labhradh sin Is bhi droing eile gin armain.  
 A chleirich nam bachall bàn, Ge b' e dhibh 'chidheadh an t-àr,  
 Ba mhòr an truaighe r' ar linn Uaisle Eireann do thuitim  
 Iomadh cath-barr cumhdach caomh Iomadh luireach shaoi shaor  
 Iomadh sgiath tharsna sa' mhagh Agus a thriath gun anmain.

<sup>1</sup> "tai," grief.

When thy son fell in the battle  
 Didst thou reach him while he had speech ?

Above<sup>1</sup> my son, brave Oscar,  
 I came as the slaughter was ended,  
 Caelte then came straightway  
 Above his seven children.

There came as many as lived of the Feinne  
 Above their own friends.  
 Of these some had yet speech  
 And some were without life.

Oh cleric of the white staves  
 Whoever should see the slaughter  
 [Would deem it] a great woe in our time  
 That the nobles of Erin were slain.

Many a helmet richly adorned,  
 Many a noble warrior's mail,  
 Many a shield (was) strewed on the plain  
 And its lord without life.

<sup>1</sup> i.e., to lean over him.



Cha deweit<sup>t</sup> sin din tloygh mirri baale er in roygh<sup>h</sup> boye  
 Cha dug sin lynni as a *chaa* ach feyve reit<sup>t</sup> na ardlath<sup>t</sup>  
 Sanni a hor me mi wag feyn na lea er a wllin chlaa  
 is skahah<sup>h</sup> nawriss er in layr agis a lanni na zes lawe<sup>1</sup>  
 Tonnwl allit<sup>t</sup> er git<sup>t</sup> lea dea er bley a loereicha  
 Leggwm erla mi ley re lar is di rynniss os a chinni tawe  
 Smvnin<sup>\*</sup> a healgin er sin cred a zanvm na zeye \*Smvuim?  
 Di hillit<sup>t</sup> osgir rwmsyt<sup>t</sup> sos agis bi lor lam a chros  
 Di hein a hweggwm a lawe<sup>1</sup> er wayn erre ym choaail  
 Di zoyve may lawe<sup>1</sup> mi vec feyn is dyt<sup>t</sup> hoeis ranyt<sup>t</sup> crea  
 Is won tw sin a lea char churreis cais sin teil  
 Hurrt romsy<sup>t</sup> mi wak farryt<sup>t</sup> agis a nar<sup>\*</sup> armyt<sup>t</sup> \*nor? ner?  
 A woe ris ni dwllw sin di wesit<sup>t</sup> slane a aythir  
 Ne zanwmsyt<sup>t</sup> (?) zewsycht goet<sup>t</sup> ne roe aggvm fregreit<sup>t</sup> zoe  
 Gin danik keilt wor sin huggin a zeyzin oskir  
 A dowirt makronane in nawe ath kynniss<sup>\*</sup> tayzeis a zrawg<sup>\*</sup> kyniss?  
 A tame er oskir mir is dloe dul a gomir seil awzewe<sup>\*</sup> \*awzeive?  
 Crachte<sup>a</sup> sley *charb<sup>e</sup>* roye fa ymlin osgir armroye  
 Lawe cheilt ga wllin des (?) reat<sup>t</sup> in greachte nyt<sup>t</sup> sley

<sup>1</sup> A dot above first part of "w" in MS. in these places. For *iv*?

That had not been the ruin of our host  
 Had it not been an enchanted spot.  
 We brought not with us from the battle  
 But the spoil of king or high prince.

There I found my own son  
 Lying on his left elbow  
 His shield beside him on the ground  
 And his lance in his right hand.

Pouring his blood on each side of him  
 On the fragments of his mail.

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

I let the shaft of my spear to the ground,  
 And I stood leaning over him.  
 I bethought me then, holy man,  
 What I should do after him.

Oscar looked up to me,  
 And to me 'twas pain enough.  
 He stretched towards me his hand,  
 Fain to rise to meet me.

Cha dìobhadh sin do 'n t-sluagh Mar a ball air an robh buaidh,  
 Cha d' thug sinn leinn as a' chath Ach faobh rìgh no ard fhìlath.  
 'S ann a fhuair mi mo mhac fein 'Na laighe air 'uillinn chle  
 Is sgiath làimh ris air an làr Agus a lann 'na dheas làimh.  
 Tonnadh 'fhala air gach leth deth Air bliaghìbh a luiriche.  
 Leig mi earrlinn mo shleigh ri làir Is do rinneas os a chionn támh  
 Smuaineam, a Thailgein, an sin Cred a dhàanfainn 'na dheaghaidh.  
 Do sheall Oscar riumsa suas Agus ba leór leam a chruas,  
 Do shín e hugam a làmh Air mhiann eirigh a' m' chomhdhàil.  
 Do ghàbh mi làmh mo mhic fein Is do shuidheas re na [crea],  
 Is o'n t-suidhe sin a leth Char chuireas càs san t-saoghal.  
 Thubhairt riumsa mo mhac feardha Agus e an deire 'anma ;  
 A bhuidhe ris na dùilibh sin, Do bheith-sa slàn, a athair.  
 Ni dheanam-sa dhuibhse gò Ni robh agam freagradh dhò  
 Gu'n tainig Caoilte [for sin] Hugainn a dh' fheachainn Oscar  
 A dubhairt mac Ronain an aigh : Ach cionnas a ta thus, a ghràidh ?  
 Atàim, ar Oscar, mar a's dlìgh Dol an comar sil, Adhaimh.  
 Creuchda sleigh Chairbre ruaidh Fa imlinn Oscar airm-ruaidh,  
 Làmh Chaolte gu uilinn Do rach an creuchdaibh na sleigh

I took the hand of my own son,  
 And sat beside his body,  
 And since that sitting by his side  
 I have taken no thought for the world.

Said to me my manly son  
 And he at his last breath,  
 "Thanks be to (the powers of) the elements  
 That thou art safe, oh father."

I tell thee no falsehood,  
 I had no answer to him,  
 Until great Caelte came then  
 Towards us to see Oscar.

Said the brave McRonan,  
 "But how art thou, beloved?"  
 "I am," said Oscar, "as is meet,  
 Going the way of Adam's race."

The spear of Red Cairbre wounded  
 Under his navel Oscar of red arms.  
 The hand of Caelte to the right elbow  
 Went into the wounds of the spear.

Sirris keilta a k/nec er choyr Id toyr a Inni na zooc  
 It toyr a zrwme crechti kyn er a zerre din zarley  
 Sekreddis makronā in sin is tuitis gow talwin  
 Id dowirt keilty<sup>t</sup> y' meille trane er wei<sup>t</sup> zoi tryle in dyvenail  
 Feirane sen a oskir aile a skarris rany<sup>t</sup> wane  
 Is skar raa caath ra fynni bee in keiss ag seil morchwne  
 Gerrit a wei<sup>t</sup> zone mir sin a vek alpin a cleyri<sup>t</sup>  
 Gi waka huggin wo nar ne roye boea zaneu phail  
 Feichit keaid zo<sup>eny</sup><sup>t</sup><sup>1</sup> mir sin eddir\* ogre is arse \*eddr?  
 Ne roewe dwne slane dew sin aggin din neychit cadsin  
 Ach fer ix gonni g'in neive\* fath low aggin di chreactew \*newe?  
 Togmyr in tosgir arne er chrannew sley in narde a  
 Bermyn a gw tully<sup>t</sup> zlin dy<sup>t</sup> howirt\* dea a heydy<sup>t</sup> \*howrt?  
 Lead ny<sup>t</sup> bossy<sup>t</sup> zane chorp cha royve slane wo na olt  
 Na gi ryg a woñy<sup>t</sup> lair\* ach a ygh na hynirrane \*lar?  
 In nyich sin dwn sin naar geilli'gga churp (?) gow laa  
 Gir hogsin clan v<sup>e</sup>ne finni er chnokow ard evin  
 Neyr choneit<sup>t</sup> neat<sup>t</sup> a v<sup>c</sup> fen neir\* chein a wrair† fa zey<sup>t</sup> \*ner? †wrar?

<sup>1</sup> The *e* above line.

Caelte searched the wound aright,  
 He found his entrails in twain  
 [He found his spine touched,  
 Pierced by the sharp spear].

McRonan then cried aloud  
 And he fell upon the ground.  
 Said Caelte, the warrior brave,  
 As he was passing into a swoon,<sup>1</sup>

"It is truth, generous Oscar,  
 Thou hast parted from the Feinne.  
 [Thou hast parted from the battles with Fionn,  
 We shall be now] under tribute to the great race of Conn.

A short time we were thus,  
 Son of Alpin, cleric,  
 Till we saw (coming) towards us from the slaughter  
 Those that were alive of the Feinne of Fail.

Twenty hundred men were there,  
 Reckoning youths and old men.  
 Not a man of those had we  
 Unwounded, of those twenty hundred,

Lit., "under black cloud."



Sireas Caoilte a' chneadh air choir Ad fhuair e inne 'na dhò  
 Ad fhuair a dhruim creucht Air a gearradh do 'n gheur-shleagh  
 Screadas mac-Ròin an sin Is tuiteas gu talmhain.  
 A dubhairt Caoilte, am milidh treun, Air bheith dhò triall an  
 dubh-neul,  
 Firinn sin, Oseair fhéil A sgaras ris an Fheinn  
 Is sgar r'a chatha re Fionn [Bithidh] an cìs aig siol mor Chuinn.  
 Gairid do bhi dhuinn mar sin, A mhic Alpain, a chleirich,  
 Gu bh-faca hugainn bho 'n àr Na robh beò dh' Fhiannaibh Fàil  
 Fichead ceud dhaoine mar sin Eadar òigridh is àrsaidh ;  
 Ni robh duine slàn diubh sin Againn de 'n fhichead ceud sin  
 Ach fear naoi goin gu neimh Fa lugha againn do chreuchdaibh.  
 Togamar an t-Oscar arnaidh Air chrannaibh sleagh an àirde  
 Beirmin e gu tulach ghlinn De thabhairt deth eididh.  
 Leud na boise dhe 'n chorp Cha robh slàn bho na fholt  
 Na gu ruig a bhonna-làir Ach a aghaidh 'na h-aonaràn.  
 An oidhehe sin duinn 'san àr Giollachd <sup>1</sup> a' chuirp gu là  
 Gur thog sinn clann-mhaicne Fhinn Air chnocaibh àrd eibhinn.  
 Nior chaoineadh neach a mhac fein Nior chaoin a bhràthair fa  
 dheigh

<sup>1</sup> Géilleachdain ?

But a man of nine poisoned wounds  
 Was he who had the fewest hurts.

We raised the hardy Oscar  
 On the shafts of spears on high ;  
 We brought him to a pleasant mound  
 To take his garments off him.

A hand's breadth of his body  
 Was not whole, from his hair  
 Down to his foot-soles,<sup>1</sup>  
 But his face alone.

We passed that night amid the slaughter,  
 Watching his body until day,  
 And we bore the Sons of Finn  
 To high and pleasant hillocks.

No one wept for his own son,  
 No one wept for his brother, in sooth,

<sup>1</sup> Lit., "soles of the ground."

Re fegsin mi veesi mir sin kaach vly<sup>t</sup> a ken<sup>t</sup> oskir  
 Gerrit a wee zown mir sin er cwry<sup>ttin</sup>\* a churp cheive<sup>†</sup> zil  
\*cwr<sup>t</sup> in? †chewe?  
 Gow vaka chuggin<sup>1</sup> fa none fin m<sup>c</sup> kowle v<sup>c</sup> tranavor  
 Gow dugsydir<sup>2</sup> annsy<sup>t</sup> nar dram boe di zanev phal  
 Er fyail clynni beisni myr\* fa chassil chroo sin nirril \*neyr?  
 Di bi roygh baekel<sup>t</sup> ni werri is skanil\* ny<sup>t</sup> meilly<sup>t</sup> \*scranyl?  
 Gon vaggi sin merga finni re chranni sley vos ir gin\*<sup>3</sup> \*'gin  
 Hugsaid huggin asin nar di hug sin na gaoill  
 Di vanny<sup>t</sup> sinn vly<sup>t</sup> zinni is char reggir a sinni  
 Dwlli er in tully<sup>t</sup> na rane far in roive\* oskir arm zair \*rowe?  
 Nar a wowyth oskir finni er techt<sup>4</sup> daa vos a chinni  
 Togissa nye neachla is bany<sup>t</sup>chis da hanathir \*banny<sup>t</sup>chis?  
 Id dowirt in tosgir in sin re m<sup>c</sup> mvrnni<sup>t</sup> sin nor sin  
 Mi chin fest ris in naik er haggin a Inni arm zair  
 Troyg a oskir\* arne ea a zey v<sup>c</sup> mo v<sup>c</sup> sy<sup>t</sup> fen \*osgir  
 mis er a zeye is fanni is er dye fane errin  
 Mally<sup>t</sup> art in ir gym moye sai in dwe tanyk reym loyi<sup>t</sup>  
 Di len orrw<sup>m</sup> a heir\* na gi reach ma in noenei<sup>t</sup> \*her?

<sup>1</sup> The second "g" is apparently deleted.

<sup>2</sup> Word deleted.

<sup>3</sup> "g'in" in MS.

<sup>4</sup> Mark above "e."

Seeing my son thus.

All were weeping for Oscar.

'Twas but a short time we were thus  
 Watching the loved fair corse,  
 When about noon we saw approaching  
 Finn, son of Cumall, son of Trenmor.

[He found us on the field of slaughter,  
 The portion left alive of the Feinne],  
 Having found the Claun Baoiscne so,  
 Mangled corpses in the strife,

Mournful were the loud cries of the men  
 And the shrieking of the warriors.

Until we saw the banner of Finn  
 On spear-shafts above our heads  
 They came towards us from the (field of) slaughter.  
 We went to meet them.

We all saluted Finn  
 And he did not answer us,  
 [But] went towards the mound in his might  
 Where lay Oscar of sharp arms.

Re faicsin mo mhic-sa mar sin Càch uile a' caoineadh Oscair.  
 Gairid do bhi dhuinn mar sin Air [curaidh] a' chuirp chaoimh  
 ghil  
 Gu bh-faca chugainn fa nòin Fionn mac Cumhaill, mhic Threun-  
 mhòir.  
 Gu tugsadar ann san àr. (An) dream beò do Fhiannaibh Fàil  
 Air faghail Cloinne Baoisgne mar [sin] Fa chaisil chrò san iorghail  
 Do ba thruagh beuchdaich nam fear Is sgreadail nam mileadh  
 Gu bh-faca sinn meirge Fhinn Re chrauna sleagha bhos ar cinn.  
 Tugsad hugainn as an àr Do thug sinn 'nan comhdhàil  
 Do bheannaich sinn uile dh' Fhionn Is char fhreagair e sinn  
 Dol air an tulach 'na thréin' Far an robh Oscar àrm-gheur  
 'Nuair a mhothaich Oscar Fionn Air teachd da bhos a chionn  
 Togas an aghaidh neo [chlaon] Is beannaicheas d' a shean-athair.  
 A dubhairt an t-Oscar an sin, Re mac Mòirne san uair sin :  
 Mo chion feasd ris an eug Air t'fhaicin, a Fhinn àirm-gheur.  
 Truagh, a Oscair arnaidh, e, A dheagh mhic mo mhic-sa fein,  
 Mise air do dheigh a's fann, Is air deigh Fhiann Eireann  
 Mallachd Airt Aon-fhir gu buaidh 'Se an diu 'thàinig re m'shluagh  
 Do leun orm do shìor No gu rach mi an neo-ni.

When Oscar was aware of Finn  
 As he leaned over him,  
 [He raised his beauteous face],  
 And saluted his grandsire.

Said Oscar then  
 To Mac Morna<sup>1</sup> in that hour,  
 "My desire is now for death,  
 Having seen thee, Finn of sharp arms."

"Sad is this, brave Oscar,  
 Good son of my own son ;  
 I after thee<sup>2</sup> am faint,  
 And after the Feinne of Erin.

"The curse of Art Aenfhir with (deadly) power  
 'Twas this came to-day upon my host ;  
 It has brought ruin on us henceforth  
 Until I go into nothingness.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There is some mistake here in the MS. Finn did not belong to the Clan Morna.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.*, "after his death."

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.*, "out of existence."



Slane wome a zirril is dy<sup>t</sup> zawe slane di gi keis di hoikwail.  
 Slane di<sup>t</sup> gi math woym in nossa ach ne waym zin chomsa  
 Re clastin kelwein ny<sup>t</sup> finni a arrwm hosgr\* zi ling \*hosgir?  
 Di hein a woa in dai lawe is di zea a rosga rinwlaa  
 Di hy'ta finni rwnna a chowle di hilla deara gow dour\* \*donr  
 Ach fa osgir is fa wranna cha drin sai dair er talvin  
 Ach misa wane agis fin ne royve a zayn wos a chin  
 Hug ait tree zayry<sup>t</sup> sin noyir\* a clos fa errin awoyr \*noyr?  
 Coyk feicht kead is deich kead er ni\* goayrrow zin fer \*in?  
 Wa din nane marve er a wygh gyn nane dwn za essew  
 A zaa vrdill sin is ne goe is rei<sup>t</sup> errin skail fa moo  
 Wa marve er in teive\* elli<sup>t</sup> di loyg errin armzlin \*tewe?  
 Neyn rowe finni swllo<sup>r</sup> na saive\* o hen gow hyigh awas  
 Woyn zlo<sup>o</sup>sin<sup>1</sup> ne farda\* les rei<sup>t</sup>re wea zi werrin \*farrda?  
 Woyn chath sin cath zawry<sup>t</sup> no<sup>t</sup> cha drone ma tyn nawry<sup>t</sup>  
 Cha roive\* oor roea na loo nar leg maa osni lan wor \*rowe?  
 Mor no<sup>t</sup> my

<sup>1</sup> The o above line.

"Farewell to strife and battle,  
 Farewell to all taking of tribute  
 Farewell now to every good,  
 [But what I shall find from death (?)]."

Hearing the farewell of Finn,  
 His soul from Oscar leapt.  
 He stretched from him his two hands  
 And rolled his [glazing] eyes.

Finn turned to us his back  
 And shed tears bitterly ;  
 Save for Oscar and for Bran  
 He shed not tears on earth.

Save myself and Finn,  
 There was none excelled him of the Fcinne  
 They gave three shouts in that hour  
 Which were heard throughout Erin a second time.<sup>1</sup>

Five score hundred and ten hundred  
 [Were] numbered together of us,

<sup>1</sup> i.e., "echoed throughout Erin."

Slàn uam a dh' iorghail is do àgh, Slàn do gach eis do thogbhàil,  
 Slàn do gach math uam an nois Ach na faigheam dhe 'n [chomsa]  
 Re claidhin gol [mhìn Fhinn] A anam á h-Oscar do ling,  
 Do shin e uaith an dà làimh Is do iadh a rosga rainn-bhlàth.  
 Do thiondaidh Fionn ruinn a chùl Do shil e deura gu dùr,  
 Ach fa Oscar is fa Bhran Cha d' rinn se deur air talmhain.  
 Ach mis' a mhàin agus Fionn Ni robh a dh' Fheinn os a chionn  
 Thug iad trì garrtha san uair A chlosadh fa Eirinn ath-uair.  
 Còig fichead ceud is deich ceud Air an comh-àirimh dhinn fein,  
 'Bha de'n Fheinn marbh air a mhagh Gun aon duine dh' a  
 easbhaidh.

A dhà urdàil sin is ni 'n gò Is rìgh Eireann, sgeul fa mò,  
 Bha marbh air an taobh eile Do shluagh Eireann àirm-ghlain.  
 Ni 'n robh Fionn suilbhir no sàimh O sin gu h-oidheche a' bhàis  
 O 'n ghleò sin ni feirde leis Rìghreachd a' bheatha dha bheirinn.  
 O 'n chath sin catha Ghabhra Noch cha d' rinn mi teann-labhradh  
 Cha robh uair riamh no lò Nar leig me osnadh làn-mhòr.

Of the Feinni dead on the plain,  
 Without one man short of that [tale].

Twice that number, and 'tis no lie,  
 And the king of Erin, a sadder tale,<sup>1</sup>  
 Were dead upon the other side  
 Of the host of Erin of bright arms.

Finn was not joyous nor at rest  
 From that (hour) to the night of his death ;  
 [From that conflict which was not well for him,  
 The kingdom of life I would give him.]

From that battle, Gabhra's battle,  
 I uttered not bold speech.  
 There was never hour nor day  
 When I did not heave a sigh full great..  
 Great to-night.

<sup>1</sup> Lit. "greater tale."

## A Houdir so sis farris filli.

Ard agni zwlle fer coggi finn  
 Leich loyvir loonn owil ne timm  
 Seir annith\* sos seir snaig heive \*anich  
 Murrich er sloygh goole crowich keiwe  
 Mak mornyth marri fa croich in gell  
 A chlew fa shen\* ffar gennoll sen \*schen?  
 Reih finnith\* fayl ne timmi i gloor \*finith  
 Ne in seywe a chail leich eyve mor  
 Noor heyd a gayth rayme flath feith  
 Ga meine a chnes ne in tas in neith  
 A waid ne i myn oos geagi torri  
 Say is glenny gen Eyddi nin\* skoll \*ni?  
 Oos barri benn errir\* sin rynn \*erris?  
 Fa heggill lenn a hagri hecht rinn  
 Derrim rwt a Inn na drillis noonn  
 Di warr agli zwle hagni gi troom  
 Gin chur ra wath si cath ne in doe  
 Inseith chayth kinselich sloe  
 A annith\* ne min fullich in fer \*anith anich  
 Dosi ni skoll ossil a zen  
 Wrrik a loygh torvirdy<sup>t</sup> fayll  
 A throst cayth is boyn fos flaa a chayl  
 Dwn na olt a wrwnni mir chelk  
 Wmlane mi chorp loomlane da herk  
 Erri fa cheis bi chor ra chws  
 Me'mnycht a weis dalwei<sup>t</sup> a znws  
 Ne elli re oos gowle ne chell ort a Inn  
 Tres ni doon a zasga zrin  
 Flaaoll fos daycholl a knes  
 Er zoole na clis ne slim er has  
 Broontych a zale convyeh a royr  
 Ferriddi mein melleddi moyr  
 Da rayth gi bray<sup>t</sup> aw is eich  
 Nawch re caych lawch a leich  
 claa chommis\* woon sonnis ni wayne \*choñis  
 monnwrrych\* coyn Illericht dane \*monmvrrych?  
 Loyvin er aw croyth na grewi<sup>t</sup>  
 Loyvir a layve roygh ni reith  
 Sonnis ni rowd sollis a zaid  
 Curris say layne gych trayn da wayd



## Ughdar so sios Fearghus Filidh.

Ard aignidh Ghuill, Fear-cogaidh Fhinn,  
 Laoch leabhair lonn, 'Fhoghail ni 'n tiom.  
 Saor-eineach suas, Saor-snaidheach a thaobh,  
 Muireadhach air sluagh, Goll cruthach caomh.  
 Mac-Morna mear, Ba chruaidh <sup>1</sup> an gail,  
 A chliú fa shean, Fear geanail sin.  
 Rígh Féinnidh fial, Ni 'n tiom a ghlóir,  
 Ni 'n saobh a chiall, Laoch aobhdha mór.  
 'Nuair 'theid an cath, Réim flatha faoi,  
 Ge mín a chneas, Ni 'n tais an gníomh.<sup>2</sup>  
 A mheud ni mion, Os geugaibh tor,  
 'Se a 's gloine gean, Oide nan sgol.  
 Os barraibh bheann, Iarrar (?) 'san roinn,  
 Ba h-eagal leinn, A thagradh theachd ruinn.  
 Deirim riut, Fhinn, Nan trilis dónn,  
 Do bhi air eagla Ghuill, Th' aignidh gu trom.  
 Gun chur r' a mhath, 'Sa' chath ni 'n dóigh,  
 Ionnsaigheach áigh, Ceannsalach slóigh.  
 'Eineach ni mion, Fuileach am fear,  
 Duasa nan sgol, Uasal a ghean.  
 Oirdheirc a shluagh, Toirbheartach fial,  
 A throst cath' a's buan, Fos (?) flath a chiall.  
 Duinne 'na fholt, A bhruinne mar chaile,  
 Iomlan mu 'chorp, Lomlan do sheirc.  
 Eire fa chíos, Ba chóir r' a chúis,  
 Meanmnach a bhios, Dealbhach a ghnúis.  
 Ni bh-feil rígh os Goll, Ni cheil ort, Fhinn ;  
 Treise na'n tonn A ghaisge ghrinn.  
 Flaitheamhail fós, Dáicheil a chneas  
 Air Gholl na clis, Ni 'n sliom a threas.  
 Bronntach a dháil, Confadhach <sup>3</sup> a threóir,  
 Fearradha mion Míleata mór.  
 Do fhraoch (?) gu bràth, Agh agus faoch,  
 Namhach re cách, Lámhach an laoch.  
 Cleath chonais bhuain, Sonas nam Fiann,  
 Mordhalach (?) cuain, Iorghaileach dian.  
 Leómhan air ágh, Crodha 'na ghníomh,  
 Leabhair a lámh, Rogha nan rígh.  
 Sonas 'na ród, Solus a dheud,  
 Cuireas se león (Air) gach treun dh' a mheud.

<sup>1</sup> "cródha."<sup>2</sup> "ní."<sup>3</sup> "Conbhach."

Boyn rowni a nir boy gorrik er  
 Leydwich a zelli Egni in sterr  
 Leich chwnych loonn neawny<sup>t</sup> la lynn  
 Targissi gool argissicht lynni  
 Leich armi mar fargycht ra chin  
 Colg convy<sup>t</sup> er onchow er zell  
 Forzalle ni gonn roych zraw ni ban  
 Leich dawe gi non di zna<sup>hah</sup> na zarr  
 La beowe\* rod a rot ne in tla<sup>hah</sup> \*boowe?  
 meith\* ni grayth a zrayth fa blaa \*neith?  
 Seyor a chrow awzor a rath  
 ne in traynith shrow na reym in gayth  
 mak morn is dane fa orryth a zayl  
 Innoyr a zlayr beith woyn a thrayn  
 Trayth marri mer fayle ferri a chorri  
 Gin tayr na zerr a zaill er forri  
 Mak teadis cheiwe nach tregi dawe  
 Sin\* choggi reith nar laggi a layve \*Gin?  
 Oawor\* a cholk is borbe a zloa \*Oawor  
 nor erris arg trane shelga zoa  
 a v<sup>c</sup> cowle zrinn coythwil es gyle  
 See boynych di zooll gin noa gin nawle  
 In nes rame lay a znayn\* zoo \*zuayn?  
 Werrim gin chelg trayn selga zoo  
 Ni twlli a ann far nas i gor  
 graw te'ni inn trane chon a zooll  
 Treg heich a zwle be seith<sup>t</sup> rwun  
 Nad ray gin ving (?) trane feych finn  
 Zoywidsi sinni arris a ayll  
 Is skeil mi zroym ne wor mi wane  
 Carri (?) gin kelg bail tanni derg  
 Annith\* si low a clow os ard \*Anich  
 Ard agni zwl.

### A Houdir soo Farris Fill.

Innis downi a erris Ille feynni errin  
 Ky'nis tharle\* zevin in gath zawrit<sup>h</sup> ni bey<sup>mi</sup> \*torle?  
 Ne math v<sup>c</sup> koule mo skael o chat<sup>h</sup> zawrit<sup>h</sup>  
 Cha<sup>h</sup> warr oskyr invin hug mor coskir\* calm \*coskr?  
 Cha warr seachta vec kheilt na gassre fean alwe  
 Di hut oyk ni feani Inn in neyda arry<sup>t</sup>

Buan rún an fhir, Buaidh cómhraic air,  
 Leidmheach a ghail, Eagnaidh <sup>1</sup> an stair.  
 Laoch chonach lonn, Nèimhneach le lainn,  
 Tarcuiseach Goll, Airciseach leinn.  
 Laoch airme <sup>2</sup> mear, Feargach r' a ch  
 Colg conbhach air Onchu air ghail.  
 Fearghail (?) nan con, Rogha ghrádh nam ban,  
 Laoch (?) daimh gun on, Do ghnáth 'na ghar.  
 [Le 'm bitheadh ród] A throd ni 'n tlath,  
 [Meath 'na ghruaidh], A ghrádh fa blath.  
 Séaghmhor a chruth, Aghmhor a rath,  
 Ni 'n treine sruth, Na 'reim an cath.  
 Mac-Morn' a's dian, [Fa orra a gheill,  
 Anmhór a ghleolr, Bith-bhuan a threin.  
 Triath mór, mear, Fial, fearrdha a choir,  
 Gun tair 'na ghoire, A dhail air foir].  
 Mac [Teudas] chaoimh, Nach treigeadh daimh,  
 'Sa' chogadh rígh, Nar lag a láimh.  
 Uamhor a cholg, Is borb a ghleó,  
 'Nuair eireas fhearg, Trian seilge dhó.  
 A Mhic-Cumhail ghrinn, Coimhghiol is geall  
 Síth buainich do Gholl, Gun fhuath, gun fheall.  
 A nis re m' lá, [A ghnáthainn dhomh],  
 Bheirinn gun cheilg Trian seilge dhó.  
 Ni 'n tuilleadh [dheth ann, Fear nas (?) an cor],  
 (Air) ghradh t' einigh, Fhinn, Trian chon do Gholl.  
 Treig t' fhíoch, a Ghuill, Bi síothdha ruinn,  
 'N ad réidh gun mheing, Trian fiadhaich Fhinn.  
 Gheabhad-sa sin, Fhearghuis [fhéil],  
 Is sgaoil mo ghruaim, Ni fhuair mo mhiann.  
 Cára gun cheilg, Beul tana dearg,  
 Eineach 's a lúth, A chliú os áird'.  
Ard aignidh Ghuill.

## Ughdar so Fearghus Filidh

Innis duinn, Fhearghuis, Fhilidh Féinne Eireann,  
 C'ionnas tharla dheimhin An cath Ghabhra nam beuman?  
 Ni math, Mhic-Cumhaill, Mo sgeul o chath Ghabhra,  
 Cha mhair Oscar ionmhain Thug mór chosgar calma.  
 Cha mhair seachd do mhic Chaoilte, Na gasraidh Féinn Almhain,  
 Do thuit óig na Féinne Ann an eideadh árfaich.

<sup>1</sup> "Eagnach" (wise).

<sup>2</sup> "arnaidh."



Di m'we m<sup>c</sup> lowy<sup>t</sup> si vi mek sin tathry<sup>t</sup>  
 Di hut oyk ni halvin di m'wa fayn brettin  
 Di hut m<sup>c</sup> relochlin fa lianyth\* veit<sup>t</sup> chony<sup>t</sup> \*linnych?  
 Bi chre fael farri bi lawe chalma in gony<sup>t</sup>  
 Innis doif a Ille m<sup>c</sup> mo vec is marrwn\* \*marruin? marrum?  
 Ky'nis di we oskyr scolta ni gathwarri  
 Bi zekkir\* a Innis di bi wor in nobbir \*zekkr?  
 Ne royve m'we sin gathsin hut la armow oskyr  
 Ne loych ess oyvin na syawok\* re eltow \*seyawok?  
 Na re vwnni sroych na oskyr sin gath sin  
 Wei<sup>t</sup> say ma zerri mir willi<sup>t</sup> ra trane zeit<sup>t</sup>  
 Na mir chran voass\* ewee si wew gi a naue'tee† \*veass?  
 † nauo'tee?

Mir chonnik re errin voa er lar a chah<sup>h</sup>  
 Hug oskir na chonew mir harwe twnni traa  
 Mir choñik sen carbre di chraa in tlye ha'tych  
 Gir chur treit\* a chi'bir gir bea in couva<sup>1</sup> cadna \*treith?  
 Neir\* ympoo sen oskir† gin drany<sup>t</sup> re Errin \*Ner? †oskr?  
 Gin dug beym gin deithill gir zethin ay gair'lyn \*gar'lyn?  
 Bollis art maccarbre er in darna bulli  
 Sawle a wei<sup>t</sup> in fer sin si winn rei<sup>t</sup> vm  
 Is me f'ris filli d'har hwil gy<sup>t</sup> Innis  
 Troggh er essni feyny<sup>t</sup> my skael re Innis  
 Innis

### Gillechalum m<sup>c</sup> ynnolleggh in turskail so seiss.

Di choala ma fad o hen skail di vonis re cowe  
 Is traa za hay<sup>t</sup>ris gow trome gata mir a'neiss orrinn  
 Clanni rowre ni braa mawle fa chonchoir\* is fa chonnil \* -or?  
 Di bur low oyg isi<sup>2</sup> wygh er hwrlair\* chogew vlyth \*hwrlar  
 Ga hygh ne hanik na genn fa vlli<sup>t</sup> leichre v  
 Cath er waall innoyr elly<sup>t</sup> dar zy'mone clanny<sup>t</sup> rowre  
 Hanik hukki<sup>t</sup> borbe a rei<sup>t</sup> ir gvrre croich chonnleich  
 A zis ni mvr\* ghlarri<sup>t</sup> grinn oo zown skay<sup>t</sup>† gow errinn \*nwr?  
 † skey<sup>t</sup>?  
 Di law<sup>r</sup> conchovir re caach Ca zovemyn chon in noiglay<sup>t</sup><sup>3</sup>  
 Di wrea beacht nyn skailith zaa gy' teachta la hairrei<sup>t</sup> woa  
 Glossis Connil nar lag laive di wrea skaillei<sup>t</sup> din vakeawe  
 Er darve torrin di' leich cayvelir connil laa conleich  
 Neir\* zoive† in leich ra lawycht Connil freiyth forranycht \*Ner  
 † zowe?

<sup>1</sup> "couba" in MS., with bar running from upper stem of b.

<sup>2</sup> "err" above "isi."

<sup>3</sup> "a wakceive" deleted.

Do mharbhadh mac Lughaidh, Is sé mic sin t' atbair,  
 Do thuit oig' na h-Almhain Do mharbhadh Fiann Bhreatain.  
 Do thuit mac rígh Lochlainn, Fáth leinne bheith chómhnaidh,  
 Ba chridhe fial feardha, Ba lamh chalma a' cógnadh.  
 Innis domh, fhilidh, Mhic mo mhic is m' anam,  
 C'ionnas do bhi Oscar Scoltadh nan cathbharra.  
 Ba dheacair r'a innseadh, Do ba mhór an obair,  
 Na robh marbh sa' chath sin Thuit le ármaibh Oscair.  
 Ni 'n luaithe eas aibhne, No seabhag re ealtaibh,  
 No rith<sup>1</sup> bhuinne srutha, Na Oscar sa' chath sin.  
 Do bhi se ma dheireadh Mar bhile re treun-ghaoith,  
 No mar chrann mheas [eabhaidh], 'S-a' bhuibh 'g a shnaidheadh  
 Mar chunnaic rígh Eireann Uaith air lár a' chatha  
 Thug Oscar 'na choinne Mar tharbha tuinne tràgha  
 Mar chunnaic sin Cairbre Do chrath an t-sleagh shantach  
 Gur chuir tre a cheann-bharr Gur b'e an cumha ceudna.  
 Mór iompaidh sinn Osgar Gu'n d' ráinig rígh Eireann ;  
 Gun d'thug beim gun [dichioll], Gur dhochainn e gheur-lann.  
 Buaileas Art mac Cairbre Air an darna buille,  
 Somhladh a bheith am fear sin [S bheinn rígh uime].  
 Is mi Fearghus filidh, Dar shiubhail gach innis ;  
 Truagh air éis na Feinne Mo sgeul re 'innis.  
Innis.

### Gille-caluim Mac an Ollaimh an t-ursgeul so sios.

Do chuala mi fad o shean Sgeul do bhuineas ri cumha ;  
 Is tràth dh'a aithris gu trom Ge ta mar [ainneas oirnne]  
 Clanna Rughradh nam breth (?) mall Fa Chonchur is fa Chonall,  
 Do b' ur luath òig air mhagh, Air h-urlar Chòige Ullaigh.  
 G' a thaigh ni thàinig [na'n ceann Fa uile laochraidh Bhanbha,  
 Cath aig faigheil aon uair eile, De 'r dh' iomghuin Clanna  
 Rughradh].  
 Thàinig huca, borb a fhraoch, An curaidh cròdhach Conlaoch,  
 A dh' fhios nam mùr [ghlarrach, ghrinn], O Dhùn-Sgathaich gu  
 Eirinn.  
 Do labhair Conchobhar ri càch : Cò gheabhamar chu'n an òglaich  
 Do bhreith beachd nan sgeula dheth Gun teachd le h-euradh  
 uaithe ?  
 Gluaiseas Conall, nar lag làmh, Do bhreith sgeula de'n mhacaomh ;  
 Air dearbhadh [torruing] do'n laoch Ceanglar Conall le Conlaoch.  
 Nior ghabh an laoch ri làmhach, Conall fraochdha forrànach,

<sup>1</sup> "riadh."

Cayd dar sloygh di cawle<sup>t</sup> less ayngny<sup>t</sup> is bone ra hay<sup>t</sup>ris  
 Currei<sup>t</sup> teachtir canni ni conni woo hardre ayngnei<sup>t</sup> vlleit<sup>t</sup>  
 Gow down dalgin zrany<sup>t</sup> zlyin sen downe gayli<sup>t</sup> ni geill  
 Woyn down sen di loyir\* linni di zangnowne neyn orginn \*loyr?  
 Teggowss gneive ny' serri<sup>t</sup> sange gow rei<sup>t</sup> feilty<sup>t</sup> ny' swarrinn<sup>1</sup>  
 Dissry<sup>t</sup> sloyg vllit oynny<sup>t</sup> teiggowss kow ni creive roye  
 Mak dettin a zoyg mir howe nar ettee teacht dar\* gowir \*dor  
 Faddi<sup>t</sup> er chōchowir\* riss in gon wayg<sup>h</sup>iss gin teach<sup>t</sup>(?) dar gowir  
 \*chōchowr

Is conil surry<sup>t</sup> ny' staid marry<sup>t</sup> in gwry<sup>t</sup> is keada dar sloyghew  
 Deakir zoiss wee y' bred a ir chwre er charrit  
 Ne in rai<sup>t</sup> dole in ayngny<sup>t</sup> a lanni si taa lar chawolei<sup>t</sup> cōil  
 Na smein gin dole na zye a re ni gormlañ granole  
 a lawe croy gin lagga re nach smoyn er heddy<sup>t</sup> is a gwrit  
 Cowchullin ny' sann lann sleim noar a choala tury<sup>t</sup> Connil\*  
 \*Chonnil?

Di zlossa la trane a lawe di wraa skailli di' wakcawe  
 Innis downi er techt id zailli a raigh in cow nar ob tegwail  
 a liss *raha* in nawry<sup>t</sup> zoe\* fiss tarm ka di zowchiss \*zoo  
 Dym zaissew er teacht wom hey gin skaili a zinsi zoeiw\* \*zoew?  
 Da ninsin di neach elli Id zrai<sup>t</sup> zinsin daire  
 Coirrik\* ry'sith is egin dud na skail dinsyght mir charrit \*corrik?  
 Gawsith zi royg\* a kheyv lag ne ghail tyigil vin chorrik \*roygh?  
 hhna ne wea gne dighow nar genn a honchow aw ne herrin  
 (tegsow er a kenn incow aw ne herrin)<sup>2</sup>  
 A lawe zasga in dowss trot mo chlow wea in naske aggit  
 Hoymon\* in dyr chona chail ne *ta* corrik a banvaill \*Heymon?  
 A na malcan di for a zwn is daltan croye cayve  
 Cowchullin ni gorik croye di we in laysen fa z'moye  
 A Invak di m'we less in teir\* lat chalm coive† zhass† \*ter  
 †cowe? †shass? hass?

Innis downni er *chew* ni glass o tei<sup>t</sup> fest f' ar naildis  
 Tarm is di lonni gi lom<sup>m</sup> na terg a zulchin orrin  
 Is me cōñleich m<sup>c</sup> nocon lir zlei<sup>t</sup> zown dalgin  
 Is me rown dakgis yn\* bron is tow ag skay<sup>t</sup> di tollwm \*ym?

<sup>1</sup> "s" before "swarrinn" apparently deleted.

<sup>2</sup> This line deleted in MS.



Ceud d'ar sluagh do cheangladh leis—Iognadh<sup>1</sup> is buan r' a aithris.  
Cuireadh teachdair' (gu) ceann nan con O àrd-rìgh iongnaidh  
Ulladh,

Gu Dùn Dealgan ghrianaich ghlinn Sean dùn [galach nan Gàidheal]  
O'n dùn sin do leaghar leinn Do [dh' eangnamh] nighin Fhorgaill,  
[Tugas gnìomh nan saora seang] Gu rìgh faoilteach nam [fearann].  
Dh' fhiosraich slòigh Ullaidh uaine, [Thigeas] Cù na craobhe  
ruaidhe.

Mac deud-fhionn, a [dhoigh] mar shùth, Nar éitich teachd d'ar  
cabhair.

Fada, ar Chonchobhar ris an Con, Bhadhas gun teachd d'ar  
cobhair

Is Conall, suireach nan steud mear, An cuibhreach is ceud d'ar  
slòghaibh.

Deacair dhòmhsa bhith am bruid, A fhir 'chabhreadh air charaid,  
Ni an réidh dol an [eangnamh] lann 'San ti le 'r cheangladh Conall.  
Na smaoinich gun dol 'na aghaidh, A rìgh nan gorm-lann gràineil,  
A làmh chruaidh gun laige re neach, Smuainich air t'aide is e 'n  
cuibhrich.

Cùchulainn nan seann lann sliom, 'Nuair chuala tuireadh Chonaill,  
Do ghluais le tréine a làmh Do bhreath sgeul de'n mhacaomh.

"Innis dhuinn air teachd a' d' dhàil," A ràidh an Cù, nar ob  
teagmhail,

"A shlios réidh an abhra dhuibh, Fios t' ainm, ca do dhùthchas?"  
De'm gheasaibh air teachd o m' thaigh Gun sgeul do innseadh  
dh' aoir<sup>2</sup>he,

Da'n innsinn do neach eile Do d' dhreach dh'innsinn gu h-àraidh.<sup>2</sup>  
Còmhrag riumsa is éigin duit No sgeul do innseadh mar charaid;  
Gabh-sa do rogha, a chiabh lag, Ni [ciall tadhall bho 'n chòmhrag.  
Ach ni bhi gu tigeadh n'ar ceann, A onchu àgh na h-Eireann,]

A làmh ghaisge an tùs trod, Mo chliù bhith a n-asgaidh agad.  
[Iomanadar thun a cheile, Ni ta còmhrag a banamhuil]

A macan do fhuair a ghuin, [Is daltan cridhe caoimh].

Cùchullainn nan còmhrag cruaidh Do bhi an là sin fa dhiombuaidh,  
'Aon mhac do mharbhadh leis, An t-saor shlat chalma chaomh  
dheas.

"Innis duinn," ar Cù nan cleas, O táí feasd f'ar n-àilgheas,  
T' ainm is do shloinneadh gu lom, Na tàirg [a dh' fhalachainn  
oirne]."

Is me Conlaach mac na Con, Oighre dhligheach Dhùn-Dealgain;  
Is me rùn d'fhàgphas am broinn, Is tu aig Sgathadh do t'fhòghlum.

<sup>1</sup> "Eangnamh?"

<sup>2</sup> "d' àraidh."



Seachd bliadhna do bha shoir Fòghlum ghaisgeadh o m' mhàthair,  
Na cleasa le 'r thorchradh me Bha dh' easbhuidh am fòghlum oirnn.  
Smuaineas Cuchulainn ['nuair a dh'eug, A mhac an dreach do  
chumhadh],

Gur smuain, nar bhreug, faoilte an fhir Do thréig a chuimhne 's a  
cheudfaidh.

A anam re corp na Con, D' a chumha is beag nar sgair,  
Re faicsin a' chùl-bhuidhe ghlinn, Gaisgidheach Dhùin-Dealgain.  
[A Chu... Mac Subhailt mòr a fuaim, Nì lugha am bròn a ta oirnn]

### Auctor hujus an Caoch O Cluain.

H-osnadh caraid an Cluan Fhraoich, H-osnadh laoich an caiseal chró,  
H-osnadh dheanann tuirseach fear, Agus da 'n guileann bean òg.  
Aig so shear an carn fa bh-feil Fraoch mac Fhiodhaich an fhuilt  
mhaoith,

Fear a rinn buidheachas baoibh Is bho 'n sloinntear Carn Fraoich.  
Gul aon mhná an Cruachan soir, Truagh an sgeul fa bh-feil a' bhean,  
Is se bheir a h-osnadh gu trom Fraoch mac Fiodhaich nan colg sean.  
Is si an aon bhean do nidh an gul, Ag dol d' a fhios gu Cluan  
Fraoich,

Fionnabhair an fhuilt chais ail Inghean Meadhbha 'g am biaid  
laoich.

Inghean Orla a's úr folt Is Fraoch a nochd taobh air thaobh,  
Ge mór fear dh' an d' eirgeadh<sup>1</sup> (?) i, Nior ghrádhaich si fear ach  
Fraoch.

Faigheas Meadhbbh a muigh fuath Cairdeas Fhraoich fa fèarr an  
gliadh,

A' chúis fa 'n chreuchd-ta a chorp Tre gun lochd a dhèanamh ria.  
Do chuireadh e gu sa' bháis Taobh re mnaibh, na tug an ole,  
Is mór am pudhar a (?) thuit le Meadhbbh Inneósad gun cheilg a  
nos. H-osnadh.

Caorran do bhi air Loch Máí, Do chidhmist an traigh fa dheas ;  
Gach raidh, gach mì, Toradh abaidh do bhi air.

Sásadh bídh na caora sin, Ba mhillse na mil a bhláth ;  
Do chongbhfadh an caorrann dearg Fear gun bhiadh gu ceann  
naoi tráth.

Bliadhain air shaoghal gach fir, Do chuireadh sin fa sgeul dearbh,  
'Gu'm b' fhoirín do luchd cneidh Briogh a' mheas is e dearg.

Do bhi amsa 'na dhéigh Ge ba léigh a chabhair an t-sluagh,  
Péist nimh do bhi 'na bhun, 'Bhacadh dha càch dhul d' a bhuain.  
Léan easlainte throm throm Inghean Eochaidh nan corn saor,

<sup>1</sup> " shuirgheadh ?"



Di curre lai fis er freit<sup>t</sup> feisrych kid ha/ne ree  
 A durde meyve nat<sup>t</sup> be slan m<sup>r</sup> woe lane i bos meit<sup>t</sup>  
 Di cheyrew in loch oyr gin dwne'ni za woyna ach freit<sup>t</sup>  
 Knossyt<sup>t</sup> reyve ne zarni mee er v<sup>c</sup> feit<sup>t</sup> gi knai zerg  
 Ge' ger darnis ai er freit<sup>t</sup> ratsit di vonni ker a veyf  
 Glossis freit<sup>t</sup> fa far a naye voy'ne zi nave er in locht  
 For a fest is ee na soynna is a kenna sos ris in noss (hossni  
 Freit<sup>t</sup> m<sup>c</sup> feit<sup>t</sup> in erma zeiar hanik one fest gin is dee  
 Hug a ha'vlti keir nark farin roif meyf zai tee  
 Ach gai math in duggis latti i \* durt meyve is gal crow \* a?  
 Ne oyr mis a leit<sup>t</sup> loann at<sup>t</sup> slat a woyan as a bouni  
 Togris freit<sup>t</sup> is neir zilli teymmi naf a riss er in ling voik  
 Is neir ead ach ga mor ayze hech one vas in rowe chwd  
 Gawiss i kerin er varri tarngi\* a cran as i raif \* targi?  
 Toyirt doe chos zo<sup>1</sup> in deir moghziss do ris in phest  
 Beris er aggis ai er snawef is gawis a lawf no crissy<sup>t</sup>  
 Di zave sessin is er chail trow gin a skayn ag freit<sup>t</sup>  
 Fynowr in olt chas ail di ran chwggi skan gin oyr  
 Leddryt<sup>t</sup> a phest a kness bayn is teskit<sup>t</sup> a lawe er loee  
 Di hudditdyr bone er bone er trae ni gla<sup>t</sup> cor fo\* has \*so?  
 Frai<sup>t</sup> m<sup>c</sup> feit<sup>t</sup> is in fest troy a zai mir hug in dres  
 (Ga) choyrik ne corik cair di ruk lass a kanna no lave  
 Na . . . chonik in neyn ee di choy no nail er in trae  
 Eris in neyn one tave gavis in laive bi law bok  
 Ga ta so na cwt nyn nane is mor in teach a rin a vos  
 Voyn vas sen di foar in far loch mai go len din loch  
 A ta in tarm so dee gi loan ga zerma in nos gus in nos (Hossni  
 charit  
 Beirrir in sen gow cloon freit<sup>t</sup> corp in leith gow kassil croygh  
 er yn gloan tuggi a anm is mairk varris da loo  
 Carn lawe in carn so raym heve o lave rey<sup>t</sup> di beast sonni  
 Fer nor ympoe in dress fer bo zawsi nert in drot  
 Invin in bail nor ob zawe\* y' beddeis mnã i torvirt fook \* zaive?  
 Invin tearn nyn sloye Invin groye nar zerk a ross  
 Doig no feat<sup>t</sup> barr\* a olt derk a zroy na ful leicht \* bair?  
 Fa meyni na kow er schrawe gilli na in snacht knes freicht  
 Cassi na in kaisnai olt gvrn a rosk na yr' lak

<sup>1</sup> "zo" interlined.

Do chuireadh fios leath air Fraoch, Dh'fhiosraich an laoch ciod thainig ri.

A duirt Meadhbh nach bi slán Mar faigh lán a boise maoith  
Do chaoraibh an locha fhuair Gun duine 'ga bhuain ach Fraoch.  
Cnuasachd riamh ni dhèarnadh mi, Ar Mac Fiodhaich gu gnai dheirg,

Ge gar dhèarnas e, ar Fraoch, Rachsad do bhuain chaor do Mheidhbh.

Gluaiseas Fraoch, b'e fear an áigh, Bhuain a shnámh air an loch,  
Fhuair a' phéist is i 'na suain Is a ceann suas ris an dos. H-osnadh.  
Fraoch mac Fiodhaich an airm ghéir Thainig on phéist gun fhios di,  
Thug a h-anultach chaor déarg Far an robh Meadhbh dh'a tigh.  
"Ach ge maith na tugas leat," A duirt Meadhbh a's geal cruth,  
"Ni fhóir mis', a laoiach luain, Ach slat a bhuain as a bun."

Togras Fraoch, is nior ghille tiom, A shnamh a ris air an linn bhuig,  
Is nior fheud ach ge mór ágh A theachd o'n bhas an robh a chuid.  
Gabhas an caorrann air bhárr Thairng an crann as a fhrèimh,  
Tabhairt dó chois do an tír, Mothaicheas do rís a' phéist.

Beireas air agus e air snamh, Is gabhas a lamh 'na graos,  
Do ghabh séisean is' air ghiall Truagh gun a sgian aig Fraoch!  
Fionnabhair an fhuilt chais ail, Do rán chuige sgian gun fhóir;  
Leadradh a' phéist a chneas bán Is theasgadh a lamh air leodh.  
Do thuitedar bonn re bonn Air traigh nan clach corr so theas<sup>1</sup>  
Fraoch mac Fiodhaich is a' phéist, Truagh, a Dhé, mar thug an treas!

Ge (?) chómhrag ni'n cómhrag gèarr Do rug leis a ceann 'na laimh,  
Mar chunnaic an nighean e Do chaidh 'na neul air an traigh.  
Eir'eas an nighean o'n tamh, Gabhas an laimh, ba lamh bhog;  
Ge ta so 'na cuid nan eun, Is mór an t-euchd a rinn i bhos.  
O'n bhas sin do fhuair am fear Loch Mai gu'n lean de'n loch,  
Ata an t-ainm sin deth gu luan 'Ga ghairm a nuas gus a nos.  
H-osnaidh charaid.

Beirear an sin gu Cluan Fraoich Corp an laoiach gu caisil chró;  
Air a' ghleann thugadh 'ainm<sup>1</sup> Is mairg a mhaireas d[a éis beó].  
Carn-lainh' an carn so re m' thaobh O laimh Fhraoich do bhidh-east son

Fear nior iompaidh an treas Fear ba ghábhaidh (?) neart an trod.  
Ionmhain am beul nar ob a dháimh, D'am bídis mnai a' toirbheirt phóg;

Ionmhain Tighearna nan sluagh, Ionmhain gruaidh nar dheirg' an rós.

Duibhe na fitheach barr a fhuilt, Deirg' a ghruaidh na fuil laoiach,<sup>2</sup>  
Fa míne na cobhar srabh, Gile na sneachd cneas Fhraoich.  
Caise na an caisean 'fholt, Guirme a rosg na eidhr'-leac

<sup>1</sup> "fa dheas."

<sup>2</sup> "laoigh?"

Derk na partain a wail gil a zaid na blai fei<sup>t</sup>  
 Ard a ley na cranna swle beynni no teyd kwle a zow  
 Snawe di bair no frei<sup>t</sup> cho di hene a heif re strow  
 Fa lanny<sup>t</sup> na koilli<sup>t</sup> a skai<sup>t</sup> Invin trae ve re drwm  
 Coiffad a land is a lawe lazni a cholk na clar<sup>1</sup> zi long  
 Troy na<sup>t</sup> ann in gorik re leich di hut frei<sup>t</sup> a fronni or  
 Durss sin a huttim la pest troe a zai na<sup>t</sup> marrin fos  
 Hosni

### A houdir soo chonnil carnynch m<sup>c</sup> eddirschol.

A chonnil cha salve no kinn devin linn gyr zerkgis term  
 no kinn di chw<sup>h</sup> er a zad slontir lat no fir foo fyve  
 A neyn orgil nyn nach a evir oik ne bree binn  
 Sanna in nerik coñ ni gles hugis loym in nes no kinn  
 Ka in kenn mally<sup>t</sup> zou mor derkgy<sup>t</sup> nayn ros a zroy ghlan  
 Is sai is gar zin \* leé clea a kenn deive ne raa daith \* zm<sup>h</sup> ?  
 Kenn ree mee nyn nach loaith arce m<sup>c</sup> carbre nyn goith camm  
 In nerik mo zaltan fen hugis lwm in gayn a kenn  
 Kai in kenn oid er mye haale go volt fand gi malle sleme  
 Rosk mir erre dait mir vlai alda no cach erw<sup>t</sup> a khinn  
 Mañe boe fer non \* nach makmeyf zi zrach gy<sup>t</sup> coyñ \* nen ?  
 Dagis a chollin gyn khenna is di hwt wlle lam a loye  
 Ka in ken so zawis tow id laive a coñil voir ne bae linn

<sup>1</sup> "clar" interlined.

### The Heads.

*Emer.* Connel, what heads are these ?  
 We trow thou hast blood-stained thine arms.  
 The Heads I see upon the withe,  
 Name the men under shroud.

*Connel.* Daughter of Forgall of steeds,  
 Young Emer of melodious words,  
 Tis to avenge the Hound of feats  
 That I have southward brought the heads.

*E.* Whose the great head with eyebrows black,  
 Than the rose more red its pure bright check,  
 That which is next unto the left,  
 The head which has not changed its hue ?

*C.* The head of the King of Meath of swift steeds,  
 Ere MacCarbre of curlèd locks ;



Deirge na partainn a bheul Gile a dheud na blaith faich'.  
 Aird' a shleagh na cranna-siúil, Binne na teud-chiúil a ghuth  
 Snamhaidhe do b' fhèarr na Fraoch Cha do shín a thaobh re sruth.  
 Ba leithne na comhla a sgiath Ionmhain triath a bhi re druim,  
 Comhfhad a lann is a lamh Leithne a cholg na clar dhe luing.  
 Truagh nach ann an comhrag re laoch Do thuit Fraoch a phron-  
 nadh or,  
 Tuirse sin a thuitim le péist, Truagh, a Dhé, nach maireann fós.  
 H-osnadh.

### Ughdar so Conall Cearnach Mac-Edersgeoil.

A Chonaill cha sealbh na cinn Deimhin leinn gur dheagas t-áirm  
 Na cinn do chiu air a' ghad Sloinntear leat na fir faidhbh.  
 A nighean Fhorgaill nan each, A Eimhir óg nam bri binn,  
 'S ann an éiric Choin nan cleas 'Thugas leam an deas na cinn.  
 Ca an ceann mailgheach dubh mór? Deirge nan rós a ghruidh  
 ghlan ;  
 Is se a's gar dh' an leith chlí, An ceann diubh nir atharraigh dath.  
 Ceann rígh Mhidhe nan each luath, Eare mac Chairbre nan cuach  
 cam,  
 An éiric mo dhaltain féin Thugas leam an céin an ceann.  
 Cia an ceann ud air m'aghaidh thall Gu folt funn gu malla slíom ?  
 Rosg mar eidhre, deud mar bhláth, Ailde na cách cruth a' chinn.  
 Maine buidhe, fear nan each, Mac Meadhbh' do chreach gach cuan,  
 D'fhágas a cholainn gun cheann Is do thuit uile leam a shluagh.  
 Ca an ceann do ghabhas tu a' d' láimh, A Chonaill mhóir ní  
 báidhe leinn,

In revenge for my foster-son  
 I have brought the head afar.

*E.* What head is that in front of me,  
 With soft hair, with smooth eyebrows,  
 With clear ice-blue eyes, teeth white as bloom,  
 More lovely than the rest this head in form?

*C.* Yellow-haired Maine, man of steeds,  
 Madb's son who every sea despoiled.  
 I left his body of head bereft,  
 And his people all fell by my hand.

*E.* Whose head thou holdest in thy hand,  
 Great Connel who has proved our friend,

O nach marrin kow nyn gles keid verre how er les a k~~h~~inn\* \*kinn?  
 Kann v<sup>c</sup> arris nyn nacht v<sup>c</sup> vurrey<sup>t</sup> a ceaith\*<sup>1</sup> gy<sup>t</sup> gvr<sup>t</sup> \*craith?  
 m<sup>c</sup>mo fayr in\* tur hang di skarris a khenn ra chwrp \*ni?  
 Ka in kenn od hear in nolt inn da greddy<sup>t</sup> no kinn ga li\* \*leyn?  
 Hurris\* ani<sup>t</sup> † er a zañ gyn roveddir sal da rair \*Horris? †anni?  
 Les a sowd di hut in kow di rad a chorp fa wrow das  
 Low m<sup>c</sup> conna re nyn rann hugis lom a kenn tar ais  
 Ka in da ken so is fadde mach a choñil vor a vraa bywve  
 Er zraigh tene\* na kel orñ anym no ver a zon na harm† \*tenne?  
 † herm?  
 Kenn leyirre\* is clair chwlte in da kenn di hut lam zonna \*leyrre?  
 Di zone swt cowchullin charn\* swm † zargis merm na wulle  
 \*carn cain †swin swm  
 Kai in da kenn so is fadde soirre a coñil vor gi gal znee  
 Ennyn dae er volt ni verr derk in groye na ful leyche\* \*loyche?  
 Cwllin brey is cwnlit croye deis di verre boye lai ferk  
 A Evyr seid so e (?) a kinna dagis a gwrp fa linna derk  
 Ka no\* vi kinn so solk maine do chewe feyn er mye<sup>t</sup> hoyt † \*ne?  
 † hoyth?

Gvrm in nye dow a volt o hilla rosk coñil croye

<sup>1</sup> "claith" in MS., with *l* deleted, and *e* written above.

Since the Hound of feats is now no more,  
 [What would'st thou bring in lieu for his head?]

- C.* The head of Fergus' son of steeds,  
 A lord who ravaged every field,  
 My sister's son of the stately tower.  
 His head I severed from his corse.
- E.* What head is that to the west with fair hair?  
 [The heads are marred with woe—  
 They have known somewhat of his cheer,  
 They were for a time like him].
- C.* By that man the hound was slain;  
 His body was laid in stately tomb,  
 Lugh' son of [Curoi of the rhymes]  
 I brought back with me his head.
- E.* What are those two heads furthest out (away),  
 Great Connel, who Badbs betrayed?  
 For thine honour's sake do not from us conceal  
 The names of the men whom thy arms destroyed.

'O nach maireann Cú nan cleas Cíod 'bheireadh tu air leas a' chinn ?  
 'Ceann mhic Fhearghuis nan each, 'Mhuireadhaich do chreach  
 gach gort,  
 Mac mo pheathar an túir sheang, Do sgaras a cheann r'a chorp.  
 'Ca an ceann ud shiar an fhuilt fhinn Da greadadh no cinn gu léan ?  
 Fhuaras aithne air a ghean, Gu'n robhadar seal d' a réir.  
 Leis a sud do thuit an Cú, Do rad a chorp fo bhrúgh deas,  
 Lugh' mac *Conroi* nan rann,<sup>1</sup> Thugas leam a cheann tar ais  
 'Ca an da cheann so a's faide mach, A Chonaill mhóir a bhrath  
 baidhbh ?  
 Air ghradh t'einigh na ceil oirnn Ainm nam fear a ghon na  
 h-airm.  
 'Ceann Laoghaire is Chlair Chuilt An da cheann do thuit le m'  
 ghuin ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Do ghonsad Cuchulainn cain, Son a dheargas m'airm 'nam fuil.  
 'Cia an da cheann so a's faide soir, A chonaill mhóir gu geal gnaoi ?  
 Ionnon dath air falt nam fear, Deirg' an gruaidh na fuil laoich.  
 'Cuileann brèagh is Condla cruaidh, Dithis do bheireadh buaidh  
 le feirg ;  
 A Eimher 's iad so an cinn, D' fhagas an cuirp fa linn deirg.  
 'Ca na se' cinn so a's olc mèinn Do chiu fein air m' aghaidh thuath,  
 'Gorm an aghaidh, dubh am folt, O shilleadh rosg Chonaill  
 chruaidh ?

<sup>1</sup> "reann."<sup>2</sup> "ghoin."

*C.* The heads of Laigaire and Clar Colt,  
 The two heads that fell by my stroke,  
 By them was slain Cuchulinn fair,  
 Hence I have stained in their blood my arms.

*E.* What two heads are those furthest east,  
 Great Connel of aspect fair ?  
 The hair of the men is of one hue,  
 More red their cheeks than hero's blood.

*C.* Cuilen brave and hardy Condla,  
 Twain wont to conquer in their wrath ;  
 These, Emer, are their heads,  
 I left their corses steeped in blood.

*E.* Whose these six heads of evil mien  
 Which I see before me to the north,  
 Of pale complexion, black their hair,  
 [O'er them hardy Connel's eyes drop tears].



Sessyr zascardin a chon chlann challidtene a mvv\* znaie \*nivv?  
 Is said swd in sessir byve a hut lom\* sin nerm no laive \*lem?  
 A coñil vor aithr\* rec keyn in (is?) ken od da galli<sup>t</sup> cacht \*aithir?  
 Gin oir\* fai treilsew a keynd gyn cody<sup>t</sup> slem ghardy<sup>t†</sup> van \*or?  
 † ghargy<sup>t</sup>?  
 Kenno v<sup>c</sup> finn v<sup>c</sup> rosse roye v<sup>c</sup> necnee hor bas lamm nart\* \*nert?  
 A Evir is sai so a chend ardree layyn nyn land brak  
 A coñil vor mvgh a skail creid a hut lad laive\* gin locht \*lawe?  
 Din tloe eigny<sup>t</sup> a veil sinn a deilteis kinn na chon  
 Deachnor is seacht fychid kead derym peyn is aiyr sloye  
 Di hut lwmsa drwme er zrum di neve mo cwlk cvnlāa croye  
 A coñil vor<sup>1</sup> kynnis taidda mnā Insse fail desne conna  
 Cowf v<sup>c</sup> howalte hayve na vil agga fein ar for\* \*fer?  
 A Evyr keid di zarna mai gyn mo khow ym reir fan socht  
 Gyn mo zaltan fai mhahah crow a dol voym a mvgh so ma ...  
 A choñil tok me so vert\* tok mo lacht os lacht no conn \*vort?  
 Os da chowf rachfen ayk cwr mo vail re bail no con (A coñil  
 Is me evyr is keyn dalwe ne feine sarve daylta zoive  
 Di zerr no cha nvl\* mo spes troe mvreith er es a conn \*nel?  
 A choñil

<sup>1</sup> "vor" apparently deleted.

- 
- C. Six of the enemies of the Hound,  
 Calitin's sons, [in poison skilled,  
 These are the six wizards],  
 Whom I slew, their arms in their hands,  
  
 E. Great Connel from Ath-ferdia,  
 What head is that which swayed the rest,  
 With gold beneath the tresses of the head,  
 With sleek head-dress of silver-white?  
  
 C. The head of the son of Finn, red-haired Rossa's son,  
 Son of *Necht Nuad*, slain by my might,  
 Emer, this is his head,  
 High King of Laigen (Leinster) of spotted blades.  
  
 E. Great Connel from the Plain of Sgal,  
 How many have fallen by thy faultless hand  
 Of the cunning men who injured us,  
 To avenge the head of the Hound?  
  
 C. Ten and fourteen thousand men  
 Were the full number, I affirm,  
 Who fell by me, back to back,  
 [Pierced by the blade of hardy Conloch.

Seisear dh' eascairdean a' Choin, Chlan Chailitin a nimh ghnáth,  
Is iad sud an seisar bhadhbh A thuit leam 's an airm 'nan laimh.  
A Chonaill mhoir Ath-Fhirdhiadh Cia an ceann ud d'a giall each?  
Gun ór fa thrilsibh a' chinn, Gun comhdach slíom dh'airgíod ban.  
Ceann mhic Fhinn, mhic Rosa ruaidh, Mhic [Nuadha-Necht],  
fhuair bas leam neart

A Eimhir is se so a cheann, Ard-rígh Laighin nan lann breac.  
Chonaill mhoir Mhuighe an Sgaí Creid a thuit le d' laimh gun  
lochd?

De 'n t-sluagh eagnaídh a mhill sinn An díoghaltas cinn a Choin?  
Deichnear is seachd fichead ceud, Deirim fein is aireamh sluaigh,  
Do thuit leamsa druim air dhruim, Do neimh mo chuilg chon-  
laich chruaidh.

A Chonaill mhoir, c'inndas a táid Mnai Inse Fail déis na Coin,  
Cumhadh Mhic *Shubhalt* shèimh,<sup>1</sup> Ní bhfeil aige fán ar foir.  
A Eimhir, ciod do dhearnadh me, Gun mo Chú a' m' réir fa 'n  
seach

Gun mo dhaltan fa mhath cruth, A dol uam a muigh 's a mach?  
A chonaill tog me sa bh-feart, Tog mo leac os leac na Coin;  
Os d' a chumhadh rachfainn eug, Cuir mo bheul ri beul na Coin.  
A Chonaill.

Is me Eimhir a's cain dealbh Ní [faighinn soirbh duiltadh dhoibh],  
Do fhear no cha 'n 'eil mo spéis Truagh [m' fhuireach] ar éis a'  
Choin A Chonaill.

[<sup>1</sup> Mhic Shualtamh ?]

*E.* Great Connel, in what plight are now  
The ladies of Innisfail after Cu?  
A-mourning the son of Sualdam,  
Or is their respect shown for him?

*C.* O Emer, what shall I do  
Without my Cu being with me throughout,  
Without my fosterling of goodly form  
A-going from me in and out?]

*E.* Connel, lay me in the tomb,  
Raise my stone above the stone of the Hound;  
Since of grief for him I die,  
Lay my mouth to the mouth of the Hound.

I am Emer of fair form,  
[Not easy for me to refuse them],  
For man I have no love,  
Sad is my life after the Hound.  
Connel.

A Howdir soo keilt m<sup>c</sup> ronane.

Heym tosk zoskla fynn gow tawre ni draive nevin (?)  
 Gow hormy (?) moyr mhor lat mhirr gow cormik m<sup>c</sup> art in ir  
 Neir cleacht me mei<sup>t</sup> my zloon ers afwully<sup>t</sup> seir \* eddrwme \* fer?  
 Gi waldeis feyny<sup>t</sup> fail os word \* locht a foyall \* wordis?  
 Warwemir in lei<sup>t</sup> lan mir a warwemir in traye \* \* traye?  
 Di charmisdir lei<sup>t</sup> fane lay mir a char'smir a ray  
 Rugsmir \* a cann gin cherri gus a gnok os boyamir \* hugsmir  
 Di rynis feyn boya tra di roynis fogry<sup>t</sup> owlay  
 Di warwis mvn er zlinn fer gi Inwal in nerrin  
 Di ronyssi boya tra di roynis fogry<sup>t</sup> owlay  
 Di raddis mvn er zlinn gwl gi inte in nerrin (?)  
 Di roynissi boya tra di roynis fogry<sup>t</sup> owlay  
 Ni leich di legin fa boyhwa<sup>h</sup> doyb<sup>i</sup>s \* sin nerrin awwor \* doyh<sup>i</sup>s?  
 Di ronissi boya tra<sup>h</sup> di roynis fogry<sup>t</sup> owlay  
 Ni dorsa er a bei<sup>t</sup> a zeit zark a doslin ead gi hymard'  
 Di ronissi boya tra<sup>a</sup> di roynis fgry owlay  
 Ni gurt alba vm halvon \* di loskgin ead gi lassul \* hawon  
 Di ronissi boya tra<sup>h</sup> di roynis fogry<sup>t</sup> owlay  
 No<sup>t</sup> char aggis reim linn aha<sup>h</sup> na mvllin in neirrin  
 In sin di leyggidir rwm eech albin is eirrin \* \* errin?  
 Teym boach er loys mi chas gir ranegis ros Illir zlas  
 In sin glossimsi shear gow tawra ni widdir chane  
 (har o hawra gir viddir zhane)  
 Neir harrin eine each zeive zea roym in dawra za essin  
 Tugis in dawra fa laha<sup>h</sup> ben in ir chommi za cheilli  
 Is ben in ir chommisso nach gws in fer commisso ella  
 Tugis in dawri gi beach ben carbre zi cormik  
 Is ben chormik er sin di raddis ee zi charbre  
 Tugis lwm claywa in rei<sup>t</sup> wch hay mor a wree  
 Mi chlawe feyn fa<sup>h</sup> gin gueti \* faywin † in droyl chulk chormik  
 \* gutti † faywm?  
 In sin di quhoyis in nwnn is eaddi in dorssor owym  
 In nygyth sin doif gi beacht is me bi fa khyllar zi chormik  
 Is bert ooklachis is tei hawle a vaenissi re eyrrin  
 Ga zeynich leve raa \* mo zloor Da hwle cheilt yn khyllnor \* zaa?  
 Na habbirsi sen er finn er ardre ny feyn voltynn  
 Ga tamsi in layve Id tei na ber tar er my wntir  
 Ni hay sin agni cheilt far a will ay in vorwilti  
 cha mir sin ay connil chynni er a wll dor er talvon  
 In sin tarnik in toylli ag in re rozast rawor  
 iiii chosgeym in genn ni genn teym les a is tee cotkinn  
 In sin choyis fa zas di bi wlygh ay di maylas



Aggis tuggis liom yn\* zoyn kone esgin ard orwoyll \* ym  
 Eynit lwm in nec riss a ben ersin re fati firzlin . . (?)  
 Balli kness cheilti za zoyn di chone esgin \* orwoyll \* essgin ?  
 Na habbirsi sin a re er wis \* in ry<sup>t</sup> a zillin \* wiss  
 Brairry<sup>t</sup>\* broggody<sup>t</sup> derri cor'si heith† er orvidi \* Brairry<sup>t</sup> † hoith?  
 Er a<sup>1</sup> layve a keilt chaylle mir wee finni flaha<sup>h</sup> eyni  
 Gid tañi ne hurfin gyle derrow albin no errin  
 Er ma'neath do gi beait \* a a deaffry<sup>t</sup> mis zi chormik \* beact ?  
 In gawa tow cow chlahah<sup>h</sup> voyme<sup>2</sup> zoskla mydda  
 Ne warrir fin lat Id te er ane chowe er talwon  
 Ach ane chow a keilt caye da bi goyllnig\* tow faywayll \* ltoyllnig?  
 goylling ?  
 Da waya tow zoif re lay lawnon woada di gi feyane  
 Di zoyve tow hed ir gi cart cove ewnnvil\* \*ewmwill? ewnnvill ?  
 Di nasgis in brair mir er chormik m<sup>c</sup> art in ir  
 Gin leggi \* gi ra in re da waya ay ni feyweill \* leggin ?  
 Mir nasgis in brair \* beynn er re eyrrin in nvlt Inn \* brar ?  
 In deymsow gar zeggir royve heymsy<sup>t</sup> za in dymf  
 Glossin turris o hawre fa turris fir gi mannee  
 Di hymrow in heltin gar\* skelty<sup>t</sup> a chwdy<sup>t</sup>ti \* gor ?  
 Tuggis lwm ij zelt zar'g is ij znew igny<sup>t</sup> ynard \* \* y'ard ?  
 Agis fey fy za wen \* ij lach sin loch a seylin \* won ?  
 ij hy'nith sleyve cwllin ij zaw awlle a borrin \* \* bvrrin ?  
 ij zessivey zowrane zvnn ij chelly<sup>t</sup> fena far\* zhram \* fen a far'  
 ij hyane kylty creive di latteve zrom za wrem \* \* wrein  
 ij zoyvrane o hen a mach o charri donnwane  
 ij eillin o thrae leith lea ij ralle\* a port larga \* rulle  
 iij snekga on vrostna wane ij a'noyk charg d  
 ij eathlee one eathte ard ij smoyry<sup>t</sup> lettret lomard  
 ij zroyllane o downe yve ij cheinky<sup>t</sup> ni corywe  
 ij chur one chorrin cley<sup>t</sup> ij harreith mwe a foyall  
 ij Illir chargi ni glach ij hawik faa keyndy<sup>t</sup>  
 ij fess o locht melwa ij cherk vsga \* o loch erin† \* vssga ? † erni ?  
 ij cherk rei<sup>t</sup> on vowny<sup>t</sup> a mach ij zergin zowlocha  
 ij chreitrane a glenn awlle ij zalvon \* ni sen awle \* zallane  
 ij phedda oywri a claa ij onchon o chroda claaich  
 ij zoyane o chrae za wan ij erboyk loychr\* yir \* loychr ?  
 ij chollwm on chess chur ij lona a letir\* fin chwle \* lettir ?  
 ij eddoyk lettir roye ij thrudda tawry<sup>t</sup> teyve og ...  
 ij choñey' a schee doe doynn ij wuk awlde cloy<sup>t</sup> chur (?)  
 ij chayag o zrom dave ij ane oywry<sup>t</sup> laynde \* \* layn de ?  
 ij ygirgane lane ny<sup>t</sup>\* fvrrit ij chreitr one creiv roye \* laneny<sup>t</sup> ?  
 ij sperr hawkin swm o cleyve glah<sup>h</sup> ij loth lay \* o lwnytha \* lan ?  
 ij ayr ane eygin \* one woyn ij vssoik on vowny<sup>t</sup> wor \* eyghin ?

<sup>1</sup> Erfa, f deleted.<sup>2</sup> "zol" deleted.

ij oynlayk a hon chnoy<sup>t</sup> ij brok a creith ollony<sup>t</sup>  
 ij rynith skay<sup>t</sup> funny<sup>t</sup> ij zlassoyk o wroch wirri<sup>\*</sup> \* wrri?  
 ij chrotty<sup>t</sup> o chony<sup>t</sup> zawlwe ij weil won vor hawni  
 ij earrinny<sup>t</sup> philloyrry<sup>t</sup> ij awllinny<sup>t</sup> sei<sup>t</sup> boyhgh  
 ij zassidi one wyhgh wylle ij chei<sup>t</sup> cheineky<sup>e</sup> chnaw chyle  
 ij woyok oo wrowyth birn<sup>\*</sup> ij neiskin zowdir \* brn?  
 ij zeirrin<sup>\*</sup> o leyve zaane da chyill vreyane turle \* zerrin?  
 ij anan air<sup>\*</sup> o wy walg ij chonlane zatta o zra'nard \* annan ar?  
 ij zring' zarry<sup>t</sup> o zrung ij vronargane on vor cheyll  
 ij wlyrry<sup>t</sup> <sup>\*</sup> o zowne ni barga ij elli zalli on zal traath \* wlyirry?  
 ij royin o challow charga ij wuk war on worarga  
 ij eskar o<sup>1</sup> locht m<sup>c</sup> lane <sup>2</sup> ij zarzart my ni' nellane  
 ij ane vek o wess<sup>\*</sup> a chwle ij eggin ess<sup>†</sup> v<sup>c</sup> mowrn \* wes? †es?  
 ij ellit zlinni zliun smoyl ij woyif o haach mow mor  
 ij onchon loyach o loth conn ij eychatt a how chroyt<sup>in</sup>  
 ij chyraa<sup>\*</sup> schee zoyvlane zil ij vuk vwlcow vlyr' \* chyilta?  
 Ra<sup>h</sup>ch is keir' chorkry<sup>t</sup> cass tukgis lwm o einnis  
 Tugis lwm each agis lar di zrey vassy<sup>t</sup> va'ny'nane  
 Tarve is bo zarri<sup>3</sup> o zrwm kein tugis lwm o wurn vinche<sup>\*</sup> \* vunche?  
 Da chonni di chonnow ni wane di hir Cormik orrn' gi da...<sup>\*</sup> \* dan..  
 Gi neit zair<sup>\*</sup> chur sin y' chenn tugis lwm is teym (Teym \* zar!  
 Er in dymstyhy<sup>t</sup> vll dhoyf gow lar ane ew  
 Nar a baillwme a meyw di<sup>4</sup> zobbre dir voyine<sup>\*</sup> ath skeillyth  
 \* voyme  
 Di choy in feaych woym o zes<sup>\*</sup> di bi wlyhay dom awles \* zess  
 Di rukgis er in glenn da wan o errir' loch a lurgin  
 Di quhoy mi lach fa layve nach chwssit faywail  
 Ter schroyow berwe bras<sup>\*</sup> gow ayhch Inin (?) zowlas<sup>†</sup> \* brass  
 † zowlass? zow'las?  
 Di zowis e er wrawit gin 'g walaa heath hanye<sup>\*</sup> \* hany?  
 Tugis lwm ee lach gin nocht<sup>\*</sup> dosli fin o chormik \* nacht? uacht?  
 Ne fooris zolk roya heg rwm nyg veme<sup>\*</sup> boa (gin ver boa)<sup>5</sup> \* ve me  
 Cha deyd as<sup>\*</sup> mi chreheh chyn gin nawleggir (?) ma in dal... †  
 \* ass † dalvon?  
 Lassane nane' beg lassanane dolle a chassy' (?)  
 Er gi tully<sup>t</sup> er gi ay<sup>\*</sup> car fa lawme ag lassy' i ae \* an?  
 (D)i choñwaille fynn ag in laywe er seiltinn gin ead wawa  
 Is vm<sup>\*</sup> zynty<sup>t</sup> aysin di hoyrt er a gowe \* vin?  
 dinn foslow<sup>\*</sup> zoyvvayl da chin \* fosslow?  
 In dymsychow sin mir sin neir toylling fir in doyt<sup>in</sup> (?)  
 Tugis ead gow thawrah lwm gow mowr a vor hyly<sup>t</sup>  
 Dos<sup>\*</sup> gi zokkir a kin oppir ayd in nyich sin \* Doss

<sup>1</sup> "o" deleted.<sup>2</sup> "v<sup>c</sup> nane" deleted.<sup>3</sup> zairri?<sup>4</sup> d deleted.<sup>5</sup> Are these words deleted?

Caythir a wee si walli er in dors\* fosgillt \* dorss  
 Cormik hug zoyve in teacht mir zoy ym bea gi skeil...  
 Nir chonni may za gwry<sup>t</sup> sin wrow arsing ill wrwny<sup>t</sup>  
 Legga brudlychy<sup>t</sup> gawe vm\* a gudditty<sup>t</sup> greitane† \*vin? † greitane?  
 Huggi ay brow slatzal sollis doyf er chegit fre zerr..\* \*zorr..?  
 Gi in dorris deyve downty<sup>t</sup> ner way in soyve coud...\* \*cond in?  
 Eadsin is tee gi brony<sup>t</sup> mis\* a mwe gi a'noyith† \*miss? † a'nonith  
 mi creheh cove connis fa lah er gi ane dorris  
 Ga mor nolk forris roych wony<sup>t</sup> skey<sup>t</sup>ow chooley<sup>t</sup>  
 Neir legis\* ane deyve a mach gi trah erre in in varrit \*leigis?  
 Anni ny hyrri skeiltych a chory'mry<sup>t</sup> keilta  
 Ach a wagsin teyve ra teyve ne dor chormik za soy...  
 nor a leggi finn a mach di skeilliddir gi skeiltycht  
 Cha deacha deis na trear wo hawra zeive er In...  
 mi rei<sup>t</sup> feyn is rehahch fenn mer'rolcha chome was\* mi gin \*wass  
 ni tre neachin fa darry<sup>t</sup> zoyve ni troyt sin di hymsty<sup>t</sup> ch...  
 [We skay zoym er mi clow creddwm in crist is ow  
 Mimirche ass in ew inn gar vewwm lwm ne weym . . .  
 Gar wadda mi leymsi har in dawr lochra ni wayn,  
 Is fadda in laym rugis ter xx kead try in dawr  
 In sen fa lowwr mi leym waxis si viddircheyn  
 Gin ach bar mi choss a geill mawl gith tosk er deym.  
 Teym tosk.]

Ossianic.<sup>1</sup>

A zorri\* tryillmyt gow find Ighilk ernacht sowth linn \*zarri?  
 zarre kinn zvle er in ree gyn gurmist aye gai keive cleit<sup>t</sup>  
 Is lesk lwmsy<sup>t</sup>\* zwle anna onach clwnnwn gr fan chenna \*lwnisy<sup>t</sup>?  
 Is nach feadmist a zeilt kenna v<sup>c</sup> morn vor znwewe  
 Kail\* lusse ne is alwm pen Id durd coñan mor gyn keale \*Nail?  
 Marmy for\* mach gy<sup>t</sup> dvnna in deilt zwle olt woe \*far?  
 Suyth in trur varmon din nane onach l<sup>t</sup>myt di zin fen  
 Abbir a zarre is lawr fayr\* sinni sin trom alle \*fayir?  
 Marvesy<sup>t</sup> ossin mor m<sup>c</sup> fyn marve mai in tosgir na<sup>t</sup> teymmi  
 Marve dyrrre kilte kaye fayir sinni wle er in laive\* \*lawe?  
 Macht is aggw<sup>m</sup>\* ne veis anna † cha dik linna movil er finna (?)  
 \*agguom? † ayua?  
 Tuttmyn<sup>2</sup> vlle sin alle cha dikge gowle dar gowirnee  
 Da by<sup>t</sup> inni by<sup>t</sup> le a nert dy<sup>t</sup> churmist finni za leacht  
 Is foer\* ny<sup>t</sup> brar gyn nelle a dersi rwt a zorre † \*foeir? † zarre  
 A zorri.

<sup>1</sup> This word in modern hand, apparently E. M'Lachlan's.

<sup>2</sup> "Tuttmyn" in MS.





Ata fa'n tulaich so tulaich so tuath Mac mhic Cumhaill a's  
 cruaidh colg,  
 Mac deudgheal nighin an deirg Nach tug r' a fheirg briathar borb.  
 Ata fa'n tulaich so deas Mac mhic Coinn, cneas mar bhlàth,  
 Cha d' eur se neach fa ni, An gréis nochar mhìn a làmh.  
 Ata fa'n tulaich (so) shoir Osgar<sup>1</sup> 'ba mhath goil is gnìomh,<sup>2</sup>  
 Clann Mòirne ged a's maith na fir Nochar chuir se sin am brìgh.  
 Ata fa'n tulaich so shiar Gille ba mhiann leis na mnàibh,  
 Mac Ròrain do bheith cliar Fa'n tulaich so shiar a tà.  
 Ata fa'n tulaich so fodh 'm<sup>3</sup> [An fear a bhi o'n ghruaig is gràin]  
 Conan do [ghabh] gach mùirn Fa'n tulaich so fodh 'm<sup>3</sup> a tà.  
 Ata.

### “ Am Brat.”

Là dh'an deachaidh Fionn a dh'òl An Almhuin is nior iomad  
 slòigh,  
 Seisear ban is seisear fear, [Aon ghille] is ainnear uchd gheal.  
 Fionn féin is Diarmuid gun on, Caoilt is Oisín is Oscar,  
 Conan maol gu mall air magh, Agus mnatha nan seà laoch sin.  
 Maigheineas bean Fhinn ba [dhein], Is ainnear uchd geal mo  
 bhean féin,  
 Gorm[laidh aillidh] a's dubh rosg, [Niamh is nighean Aonghuis].  
 'Nuair a ghabh misge na mnatha, Tugsadar ann gus a ràdh  
 Nach robh air an domhain [tig], Seisear ban ann cho-ionraic.  
 A dubhairt an innilt gun on, [Is culaidh cerda] an domhain;  
 Ge math sibhse is iomadh bean Nach d' rinn féis ach ri aon fhear.  
 Goirid air bhith dhoibh mar sin [Go] tàinig aon bhean d' ar rochtain  
 Aon bhrat uimpe [go n-àille],<sup>4</sup> Agus i 'na h-aon-shnàithe.  
 Thàinig nighean a' bhrait fhinn Am fianuis Mhic Cumhaill,  
 Beannaicheas do'n rìgh gun on Agus suidheas 'na [fhaireadh].  
 Dh' fhiosraich Fionn sgeul dhi, De'n nighin [lùthor], lamhghil,  
 “A bhean a' bhrait [go n-àille], Cìod a ràidh thu as t-aon-  
 shnàithe?”  
 Is geas do m' bhrat [go n-àille], Bean ann ach 'na h-aon-shnàithe.  
 No cha'n fhaigh dìon fo m' bhrat Ach bean aon fhir gun aon  
 lochd.  
 Tabhair am brat do m' mhnai féin, A deir Conan mor gun chéill,  
 Gu f[aicemaoid] am briathar mire A tug na mnai o chianaibh.

<sup>1</sup> “Oscar.”

<sup>2</sup> “gnaoi?”

<sup>3</sup> “uam?”

<sup>4</sup> pretty, Ed.

Gawis ben chonnane ym brat is curris vmpa la rachta  
 Gom bea sin an leyth locht dir lek rys wlle a gall ocht  
 Mor \* a choñik coñane meil ym brat er cassy<sup>t</sup> fa teyf \* Mir?  
 Tawris \* in chreissyth gin neaf agis marweis in neyn \* Sawris?  
 Gawris?

Gawis ben dermoit a zeil ym brat wo wrei coñane mheil \* \* mhei(1)  
 Noch char farr a wassi zyi cassi ym brat fa keiyf  
 Gawis ben oskyr no zey ym brad coo adda coyveray  
 Ga loyvir skoy<sup>t</sup> a wrat lnn noe char ally a hymtyn  
 Gawis mygh<sup>i</sup>'nis gin aha<sup>h</sup>l ym brad is \* di churri fa cann \* as?  
 Di chas as \* di chwair † mir sen ym brata gi loa fa clossew \* is  
 † chwarr

Tawir ym brata er m<sup>c</sup> raa dym wneisi is ne cws clae  
 Go vestmest \* in nes gon non tres elli da hymlit dew \* vestmost?  
 † dewe?

Di warynsi brair ris agis ne brair eggis  
 Nach darnis weis ri far ach dol dutsi in neis lenew \* \* lenow?  
 Nochtis ben vek ree a teef curris vmpi in brata feir ch...  
 A saych eddir chos is lawe na gi ley er a lwdy gnane \* \* ludygnane?  
 Ane phoik doaris in braed o wak e zwyne dhay<sup>1</sup> darmit  
 Di reissi ym brad wm laar mor wea ssee \* na hynnirane \* see?  
 Tawrew mi wrat doyf a wna<sup>h</sup>ah as \* me nein in derg zrane \* is?  
 No<sup>t</sup> cha darnis \* di locht ach fes re finn fyvir no<sup>t</sup> \* d'nis  
 Ber mo wally<sup>t</sup> is ym<sup>t</sup> \* woyhgin se der m<sup>c</sup> cowle gin voyr... \*ymm<sup>t</sup>  
 A dagis fa mhaalych ir mnã na tyir hwggin ane lay.

Lay.

<sup>1</sup> "dhay" apparently deleted.



Gabhas bean Chonain am brat, Is cuireas uimpe le 'shracadh,  
 Gu 'm b' e sin an [luath] lochd Da 'r leig ris uile a geal uchd.  
 Mar a chunnaic Conal maol Am brat air casadh fa taobh,  
 [Tairngeas] a' chraoiseach go [nimh] Agus marbhas an nighean.  
 Gabhas bean Dhiarmaid [a dháil], Am brat o mhnaoi Chonain  
 mhaoil;

No char feàrr a bha[thas] dhi Casaidh am brat f' a c[ich].  
 Gabhas bean 'Cscar 'na dheigh, Am brat comh-fhada comh-réidh,  
 Ge leobhar sgoth' a' bhrat fhinn No chur fholaich e a h-implinn.  
 Gabhas Maigheanas gun fheall Am brat is do chuiridh f' a ceann,  
 Do chas is do chuar am brat mar sin Am brat gu luath fo  
 cluasaibh.

Tabhair am brat, ar Mac Reithe, Do m' mhnaoi-sa is ni chis cleith,  
 Go f[aiiceamaid] a nis gun on [Treis eile d'a h-iomlaid domh].  
 Do bheirinn-se briathar ris Agus ni 'm briathar [eugmhais],  
 Nach dearnas do fhéis ri fear Ach dol duit-sa an aois leinibh.  
 Nochdas bean Mhic Reithe a taobh Cuireas uimpe am brat fìor  
 chaomh,

[A seach] eadar chos is làmh Na gu [làr] a luidigean.  
 Aon phòg d' fhuars am braid O Mhac O Dhuinne, Diarmaid,  
 Do [ruitheas] am brat um làr, Mar bhi se 'na aonaràn.  
 Tabhraidh mo bhrat domh, a mhnai, Is mi nighean an Deirg  
 ghràin,

No char d'rinneas do loch Ach féis re Fionn faobhar nochd.  
 Beir mo mhallachd is imich uainn, 'Se deir Mac Cumhaill [go  
 n-fuath],

A d' fhagas fa mh[iothlachd] ar mnai Na tair hugain aon là.

La.

Coya lwm y'mich ochtyr chor tocht er my ve'myn  
 Cut da ny'mich cha chellwm gin ga' wellwm gi calmi  
 Oskir is keilt chrowith is m<sup>c</sup> lowich fa moltyr  
 Finn is dermit deadzale quogir \* lettych zar nocht' \* quogr  
 Missi is rynith is kerrill keyve in norrin gin lohti  
 Chinnimyr is chneit<sup>t</sup> banwe gir wea a'myn ir nocht'  
 Y'mich orrin skaill darwe Inni gi calm fane sottill  
 Daggimir downe weccowle Cowin lwm y'mich ocht'  
 Zawir'mir' downe re albin bi chalme downe a rochtin  
 Hut reit<sup>t</sup> lay m<sup>c</sup> kowlle C 1 y<sup>t</sup> o  
 Er zorttymir zwle tagsin y'mich clas \* inta is corkir \* class  
 Finni a wade gi browe C 1 y<sup>t</sup> o  
 Huggymir cat sin neddall di fre tegwalle na portew  
 Rugigimir boye is Cowe C 1 y<sup>t</sup> o  
 Hugimir caith ni frankgi o sann \* di fre gi doggir \* saim?  
 Zowimir gelle is cowe cowin lwme y'mich ocht'  
 Hugimir cat ni spane a tantyn is a tochtthy'  
 Quhoye ir my' ray fane doyne C 1 y<sup>t</sup> o  
 Hug<sup>ir</sup> caith brettin bi zegli<sup>t</sup> ay is bi doggir\* \* deggir  
 Hoggymir gayle doyne C 1 y<sup>t</sup> o  
 War'rimir Cromm ni carne er fargi is ay er ottill  
 Foyr'rimir gi teir owille \* C 1 y<sup>t</sup> o \* ewille?  
 Na zey harnik ni dossith a phat'k ossil hothmyn  
 Ffinni wayde ir gow C 1 y<sup>t</sup> o  
 Noewe a ma'm' si<sup>t</sup> phadrik is hard crawe is soch'  
 O phakgy<sup>t</sup> missi id Coithir C 1 y<sup>t</sup> o  
 C 1 y<sup>t</sup> o

Nenor a quhyne fa chyill di woyn avy' chenn cholin  
 Noyn awir chinni cholin chon ca mo dorin sin doyn  
 Zearemir my leny<sup>t</sup> lerga is glen fre<sup>t</sup>nich ni glawe nerg  
 Is feir na<sup>t</sup> forrmir ann maddy<sup>t</sup> za dannis \* cholin \* damis?  
 Dearem<sup>r</sup> glen dorth dow glen zarwe zorrit\* is gl clacha \* zerrit?  
 Is feir na<sup>t</sup> dorrir<sup>r</sup> ann maddi<sup>t</sup> za danmist\* cholin \*damist?  
 Dearm<sup>r</sup> scheane zrowmmi clywe is finni wy leive na ze...  
 Is feir na<sup>t</sup> d an maddi<sup>t</sup> za da'mist cholin  
 D durlis war wail tawyr wry is down zawrane  
 Is feir na<sup>t</sup> d ann maddi za da'mist cholin  
 D glen okoythty<sup>t</sup> fa forrais \* awr † ossill \* forraiss † awir  
 Is feir na<sup>t</sup> foryt<sup>m</sup> ann maddi za da'mist cholin  
 D finni wy maye tawyr<sup>r</sup> wry is kintaylli  
 Is feir na<sup>t</sup> d ann maddi za da'mist cholin

D er'ri \* wlli eddr chonni<sup>t</sup> is donni \* eir'ri ?  
 Is feir na<sup>t</sup> d ann maddi<sup>t</sup> za da'mist cholin  
 Gerrid downi<sup>t</sup> mir sen. sin feyn popbill mu'tyr  
 Gin wakcam<sup>r</sup> tre cath na<sup>t</sup> di clanni rei<sup>t</sup> na roylay<sup>t</sup>  
 Cath catchenni<sup>t</sup> de we ann is c cho'che'ni<sup>t</sup>\* na genn \*chonchenni<sup>t</sup>?  
 Cath drummanni<sup>t1</sup> in dey in ney down er chawyr in dromm b...  
 In tley a soilti<sup>t</sup>\* gi hard er Inni feyn \* soilito<sup>t</sup> ?  
 In noychtyr' skē cheylty<sup>t</sup> chaye we in tley gead  
 In tleyg soylti<sup>t</sup> gi chert er Inni feyn fa gall a zlak  
 Er layd skaye cheilt gi' wroyn wei<sup>t</sup> in tly z in g  
 In tley a soylti<sup>t</sup> gi heissill er Inni feyn in nagni<sup>t</sup> eywre  
 In neithyr skae ch rwm charri we in tley ac mak chrum\* chon  
 \* chrun ?  
 Leygis cheilty<sup>t</sup> gallan gleit choylis e nalwin da reroiwe  
 Iss (?) mygh lenith ny' lanni in dawir\* is in down reillin \* dawr ?  
 Reggir e goole m<sup>c</sup> morn fayni<sup>t</sup> kennard cron woyñ  
 A zleyis felane m<sup>c</sup> fynni agis ni bwlwe a borrin  
 Reggir e za mhak mawoe breik is m<sup>c</sup> elle o noye brek  
 Scay breg<sup>h</sup> m<sup>c</sup> daythein dayn is keill croi<sup>t</sup> in nerm rai zeyr  
 R e keinki<sup>t</sup> ni<sup>t</sup> golg agis Illin \* feywr zerg \* Illm ?  
 Is keill croi<sup>t</sup> a croyth zrinni na<sup>t</sup> esti<sup>t</sup> goy<sup>t</sup> Iywrin  
 Bi winni schenwrāny<sup>t</sup>\* sley agis mowir † ni meilli<sup>t</sup>  
 \* schenwrā ny<sup>t</sup> scheywrā ny<sup>t</sup>? † mowr ?  
 Agis ra'n wrattich shroill a geirri\* a maddin zeit roei<sup>t</sup> \* gerri  
 Di hoykgimir dalwe zrennith bratti<sup>t</sup> Inni vor ni fayni<sup>t</sup>  
 E (?) oyir\* choir† she tennall † fa wo<sup>r</sup> cha'na' chentle rwe  
 \*oyr? †chor? †dennall ?  
 Di h fullling\* doyrith b zwlle wor v<sup>c</sup> morn \*fullnig ?  
 Menkith we ga<sup>t</sup>\* in troyle chroysi<sup>t</sup> derri<sup>t</sup> is tossy<sup>t</sup> foyili<sup>t</sup> \*wega<sup>t</sup>  
 D h in m'cheni<sup>t</sup> ooyrri b rynith gin ny'mit sloyg  
 Sroill lay g' fee know is keinni la legkéis fwlw gow fybrin  
 D h ky'nill chaith b eillane dairre \* \* darre  
 Mak finni far flaa<sup>t</sup> ni wayni<sup>t</sup> gilli lay gurre tromley  
 D hoigim<sup>r</sup> down neiwe b ossin na girri \* \* gri ?  
 Laywe zarg b v<sup>t</sup> roynane is oarnay in deiwe elli  
 D h skoyb zawe b oskir in nairfee  
 Ree doll in gath na glae me'kei<sup>t</sup> zairre skopb zawe  
 Di h' loith\* lynith b zarmit e zounith awzissytht \* leith  
 Noar heyth in neanith a math vea sche awzissy<sup>t</sup>\* oeyricht  
 \* awrissy<sup>t</sup>  
 D h barne a reybgin bratty<sup>t</sup> oskir nar schani<sup>t</sup>  
 Dani<sup>t</sup> coyharme m<sup>c</sup> gar' zlynni. la garwe kinni is ke' wir\* \* wr ?  
 D h creiwe fowlli<sup>t</sup> b clonni var v<sup>c</sup> lowich  
 Noar hey<sup>t</sup> in nane a mach is she wey er in dossich

<sup>1</sup> MS. "dru'ma'ni



Di rinnimir croit<sup>t</sup> cath in demichill Inn oyr' lath  
 Ma dudty<sup>t</sup> finni fairri eddi ni wane weir' chalmi<sup>t</sup>  
 Marweis ni catkenni<sup>th</sup> linni agis di goywe ni chonchinni  
 Hutti ni dru'ma'ne wlle in deymchill Inn alwin  
 Mu'nith beg fa dassi zowni<sup>t</sup> in ny'wir wrow za zowyni  
 Is math foirrim<sup>r</sup> \* ann maddi<sup>t</sup> za da'mist cholin \* forrim<sup>r</sup>  
 Zearem<sup>r</sup> erre \* wlli eddir chō'ni is dwn \* eirre  
 Is noe<sup>t</sup> cha dorrem<sup>r</sup> \* er a feyg cheaddi ferr o zarwe na nenoir'  
 \* doirrem<sup>r</sup> ?  
 Nenoir a quhyme ne...

Binn gow duni in teyr in oyr binn a gh.oyr channyd ny<sup>t</sup> heoyñ \*  
 \* hooyñ  
 Bynn in noaillane a nee a quhor bin in tonn a bwñ da treyor  
 Bynn in fyghzir a ne zeye bin gow coyth oass \* cassyo<sup>t</sup> † conn  
 \* oas ? † casyo<sup>t</sup>  
 Alynn in delry<sup>t</sup> a ne grea<sup>ne</sup> byn in near feddyl ny<sup>t</sup> loñ  
 Byn gow Illyr essi \* roye oass † kynn coaynd' † v<sup>c</sup> moyr<sup>ne</sup> § mor  
 \* esi † oas † coand ? § moyr<sup>nye</sup>  
 Byn gow coythaa oyss \* berrye doss † rlynn in tost a ne in coir  
 \* ays † dos ?  
 Fyn m<sup>c</sup> cowil mayr fane sacht ca<sup>hak</sup> na eaynn gy<sup>t</sup> grynn  
 In oayr a lykeyst coñ ra feaygh a garrye no zeye by wynn  
 Bynn gow.

*Modern Version of above.*

Binn guth duine an tìr an òir, Binn a' ghlòir a chanaid na h-eòin,  
 Binn a' nuallan a ni chorr, Binn an tonn am bun dà threòir.  
 Binn am foghar a ni 'ghaath, Binn guth c[uach] os casadh coin,  
 Alainn an dealradh a ni grian, Binn an iar feadail nan lon.  
 Binn guth iolair Easa-ruaidh Os cionn cuain Mhic-Mhòirne mhòir.  
 Binn guth c[uach] os barraibh dhos, Alainn an tosd a ni an [corr].  
 Fionn Mac-Chumhail, m' athair féin, Seachd catha na [Féinne] gu  
 grinn ;  
 An uair a leigeamaist coin ri féidh, A' gàireadh<sup>1</sup> nan déigh ba bhinn.  
 Binn guth.

<sup>1</sup> "gàrthadh"

Skaile oiknith er cheyle\* cassill gow carn wallir berrith mee  
\*choyle?  
Na clwnni<sup>t</sup> dwnni za glwnni<sup>t</sup> gi glwnni<sup>t</sup> m<sup>c</sup> gweill ee  
Makcowle di choill cesser<sup>r</sup> er slis\* alwin in nor † weine \*sliss  
†noir?  
Essin os\* ni † geud † ne chell § finni in cessew || deyer reiwe  
\*oss †in? †gend? §choll? ||cossew  
Ossin dein (?) nicht\* ith is dermit dey v<sup>c</sup> lowi<sup>t</sup> leich nor zann  
\*nichticht  
Deis\* nar leyr cooza coskir coña' feyn is oskir ann \*Deiss  
Slonne\* a zea letyith † zawsith di raye fin feir † gi<sup>t</sup> eyth \*Sloyne?  
†leyth? fer?  
Faikgew\* mir sin er oill inn ca coyll lewe is binni er beith  
\*Fairgew  
Di raye coña' gir\* we in ny'mirt Eine choill is binni hor feyn  
\*yr? yir?  
Math lawe in ir re heygh ...nrwni<sup>t</sup> fer sen gir chwni<sup>t</sup> er cheyll  
Foskgi zi\* chwlg in gaith nawit nach in gach ne choklit sah \*ze?  
a loywe in genn is in gossith\* koill a bar lay oskir aye \*gessith?  
Koill is mow ruggis zi ryin di rae dermit ni derk mahahl  
A rozraw gin ga bea zawssit coraa ban is ausith\* ann \*ansith  
Sowd mi choilsi v<sup>c</sup> mvrn er m<sup>c</sup> lowth ni narm glan  
Leym in gleyw mi chon' gow ere fleyg\* a churri in derri zaw †  
\*ffey ga? †zawf?  
Sowd in koill is koyle dowfsy<sup>t</sup>\* di rae fin flaa in tloe \*dowfoyt?  
In neyin\* zeith bayne lay braddeiche raym fin leich fa atteive  
oyr \*neym?  
In tra weime gin eggill n' neksith ossin a dwrt fa zoe  
Mi zane is a zoissith in daskgi daif\* rame cloiss clastin a chol \*saif?

Fleyg wor \* rinni lay finni Innossad dout a halgin \* woir ?  
 Fa hymmi dwn we ann deanow albin is errin  
 Fearis m<sup>c</sup> morn mor \* din reane fa gall gloir \* moir ?  
 A waktow fleywi zar \* o hany<sup>t</sup> tow weanow errin \* zair ?  
 Di reggir sen finni wane fa math wle tor is tear  
 Dowrt gi wak fleywi zar na gi fley ane roywe in nerrin  
 cho'gim<sup>r</sup> huggin won tonn leich mor ayrrichti<sup>t</sup> foltinn  
 Gin ane dwn ag ach ay feyn fa ma<sup>t</sup> in togla<sup>t</sup> essane  
 mir hany<sup>t</sup> shay in gen ni wane a dowrt in togla<sup>t</sup> fa keyve keyll  
 Tarsy<sup>t</sup> lomsith nos inni is ber<sup>1</sup> cayd leich id di hy'chill  
 Dey<sup>t</sup> mek eithit mornni wor ber let in dows di henoyll  
 Fer is ocht zit clonn feyne ber is oskir \* di zane wane oskr ?  
 Ber deachnor di clannith smoill is feichit di clanni ronane  
 Ber di clanni mwin \* let deachnor elli gin dermit \* navin ?  
 Ber let dermit o dwnith bar ni swr is no shalge  
 A feyn is kerrill id lwng deychnor di zani<sup>t</sup> is di zorrin  
 Ber neno<sup>r</sup> di zillew let fa farda how y' bee aggit  
 Agis tws fen a Inni a v<sup>c</sup> awasse ermzrinni  
 Ber c leich let er twnni di znã wnntir Inn v<sup>c</sup> kowle  
 C skay gin ninwi \* noir dinni m<sup>c</sup> kow v<sup>c</sup> tranewor \* minwi ?  
 Bersi let in nos a Inni in da chonni is ferri in nerrinn  
 Ber bran is skoillin let fai<sup>2</sup> lowt di zorrin<sup>e</sup> \* er gimmicht \* zarrin<sup>e</sup> ?  
 Na bei<sup>t</sup> fadcheis ort a Inni di ray in toglay<sup>t</sup> ard (e)vyn  
 Tuggir fa woye id heich di we er ar' sloye es soiche  
 Gloir anwit harle id chenn ogle out hanik chwggin  
 Mir fayin tow a weanos Inn di wea di chen gin chollin  
 Di chora ne churffe \* in swm a chonnane weill ni beymin \* churfe ?  
 Is mest in sloye di wee ann id ta tow agrow anwin  
 Errissy<sup>t</sup> clanni biskni ann ers connan in nani'  
 Gowis gi neach zeive erm leich tig ni feani<sup>t</sup> as gi ane teiwe  
 Marwir in sen mak di zinn feani gal a zasgi zrinn  
 Is mak a zillin m<sup>c</sup> morn fa math in ga<sup>t</sup> chrwnwoyny<sup>t</sup>  
 Errissith arris ann is danis a wurrill  
 Fearyth yn beinni cwt ag gowle di choñane in nani'  
 Di wersi a wraa feyn di zinn di ray gowle mor ni beymin  
 Wor\* coñane na mes a chinni na bonfeit as in tinchin \* war' wor' ?  
 Ferris koill dreichid in gleñ er na<sup>t</sup> leyr rawe chei<sup>t</sup> in ferrin  
 Ay gin fis ni feanith ag finn troyig ni skaill so halgin  
 Faddi lommi a halgin trane na<sup>t</sup> wagga ma donni zi ñnane  
 Eaid a shelgi o zlenni gow glenn is ni<sup>t</sup> aewlt no dymcholl \*  
 \* dymchill ?

<sup>1</sup> "deych" deleted, and "ber" written above line.

<sup>2</sup> "fai" seems deleted.



Binvin lom ossin m<sup>c</sup> finni no hanith keñ na<sup>t</sup> deach zee  
 Ter gi dwni gar royve ann din binvin lwm fin ni wley  
 Fley.

## MODERN VERSION OF ABOVE.

Fleadh mhòr rinneadh le Fionn Inneasad duit, a Thailgein,  
 Fa h-ìomadh duine 'bhi ann D' Fhiannaibh Albann is Eireann.  
 Fiafraigheas Mac-Mòirne mòr De 'n rìoghain fa geal glòir,  
 A bh-faca tu fleadh dhear O thainigh tu bh-Fiannaibh Eireann.  
 Do fhreagair sin Fionn na bh-Fiann Fa math uile soir is siar,  
 Dubhairt gu bh-faca fleadh dhear Na gach fleadh 'bhi roimhe an  
 Eirinn.

Choncamar hugainn o 'n tonn Laoch mòr arrachtach folt-fhionn,  
 Gu'n aon duin' aige ach e féin, Fa math an t oglach eisean.  
 Mar thàinigh se an ceann na bh-Fiann, A dubhairt an t-òglach fa  
 caomh ciall,

Tair-sa leam-sa nois, Fhinn, Is beir ceud laoch a' d' thiomchioll.  
 Deich mic Fhichead Mòirne mòir Beir leat an tus do thionòil,  
 Fear is ochd dhe d' chloinn féin Beir is Oscar do Fhiann na Féinn'.  
 Beir deichnear do chlannaibh Smòil, Is fichead do chlannaibh  
 Rònain,

Beir do chlannaibh Mu[mhain]<sup>1</sup> leat Deichnear eile gun dearmad.  
 Beir leat Diarmaid O Duinn, B' fhear na suirghe is na seilg',  
 E féin is Cairrioll a' d' luing, Deichnear do 'dhaoinibh is do fhoireann.  
 Beir naoinear do ghillibh leat Fa feairrde thu am bith agad,  
 Agus tusa féin a Fhinn A mhic a' bhasa (?) àirm ghrinn.  
 Beir ceud laoch leat air tuinn Do ghnàth mhuintir Fhinn Mhic-  
 Cumhaill,

Ceud sgiath gun [mionna] òir Do Fhionn Mac-Cumhaill mhic  
 Threunmhoir.

Beir-sa leat a nois, a Fhinn, An dà choin a's fèarr an Eirinn,  
 Beir Bran is Sgoilean leat Fa luath do Fhoirighthin air cimeachd.  
 Na biodh faiteachas ort, a Fhinn, Do ràdh an t-òglach àrd, éibhinn,  
 Tugar fa bhuaidh [a' d' theach, Do bhi air ar sluaigh a's seagh'che].

<sup>1</sup> " Neamhain ?"

## [Tulach Na Féinne].

Troygh lwm twlly<sup>t</sup> ni fayni<sup>t</sup> ag ni c<sup>h</sup>leirchew fa z... r..  
 Is dany<sup>t</sup> lucht ni billak in nynit\* c<sup>h</sup>lanny<sup>t</sup> beisknych \*nynnit?  
 Dayr missi raa croychin schell\* fada wroychow g... \*shell?  
 Beg a hellis gi tarfin in talgin er di w...  
 Dayr meith skay is sley conn is gyir fad walle  
 Ga ta no<sup>t</sup> knok ny fayni fa chleyrchew is fa wachlew  
 Da marra clanni morn ni wee fir nordsi seadtrach  
 Di zoyne schew\* fir grabbil a lwch ni baychill brega † \*shew?  
 † breik  
 Da marra m<sup>c</sup> lowy<sup>t</sup> si vi curri chalmaa\* \*chalma  
 Swl fowkweis in tully<sup>t</sup> di wee fir cowly<sup>t</sup> garry<sup>t</sup>  
 Da marra clanni carda fir nachir chelggi bayssew  
 Ne wei<sup>t</sup> fir glwkgi fir bachlaa nynit\* nin brady<sup>t</sup>... \*nynnit  
 [Da marra] clanni nayvin fir nach banvin in droddew  
 Ne wei<sup>t</sup> di ww<sup>t</sup>r a phadrik gi laydyr er ni chnok(ew)  
 Da marra clan in dew zerri\* da marra keilti croych \*zeirri  
 Ne wei<sup>t</sup> gayr chlooggi is chleyrri ga nestith in raacroych(in)  
 Da marra rynne roydda is keiltroy<sup>t</sup>\* m<sup>c</sup> creyvin \*keilcroy<sup>t</sup>  
 Ne wei<sup>t</sup> di loywir la cheyll ir a laywis a bebill  
 Ir ni lwrge crwmmi di ryñ in swll dayne  
 Di wei<sup>t</sup> di lorga na broсна da bea osgir er lay(ir)  
 Ir in trostane woye di ryn in swe swnda  
 Math dut na<sup>t</sup> marrin connan fa ma'nath dorn duta  
 .... re in swlzorm seir coñan meil makave ni way..  
 .... yrre ga mor di zorda di woñi zut dorn gi dane  
 .... a m<sup>c</sup> ezoyni ir ni lwrge crossi  
 ... ei<sup>t</sup> di lorga sne\* mesta † bresta fa chay<sup>t</sup>ra cloocha \*sue?  
 † mest a?  
 Ir chlwgā mir helim da bi<sup>t</sup> dermit na waye  
 Di wei<sup>t</sup> di clog na rab<sup>h</sup>b<sup>h</sup>a woya fa edina\* chay<sup>t</sup>ree \*edin a?  
 Neir\* zarga smor a chey<sup>t</sup> er gay<sup>t</sup> gei<sup>t</sup> m<sup>c</sup> roynā \*Ner?  
 Na bae di clog gi hannis ir a wannis\* koyllan \*wanis?  
 Ne eddwm bay gi sowthy<sup>t</sup> ne agkw m<sup>c</sup> cowl si na...  
 Ne ekkym dearmit o doywñ ne ekym keilt m<sup>c</sup> cro...  
 Ne heynyth mi way gi dowych er in tully<sup>t</sup> soo phadrik  
 Ne ekkim m<sup>c</sup> lowth ne ekim in chwlych zrawcht  
 Ne ekkim far loo raym heyve ne ekkim oskg<sup>r</sup> na e...  
 Ne ekkim in nymyrt\* vor ne ekkim a choanirt cheyf \*nymyrt  
 Ne ekkim clanni smoyl ne ekkim golli mor ni gneyf  
 Ne ekkim feillane fayill ne ekkim na zey in nayñ  
 Ne ekkim fris mi wrayir layr mey<sup>t</sup> layr woalta

## [Tulach na Féinne].

Truagh leam tulach na Féinne Aig na cléirchibh fa dhaoirse ;  
Is dana luchd nam bileag An ionad Chlanna Baoisgne.  
[D' fhaighear] mise, Rath Chruachain, Seal fa d' bhruchaibh gu  
sùgach

Beag a shaoileas gu tarfann An tailgean air do mhullach  
[D' fhaighear] mi sgiath is sleagh Coin is gadhair fa d' mhala  
Ge ta nochd cnoc na Féinne Fo chléirchibh is fo bhachlaibh.  
Da maireadh Clanna Morna, Ni bheith bhur n-ord-sa<sup>1</sup> [seadtrach],  
Do gheabhadh sibh bur g-creapail, A luchd nam bachall breaca.  
Da maireadh Mac-Lughaidh, 'Sa shé curaidh chalma,  
Sul facbhas an tulaich Do bhi 'bhur culaidh ghàire  
Da maireadh Clanna Cearda, Fir nachar chealgach beusa,  
Ni bheith bhur g-cluig bhur bachla, 'Nionad nam bratach greusda.  
Da maireadh Clanna Neamhain Fir nach b' anmhunn an trodaibh  
Ni bhi do mhuintir a Phadraig, Gu laidir air na cnocaibh.  
Da maireadh Clann an [deagh Ghoraidh] Da maireadh Caoilte  
cruadhach

Ni bhi gair chluig is Chleireach 'Gan éisdeachd an Raith  
Chruachain.

Da maireadh Roghein Ruadh Is Caoilte cruaidh mac Criomhthain.  
Ni bhi do leabhar r'a chéile, Fhir a leughas am biobull  
Fhir na luirge cruime Do rinn an siubhal dana  
Do bhi do lorg 'na broсна, Da 'm biodh Oscar air lathair.  
Fhir an trostain bhuidhe, Da gní suidhe sonda,  
Math dhuit nach maireann Conan Fa m-bainfeadh dorn dhuit.  
Da maireadh an sùl-ghorm saor Conan Maol macaomh na bh-Fiann,  
Chléirich, ge mor do dhord, Do bhuineadh dhuit dorn gu dian.  
Da maireadh mac O'Dhuibhne, Fhir na luirge croise,  
Do bhiodh do lorg smiste, Briste fa chartha cloiche.  
Fhir a' chluig mar shaoilim Da 'm biodh Diorraing 'na bheatha,  
Do bhiodh do chlag 'na raobthach Uaith fa eudan a' chartha.  
[Nior dhearg smor a chiaich Air gath gaoith Mhic Ronain]  
Ni bhiodh do chlog gu [h-ainnis], Fhir a bheanas an ceolan.  
Ni fheudam bhith gu subhach Ni fhaicim M<sup>c</sup> Cumhaill 's a [bheatha]  
Ni fhaicim Diarmaid mac Duibhne Ni fhaicim Caoilt' mac Ronain  
Ni h-iongnadh mi bhith gu dubhach Air an tulaich so Phadraig,  
Ni fhaicim mac Lughaidh<sup>2</sup> Ni fhaicim a' chullachd ghradhach.  
Ni fhaicim Fearlogha ri m' thaobh, Ni fhaicim Oscar [na Feinn'],  
Ni fhaicim an iomairt mhor, Ni fhaicim a' chonairt chaomh.  
Ni fhaicim Clanna Smoil, Ni fhaicim Goll mor nan gníomh,  
Ni fhaicim Faolan fiol, Ni fhaicim 'na dhiaidh an Fhiann  
Ni fhaicim Fearghus mo bhrathair, [Le'r mithich le'r mholta],

<sup>1</sup> "n-dord."<sup>2</sup> "Luath?"





Fynn fane in nagnea \* raawoyr is woygh zaifmost failtahak †  
 Dy<sup>t</sup> rhagis \* mwrndny<sup>t</sup> hee is dy<sup>t</sup> wilelis mischi a zranndaa †  
 Myr aweys \* in noyf chaischt † zoyscht ‡ ne hewyt § zayr rahak  
 Ac coyoid \* oywahak byggi dy<sup>t</sup> wilelis mischi a zranndaa †  
 It doll ter wennnow \* borrifaa is er wolly<sup>t</sup> forynny<sup>t</sup> ban...  
 Ne mor nach tursy<sup>t</sup> synndaa dy<sup>t</sup> wilelis mischi a zrannd...  
 It dol ter es \* roygh royny<sup>t</sup> † is beg nar obyr my way \* ess † roiny<sup>t</sup>  
 Faa rohwyrr geltti glinni di villis \* missi a zraayn... \* villiss  
 Waym gi faddi is gi haazar a tastil eyrrin a m..  
 Is trane di woyir sen sinni di willis misse zraayn..  
 Di willis misi \* \* miss

Lay . . a<sup>\*</sup> roy<sup>t</sup> in dwndalgin cowehullin ni grow ney'ti      \*za?  
 ..<sup>\*</sup> taid† in ‡ gwr er a gon gin sloigh wlli na ochyr  
                         \*S? †teid? toid? ‡ni

Halli in noill er i nerre mañ gi waggidir in nane wlt...  
Keltizh fekkizh fowith fene elty<sup>t</sup> laye za leetiwe  
Gwr               in nansych\* wllight mnā chogy clanni rowre  
\*nausych naesych?  
In cor sen bi degkr\* royne cwr ris in nalt<sup>n</sup>in† daw ail      \*degkir  
†naht in'

In doychis lawee leich atte dir ay<sup>t</sup>r chonleich  
Ni hoy . . . gi derring dalwe seir winn cholla in gellew  
Gawis in crann tawill glan cowchullin gl  
In lawe bi wath troir er mvr ni hoynene gir \* \* gr  
Ryntyr in nelty<sup>t</sup> wo nir ner zarmit vmpith ach awyr  
Gawis awyr racht fane rynn dayveine neir \* chart a cheive \* ner  
Gelytyr woo no errik sin ne kead oyne elli zayvyr  
Zaa dorchri<sup>t</sup> er teive a chnok la creif ni norchir norrik \* \* nerrik  
In gen tryle hugid \* gow cai<sup>t</sup> za anee gin neigis † noynach  
\* hicged † neigiss

Ni roe fer gin oe orri weit<sup>t</sup> slawre or <sup>1</sup> atryth  
Hug bancheill chongullin graw d'in'ani dei† wllinn† \*di † wllim!  
Din charrait eintey<sup>t</sup> aynee hanik a y'mill ollane  
Agis ayvir\* in nolt tryme ac in† ri<sup>t</sup> er chongullin \*ayvr? † acum?  
ni hoyne mir gylle dei<sup>t</sup> gin skail na hye vmpith  
Da oyr no tre tilfer les ni hoyne aldy<sup>t</sup> sner ammis

<sup>1</sup> *d* deleted before *a* of "atryth."

Gir leme couf mir a chur iij hurchyr her\* ni hanich \*hor?  
 In hwrchr\* royve† sin zoll di zaltane gawffe \*hwrchir †reyve  
 Gin virn er wrane di wlyg ryef ach keym sin all.ne  
 Re bleyghin ne deach zea ach<sup>1</sup> turs nin seith  
 Ne lay imichty<sup>t</sup> nyn nane is inleu<sup>t</sup>\* ach in turskaill \*inlent  
 Mas fer in dathris a woyg \* na<sup>t</sup> darn in cow on chref \*woyg..  
 Slat war zall di zrawhe mnaa laywe<sup>t</sup>\* aig roye at a. et... \*laywr<sup>t</sup>  
 ..... my' fa zeariw\* beggane beg.... \*zearew?  
 ..... feyne in telg chur ay deis er gi cnok  
 Hw a feyne is garri teive er hewe in nane er ro...  
 Gin dayrri<sup>t</sup> finn di zarri er svv zoi<sup>t</sup> na arr...  
 Or is tusi di wee ann kinnis di warve sw lowl\* \*kowl?  
 Di weyrsi zvt mi wrarri er bi zut orm za e're  
 Gir hei<sup>t</sup> mi lawe laytich lomm chur in keand za in goull\* \*gowl?  
 For in caddrew yois sin a clanni morn mar zill  
 Is wulling is reawor roif zes zes dew math a warwe  
 Mas for in catdrew lat sin Inn v<sup>t</sup> cowill a halwin  
 Leg in carre dir bwnskinni is tog in nallydis chatchinn  
 A dog mis zew lawe a clann morn is mor grane  
 Fa toylling missi wlli for\* gir† gow dei<sup>t</sup> eine dwn \*fer? †gr?  
 Mas di zlassi tussi\* sin y'michtin er slicht† haith' \*tuissi? turssi?  
 †slycht

### A Houd' so gille crist talz' bod in stuyck.

Benny<sup>t</sup> di hyly<sup>t</sup> a threnoite a ree pharris phort ny' layk  
 Di hyly<sup>t</sup> neir zann dit zoe how fein di zalve vlli eed  
 Is dutti di chommi seil nawzoe di zroy derk er da ny' sow  
 Ir a ve'ny<sup>t</sup> port is pobbil maly<sup>t</sup> di lucht coggi cwlli  
 A ta chonvrt curst chwllañ dan<sup>ew</sup><sup>2</sup> wlk er clannow reicht  
 Gyn glwnnvm ayr ni genn gvnni<sup>t</sup> is lane' gi glenni dulli zeive  
 A lucht cogge er clanni awzoe onach fadir vea nane' dost  
 Na geltew a chew ra chael fertew\* ree ny' grein a gosk \*fertow?  
 A lucht cogge er clan awzoe di fre lucifeir\* ny' lwbe \*lucifer?  
 Na leg fois na dein dy' drong soo losk a re ny<sup>t</sup> solsi sowd  
 Er ees eith chappil clawy<sup>t</sup> nar\* is lane dy' choynny<sup>t3</sup> chwlle<sup>4</sup> \*nor?  
 Wer'rit vype in nvcht ny<sup>t</sup> selga legge brwet a melga moe  
 Malli<sup>t</sup> ny<sup>t</sup> selga is a worlaye dees eich kei<sup>t</sup>ry<sup>t</sup> is chrwe  
 Di chur drwme ra foyd ny<sup>t</sup> foiche\* skeiltir kinni a zasre zoe \*fache?  
 A ta gasre vaddi vaslaie er layr Inche ald art

<sup>1</sup> "ach" apparently deleted and "ac" written above line.

<sup>2</sup> e above w in MS.

<sup>3</sup> choymyt

<sup>4</sup> Writing above line here.



Lane truddyr eed treg a threnoit cur'seir eed a venoit valk  
 Ga zemmi crakkin chon alta agin vm clarsi is vm chrute  
 Cha terga clakin foyr fallwe aggin on choynni aalle vlk  
 Yr' *críst* dan sneicht seachin o loch chabbir gow ryn frewi<sup>t</sup>  
 Loy<sup>t</sup> a gonnil da gorpe knawe orchis olk a rai<sup>t</sup>rwei<sup>t</sup>  
 Gon ga nerrik sen er scherchw di vakrobirt ny' royk tee  
 A lach venour' ni glenni gust is lenour kenn c'st er claa  
 A vil o vinni zulbin zrenta di vaddrow soos go shrow tolve  
 Ffissssi er selgow sissi \* a † soig derk ayr o *críst* vlli orve \*fissi? †i?  
 Gi glwnny' is me in ny'vir nissa meilchon skeilli ny' skonni  
 Marg ma nea balle ni bokneach gon dea g'allyr tutmy<sup>t</sup> trommi  
 Scawy<sup>t</sup> conny<sup>t</sup> elsi is aggait er lucht varve ni grey glas  
 Mak dey lai chre noy nawely<sup>t</sup> gy<sup>t</sup> sneach a choyn anvy<sup>t</sup> <sup>1</sup>as  
 Loska gi sywe hay schei<sup>t</sup> chellin a oone stewart ny' stead braas  
 May \* ber woym gir sr'eyth schranwoor a choyn zra'ni<sup>t</sup> zra'nvor...  
\* Mas

Er zarri oyone' steadzil stewart cha learroi<sup>t</sup> cabbir gy' chenn  
 Is eed er chollew cas chorry<sup>t</sup> a choynnirt zlassi vongi hoenni\*  
\*henni?  
 Benny<sup>t</sup> dy<sup>t</sup> hly<sup>t</sup>.

### A howd' so Duncha mor' voe lawenacht.

Mark dwnna a chayl a zoo agis ga vil schrow di zanna  
 Agis na ead gawal loa is nach ool wea no hawe  
 Agis nach synni corri na port is nach gawe gy' locht leye  
 Agis nach skurre di chrwt veynni\* is na<sup>t</sup> synni mir is meynni  
\* vynni?  
 As marg nach skur da dryng drang agis di rann di ray  
 Agis na cluntyr a chrut is nach tugg' a zayn  
 As marg na toyr toye \* da chael is nach cw'my' a feyn slan \* foye?  
 As marg a ver tras gi trog ar a ves na rig a lave  
 Da be mo vean annsy<sup>t</sup> ves ne ach soyghin \* a zrab go hard †  
\* foyhin? † had?  
 Di zorfin in crayni fa vonni ga bea neach er a cur' morg\* \*marg?  
M.

A Houd' so gille *callum* m<sup>c</sup> y'olle—in far\* \* fas.

Ne heyvy'nis gin clyne Donil ne corit vei<sup>t</sup> nane nagus  
 In cla/nd dy<sup>t</sup> ver\* sin gronevy<sup>t</sup> gir† zeve gy<sup>t</sup> done catv..w \* var  
† gar?

<sup>1</sup> A circumflex over *v*.

Clann is seir\* zor† zalve‡ in rowe angnow is awys \*ser? †zolve  
zawe? zowe?  
Clann zar woil ne terin (?) in rowe creudy\* is crawe \*creidy  
Clann chunly<sup>t</sup> chalmy<sup>t</sup> chroy<sup>t</sup> clann by<sup>t</sup> h . . . . toyth in amm throt  
Clann by<sup>t</sup> veny<sup>t</sup> in mesk vra . . .<sup>1</sup> is by<sup>t</sup> chalmy<sup>t</sup> in gog y<sup>t</sup>  
Clann ba lenor erry<sup>t</sup>\* di† var‡ a'ny<sup>t</sup> is ayrew \*orry<sup>t</sup> †da ‡bar  
Clann nar chatty<sup>t</sup> er eglis clann lor\* veggil in gany<sup>t</sup> \*lar  
Gythy'ane albin oyn clann is croye zawe vest  
Gane royve tres gy<sup>t</sup> teir sawik eil er gask  
Clann bi wow is bi vir clann bi zrinn is rait  
Clann di barsingy<sup>t</sup> crei di bar fydin is feil  
Mek ree nar hoyle in ner in royve dynty<sup>t</sup> is trome  
Fir\* alda olsai one nour' in royve bronty<sup>t</sup> is boke \*Far  
Clann di bar feme\* is fasgy<sup>t</sup> clann di bar gasg lawe \*feine?  
Olk lome gyrrit er'ny<sup>t</sup> in vec \*<sup>2</sup> lar snevy<sup>t</sup> in snaicht \*vee?  
neir vait ny<sup>t</sup> dro<sup>t</sup> hir voyir na ni fir lowore lagi  
Re dol in na'nit volc fir nach croy ny<sup>t</sup> cragi  
Clann gin nowor gin naikgoir nar zove ach eddoil chogge  
Gar vamny<sup>t</sup>\* den olsai is gar vony<sup>t</sup> boddi \*vanmy<sup>t</sup>?  
Mairk\* vor' ruggi in nyin mark a zyl rane gaddrow \*Mark?  
Gy' nyne clann mir clann donil ser chlann by<sup>t</sup> chorit agna  
Gy' arew er y<sup>t</sup> vrdil gy' chontta er in dossew  
Gy' creit gin tws gin derra er a'ny<sup>t</sup> ag in nelsewe  
In dossy<sup>t</sup> clynny<sup>t</sup> donil de bee\* folim ga fayny<sup>t</sup> \*vee  
Is di wi nane derry<sup>t</sup> fem \* is a'ny<sup>t</sup> is nar \*fein?

*Continued on page 93.*

A Howdir so feylum m<sup>c</sup> Dowle.

Ne math swille sin donit ga bee chongvis in teir  
 Ne math meith clowt a chenich ne math femmyt mna<sup>\*</sup> beyth  
   <sup>\*</sup>mnaie  
 Ne m. skreive<sup>\*</sup> gin oylwme ne math coyrin gi gortyth <sup>\*</sup>k? c? t?  
 Ne m. Erle gin wearle ne math mairryt<sup>t\*</sup> na voddyt <sup>\*</sup>marryt?  
 Ne m. Espic gin varrin ne m. aneive er hanoir<sup>\*</sup> <sup>\*</sup>hanor?  
 Ne m. saggirt er laithwlle ne m. parsone git derrelle  
 Ne m. longfort gin nimirt ne m. Innilt gi roi<sup>t</sup> lesga  
 Ne m. Earlow gin termin ne m. tempill gin relik  
 Ne math ben gin wea nairrit<sup>\*</sup> ne far clairsit gi' teadyt <sup>\*</sup>narrit ?  
 Ne m. coggit<sup>i</sup> gin chalmyt ne m. gawle phort gi' wairrit<sup>t</sup>  
 Ne m. meydin gith ka'tti' ne m. dyveris ir a'neith  
 Ne m. castlane gi' Iyr ne m. darmitchon teach

<sup>1</sup> Writing faded.

<sup>2</sup> "far" deleted, and "ve" or "vec" written above it.

Er wrone is er hursa dy<sup>t</sup> reyggis twgs is folym  
 Gy<sup>t</sup> Inne orcht reygis ne hevynis gin chlynn donil Ne hevynis  
 Bi trane geyth ag teirrin\* fa natmaa chrendy<sup>t</sup> corit \*toirrin  
 Ga tayd in dew fa zevis ne hevyn 'g  
 N., sloye (is) ver is in gryni \* y' mvrn si myr' si wony<sup>t</sup> \*grym?  
 . . . . . vi na.. vagus Ne hevin'  
 Makane lave na wymmy<sup>t</sup> dar \* sery<sup>t</sup> er gy<sup>t</sup> dorin \* dor  
 Ga ta ai zone delis ne hevynis gin chlynn donil.  
 Ne hevynis.

Ochagane is sai so in kenn di we err connil n gormlane  
 In kenn ga doary<sup>t</sup> in nwlli i bossil ay is di binvin  
 Ochagane is se soo in towill di we in kenn Connil knessi  
 In towle ma nea in nawry<sup>t</sup> di beale ee is boskirry<sup>t</sup>  
 Ochagane is a so in bail er na<sup>t</sup> doar fille sanskail \* \*fanskail  
 Bail ta'ni is derkga na nwlli blas malli<sup>t</sup> er bail Connill  
 Ochagane is se so in lawe we er Conil m<sup>e</sup> skanlai  
 Lawe firri bi chrooi<sup>t</sup> in ny'zwn lawe chonil mi chad invin  
 Ochagane is se so in tewe ris in seinmist ir slis seir  
 Is sa maddi oo mvlli gow (?) moil o laei soyn er a heive  
 Ochagane is se so a chas na<sup>t</sup> leytha rooe lei<sup>t</sup> za awivy...  
 Cas firri bi chroi<sup>t</sup> in gaiew cas vykskanlane ska...  
 .. ch is sa in raa in ivee an Conil gi<sup>t</sup> traat mwch<sup>t</sup>  
 .. ni harry<sup>t</sup> ny' skail is sai baille ny' dear is is ni no..  
 Ochagane

## MODERN VERSION OF POEM ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

Ni math siubhal 'san Domhnaigh Ge b'e chongbhas an t-shaor,  
 Ni math mi-chliú a' chinnich, Ni math feamachd mnatha baoith,  
 Ni math sgríobhadh gun fhoghlum, Ni math caorann gu gortach,  
 Ni math Iarla gun bheurla, Ni math mairiche 'na bhodach.  
 Ni math Easpuig gun bhár-raighin, Ni math ainíomh air sheanoir,  
 Ni math sagart air leth-shúil, Ni math parson gu dearoil.  
 Ni math longphort gun imirt, Ni math ínnilt gu ro-leisge,  
 Ni math Earlamh gun téarmunn, Ni math teampull gun réilic.  
 Ni math bean gun bhith náireach, Ni féarr cláirseach gun teuda,  
 Ni math cogadh gun chalmachd, Ni math gabhail phort gun  
 mhairich,  
 Ni math maighdean gu cainnteach, Ni math daoibhreas fhir  
 ainfheich,  
 Ni math caisleán gun oighre, Ni math dearmad a' chon [teach].



Ne m. gin vrrwm\* deit<sup>r</sup> ne m. lawt<sup>r</sup>irt ne meskga \* vrrwin  
 Ne m. skaane gin yvir ne m. cleynt<sup>r</sup> ni bree  
 Neir m. cardis nin newill did vak a reithin ratour  
 Ga zoyr se seill aw ne m. zawsin a chroichy<sup>t</sup>  
 Ne m. leyor gi' twsgsy<sup>t</sup>, ne m. dwnni gi' charrit  
 Ne m. filli<sup>t</sup> gin yvir ne m. eilclo<sup>t</sup> gin tally<sup>t</sup>  
 Ne m. eady<sup>t</sup> gin owkki<sup>t</sup> ne m. sowkgry<sup>t</sup> gin zarrit  
 Ne m. meizneiwe awoirri<sup>t</sup>\* ne m. poissi<sup>t</sup> gin nany<sup>t</sup> \*aworrit<sup>t</sup>  
 Ne m. corroyn gin warry<sup>t</sup> ne m. traive sin neich  
 Ne m. eyggiss gin chawis ne m. craw gin nenith  
 Ne mat<sup>t</sup>

[*Ewen M'Lachlan's Transcript.*]

Foyath lam veith annit a treyl foat lam clair er y' beith ben  
 Foyath lam dobbroyn in deit<sup>r</sup> noill ; ff. lom balle mor gin zenn  
 Ff. l. droch wen ag far math, ff. l. flath er ynbe groyme  
 Ff. l. doeth anwin is he deir, ff. l. dony<sup>t</sup> seir gin stoyme \* \*stuaim  
 ff. l. a choggi na heith nach a leggin a neith mane seacht<sup>t</sup>  
 ff. l. kennort gin we chroye ; f. l. sloye nach dany' cath  
 ff. l. beith faddi re port, ff. l. weith gi holg fane weyge  
 ff. l. ben eaddor is ee drow ; ff. l. cow nach muirfidh feyge  
 lesk lammi dol in neirrin shear, onach marrin breane na conn  
 ff. l. brad'ry<sup>t</sup> gin we marri ; ff. l. ferri is a agni tromm  
 ff. l. callicht is olk naill, agus a tangy<sup>t</sup> gi lair loith  
 Ni eadwm a churri in geyl gach neith an duggis fein foath

Caithrir weit<sup>r</sup> er oye in Ir  
 er fert Allx<sup>re</sup> oye ree  
 Di chansit brayrrei<sup>t</sup> gin wreyk  
 Oskanni ni fla<sup>t</sup> fir\* zreyk \*fin?

Ni math [gun urram d'athair], Ni math labhairt na mìsge,  
 Ni math sgian gun fhaobhar, Ni math claonadh na [breth].  
 Ni math cairdeas nan diabhal, Do d'mhac, a ríoghain [rath oir,  
 Ge dh' fhoir se siol Adhaimh] Ni math dhá-san a chrochadh.  
 Ni math leagthoir gun tuigse, Ni math duine gun charaid,  
 Ni math filidh gun aobhar, Ni math [aolchludh gun talla].  
 Ni math eudach gun fhucadh, Ni math súgradh gun gàrthadh,  
 Ni math mì-gníomh [aghmora], Ni math pòsadh gun fhàinne.  
 Ni math [coroin gun bhàr], Ni math [treabhadh 'san oidhche]  
 Ni math eugmhais gun [chaomhas], Ni math crabhadh gun [aithne].  
 Ni math.

Fuathach leam bheith [annaid] a' triall, Fuathach leam cliar air  
 am beith bean,  
 Fuathach leam [dòbhròn is] dith n[eul] Fuathach leam baile mòr  
 gun ghean,  
 Fuathach leam droch bhean aig fear math, Fuathach leam flath air  
 am bì gruaim,  
 Fuathach leam [deoch] anmhuin is h-e [daor], Fuathach leam  
 duine saor gun stuaim',  
 Fuathach leam a chogadh no shíth Neach a leigeann a ni<sup>1</sup> mu  
 'n seach,  
 Fuathach leam ceannard gun bhi cruaidh, Fuathach leam sluagh  
 nach deanadh cath,  
 Fuathach leam bhi fad re<sup>2</sup> fiort, Fuathach leam bhi gu h-olc fa 'n  
 bhiadh,  
 Fuathach leam bean eudmhor is i druth, Fuath leam cù nach  
 marbhadh fiadh,  
 Leisg leam dol in Eirinn shiar Is nach maireann Brian nan conn ;  
 Fuathach leam bantrach gun bhi mear. Fuathach leam fear is  
 'aigne trom,  
 Fuathach leam cailleach a 's olc neul, Agus a teangadh gu beur  
 luath,  
 Ni fheudam a chur an céill, Gach neith<sup>3</sup> (dh') an tugas féin  
 fuath.

<sup>1</sup> "neith."<sup>2</sup> "ri."<sup>3</sup> "ni."

Ceathrar bhi air uaigh an fhir,  
 Air feart Alasdair uabhraich,  
 Do chan siad briathra gun bhréig  
 Os cionn na flatha fìor-Ghréig.

Dowirt in kaed er zeywe  
 Di wemir in ney fane rei<sup>t</sup>  
 Slove in doyt<sup>n</sup> in troyeg<sup>h</sup> in dayll  
 Gay id taa in dew na any<sup>t</sup>rane

Di wei<sup>t</sup> in dey<sup>1</sup> rei<sup>t</sup> in donane dwnni  
 na warkki<sup>t</sup> er tallwon trwme  
 ga zea in tallow id ta in newe  
 na warkki<sup>t</sup> er a wonsin

Id dowirt in tres owd<sup>r</sup> glik  
 wei<sup>t</sup> yin \* bei<sup>t</sup> in ney ag m<sup>c</sup> phillip  
 in newe aggi no<sup>t</sup> cha neill \*  
 a heacht troeith yin talwon

\*ym?  
 \*nell

Allex<sup>r</sup> m<sup>r</sup>ny<sup>t</sup> moyr Allexand<sup>r</sup>  
 hesgei<sup>t</sup> ergat is oyir  
 in newe ersi in carrow fe<sup>r</sup>  
 Id ta in toyr gai hasgissin \*

\*haskgi sin?

makphillip phelm os chrannew  
 in ree osni readlinnow  
 in toyr osni sheadow \* slane  
 in meill moyr osni braddane

\*sheadow?

in loywin os charrow gin blyi  
 in nirwoye osin nanelai<sup>te</sup>  
 Sleyw scheioyne \* os gi sleywe slayne  
 os gi shrow strow \* oyirrdane †

\*sheioyne  
 † oyirrelan ?  
 † oyrrrelane !

In leik loy<sup>o</sup>r osni \* cloichow  
 In wurri osni min roy<sup>th</sup>ew  
 Sowmrri<sup>t</sup> in warri<sup>t</sup> gin none  
 Ayne' erri os errow tallwon

\*ossni?

Ayne' err os errow tallwoñ  
 Ach<sup>t</sup> rei<sup>t</sup> neyve is neyve halwon  
 Rei<sup>t</sup> tenni nin draid is nin dorch \*  
 Kenni ni gaid agis ni garri<sup>t</sup> Cay<sup>t</sup>r

\*dork? dorth?

Choyraa nin nowdir a beir  
 Er deacht er hoye in nard rei<sup>t</sup>  
 ne choswull ra bei<sup>t</sup> zlair bañin  
 er chansydir in cathrir  
 Cathrir.

<sup>1</sup> "ney" above "dey.



Dubhairt an ceud fhear dhiubh :  
 Do bhiomar an dé<sup>1</sup> fa 'n rìgh,  
 Slòigh an domhain, truagh an dàil,  
 Ge ata an diu<sup>2</sup> 'na aonaràn.

Do bhi an dé rìgh an domhain duinn  
 'Na mharcach air talmhain truim,  
 Gidheadh an talamh ata an diu  
 'Na mharcach air a mhun-san.

A dubhairt an treas ùghdar glic :  
 Bhi am beith an dé aig Mac-Philip,  
 An diu aige noch a n-'eil  
 A sheachd troidhe dhe 'n talmhain.

Alasdair mùirneach mòir,  
 Alasdair thaisgeadh airgiod is òr,  
 An diu, ars' an ceathramh fear,  
 Ata an t-òr 'ga thasgadh-san.

Mac-Philip, a' phailm os chrannaibh,  
 An ré os na readlannaibh,  
 An t-òr os na seudaibh slàna,  
 A' mhial mhòr os na bradànaibh.

An leòmhann os ceathra gun [bladh],  
 An fhi[rean] os an eunlaith,  
 Sliabh Shioin os gach sliabh slàn  
 Os gach sruth sruth Iordàin.

An leug lòghmhar os na clachaibh,  
 A' mhuir os na mùn-shruthaibh,  
 [Sumaire na mara gun on],  
 Aon fhear os fhearaibh talmhan.

Aon fhear os fhearaibh talmhan,  
 Ach rìgh nèimh [is neo-thalmhaidh,  
 Rìgh tinne nan treud 's nan tore]  
 Ceann nau ceud agus nan [cathragh].

Còmhradh nan ùghdar a b' fhìor,  
 Air teachd air uaimh an ard-rìgh,  
 Ni chosmhail ri baoth-ghlòir bhan  
 [Ar] chansadar a' cheathrar,

<sup>1</sup> "a n-dé."

<sup>2</sup> "a n-diu."

A Houdir soo Duncha m<sup>c</sup> callin in riddiri math.

Kay din phleydda is ken oe o zi in deyzwni  
 Ta na deorri er ess in ir in phleydda gin troir re fagsine  
 Ta na delicht ga zolk linn in in pleyd er naik zi lachlyn  
 Is bayd sin er layr gi<sup>t</sup> lis in pleyd er essew olis  
 Ma hest ne choil mee layt lachlin er laif  
 O chrowi<sup>t</sup> dea ni doint<sup>t</sup> is cove er eargeny<sup>t</sup>

[Here transcript ends].

A Houd' Soo Duncha m<sup>c</sup> caybba.

A vec dowle toyr\* attane di loyc † leich in lanvakane \* toyir  
 † loy<sup>t</sup>  
 Hay mi zarve attane feir mon zalwe waccane wor wreit<sup>t</sup>  
 Is ferri hik di chensi chew we ris\* na zoys † a vackeyve \* riss  
 † zoys<sup>s</sup>  
 Duncha carryt ga zerm zea is anm zoo a barry<sup>t</sup> boe  
 A Dhuncha ni gor gasge \* cweine<sup>t</sup> anm di cheadwesti \* gassge  
 A v<sup>c</sup> alleñ na twlle feyn tayweym nach char hoole allein\* \* allem?  
 Wo tayschee\* in neis † in ne'ny<sup>t</sup> na hell yvyr ard wlyith  
 \* tay schee † neiss  
 Gawe in gayd hoyr cws\* na ros † wos † tow eaddoill gi hawi . . §  
 \* cwss † ross? † woss § hawis?  
 Davin gir a tow reis\* fer zoywal ni gerwe cheis † \* reiss † cheiss  
 Mir harwe trodda agis tachir is darwē di hoggir a gayach  
 Is towe tastalych croyichane i schelga sley fin vroychane  
 Di clow oychon ga Inche is tow Duncha Durnnissi\* Durrinnssi?  
 Is tow chaskgeis\* di nawe is to zergis di zallawe \* chaskgeiss  
 Is tow zoiris\* vor skei<sup>t</sup> sin is tow reis † doywnis aggin \* zoris † reiss  
 Is sea fer da bi zussi a rinn di leyhc camvssi  
 Di neym eddir eddir leich mir sin din dreggin cheive vone chonnill  
 Id tayd agga di woer kerd elli na coylli fir\* \* coyllifir  
 Gasgo agis anny<sup>t</sup> Errin gin nasg ny' lowvenmni\* \* lowveymni'  
 Gi Inlycht zleis mak reith Id tayd ag gi' ney'neyve  
 A zloyr zalzlan ris garec\* lor' di zarri in dy wec \* riss ga rec?  
 O cheim gi wul a terri keis\* lat as † gi Inwalli \* keiss \* ass  
 Rygh orricht\* ag gneic † zlyn Id tyicht ym chreif chosgir  
 \* arricht † gnoic

### Autor hui<sup>g</sup> Finlay m<sup>c</sup> ynnak &c.

Doynmire ny' strakkirre da bi zail leif a sreyve\* \*streyve? screyve?  
 Foyris din in faggirre ne za we\* ad' a leiny<sup>t</sup> \*zawe?  
 Ga zemmi ni ha'deiny<sup>t</sup> er tei<sup>t</sup> milli ni toyth  
 Cha nayir na chomoin in reid sin doyn boach\* \*voach?  
 Di wassew ni' lorgany<sup>t</sup> gan g' beich voach meile  
 In teig gow be in goyalsi chorik eayd ay gi heych  
 A tahah ossill a'nossill agki na chotti killi  
 Is ta wesew wea ray ayskrey ga zeyg cha chlwn<sup>s</sup> fynn\* \*fynni?  
 Quho we me ga slonnissey cha mill aggwmm\* za schaich... \*agguinn?  
 Ach a be si choneskir agis no kon na leuvyn\* \*lenvyn?  
 A zowle a chompayne v<sup>c</sup> oyne\* ny' lann leyvi \*v<sup>c</sup> onne  
 Ga will wle ni lorgaynych dane in donyrre skreyve  
 Skreyve gi fessy<sup>t</sup> feir oylych shanchis is a ga  
 Na ber doyni erlwei<sup>t</sup> heyllych ga leyve go m<sup>c</sup> challa..  
 Cwne feyn in comyn so a zregar neir choyle  
 Gi will aggwmm orridsi di chwt a chur sin doynirre  
 Na bee ansin doynso di haggirt na zi hoyctych  
 Ca vil ne na coyrsi nach currir ay sin doynirre.  
 Doynre.

### A hui<sup>g</sup> Effric ney'corgitill.

A fadrin zusk mi zair Invin mar' a wei<sup>t</sup> ort  
 Invin cree faltych faill gane royf reyve gus a nocht  
 Da eag is tursy<sup>t</sup> a tame in lawe may bittee gi noyr  
 Nach cli'nwm (?) a bea in glee is nach vaggwm ee woyme  
 Bail ayssich di beive glor zaynti zoo si gi teir  
 Loyvin mwlli ni mour' gall Sawik eilli<sup>t</sup> ni mygh meme\* \*meine?  
 Far bi zar moyvir er zane o nach deach dayve gin deill

[Here transcript ends].

### A Houd' soo y' bard royg finlay

Hest ein doyll ni geyll skaile is coyr a chomeich  
 Way ra der\* lot chahalle is crosimeil tork mahale gin wahahs  
 \*der?  
 A hewrin hanik er dws i vssit a skayle ymbws  
 Mir hahah wea reis er ball in gae zreis in deoyll  
 Di naskidd' er fa rinn noir\* a zaigsay teach eyffrinn \*nor?  
 Toyh<sup>t</sup> din downe chadni er asi is cowle ra raydli farris  
 Noyr hanik in tork dow bimmy dayvin ga chwuryth



Gerwe moeyr gi besty<sup>th</sup> gir hein gow hanwe oyl eddy<sup>t</sup>  
 Er eggill a weith gin nee rinnith zi v<sup>c</sup> royre  
 A clruycht \* gi honnary<sup>t</sup> ann in rycht chonna' in neiffrin \*ckuycht?  
 Is coyr in nagry<sup>t</sup> hay in deewe ag allane er ni deolow  
 Gir \* bee faa reit orrith er leym no heim etrycht etc? \*Gar?  
 Is meith skurri ry<sup>t</sup> warwne hen way<sup>t</sup>ith weicharne  
 Vek royre on wour a math foyr nee gin low gin lawyacht  
 Fa chathram a chur in swme dlewm cony<sup>th</sup> re collwm  
 O see cathrame teir \* willi allane weil wyemirre † \* ter?  
 † wyenurre? wyennrre?  
 Di rinn twsi is ne he waneny<sup>t</sup> creath y is rillig ooran  
 Is tow zothin gi borbe ann coychill ny' nord is ny' neiffrin (?)  
 Is tew woyr olk inche gawle is tow v'ok \* a keis si termyn  
 \* v<sup>c</sup> ek? v<sup>c</sup> ok?  
 Is tow is geltee nos a math la lent' fes \* di hosy<sup>t</sup> \* fos  
 Ach ein wille er a lawe clee di wrayr a v<sup>c</sup> royre  
 Ne clos di zloo \* sin mathi (?) si cros weo zid wallichy<sup>t</sup> \* zloe?  
 Math in deis faa in will di lane dowsen foys is daltwy<sup>t</sup>  
 Woo chend tossych di chagge a wrane clossy<sup>th</sup> in abbe  
 Creat elly<sup>t</sup> na<sup>t</sup> roy<sup>t</sup> sin lygh er fenane' in glen Gar \* \* car?  
 Wallith di neiwe ferty<sup>t</sup> feyne di weil zatty<sup>t</sup> \* a alla... \* zalty<sup>t</sup>  
 Id taa mir gi<sup>t</sup> neiwe elli a deilt a orwrry<sup>t</sup> \* \* orwirry<sup>t</sup>?  
 Chur dowith la chwis feyn in cowy<sup>th</sup> in gnws \* allane \* guws  
 Di heir \* zowith is di loygh di wonit deith a chraw hoygh \* her?  
 Leggit derri di wurn eddr selli is sowyrnni  
 Ne heny<sup>t</sup> a wee a baneny<sup>t</sup> faddy<sup>t</sup> o bin chroi<sup>t</sup> allane  
 Na loyeewe \* er layr in nir quhoy ga wayr is ga fwyr \* loneewe  
 Meith in nes skurre zid teir \* a v<sup>c</sup>royre a'mein \* ter?  
 Ellein nach gressin \* gres cathrame teskin is orches \* gressm  
 Hest

Hoaris mak mir in toayr ma<sup>t</sup> er flathow \* ir neolys \* flathew  
 Dareolla \* eygh si agna is me ga chaddrew † in Leoyis  
 \* Aareoll? † chaddrow  
 Fes \* is agna flakah oyra rakah<sup>t</sup> la in deantir \* Fos  
 Der' lat in maksoo foyr mee gir a bea in royr cadna (?)  
 Is inn<sup>y</sup> in dy chooyll Ir \* nonor za olt fayny<sup>t</sup> † \* Is † fanny<sup>t</sup>  
 Is innin woltyr in gaew Torkild is ayir ayr' row<sup>t</sup> \* \* rew<sup>t</sup>  
 Da deggow l \* ra linn torkill ne hay logki din tromm zawe \* b  
 Di ne za bert is boyn ay<sup>t</sup>tris zoir' \* v<sup>c</sup>colman \* zor  
 Ymmi carde er a moltyr torkill in nawra<sup>h</sup> chreiwe  
 Er low er lawy<sup>t</sup> curre a tacht gow dull in c

Id der me za halle des a'ne si eollys  
 Nach danik fer a eis is far're no re so leoy's  
 Da bi les a charga worwe schayd is sorwe hor sal \* \* fal?  
 Di wronna m<sup>c</sup> v<sup>c</sup> corkill da rothin ter a inna  
 Ag m<sup>c</sup> royerer ne mercholl da y' beith in sann cholg sneith  
 No schayd elli a ber foynow di wronna so re enny<sup>t</sup>  
 Skea chenzaik no \* schayd orryk far ais formit ni wille \* ne na  
 Wssles y' bronnych no elli ollew in sirri  
 Da y' bea in lea mor mathi zaichow ne in dark drowty<sup>t</sup> \*drowty?  
 Neir weny<sup>t</sup> far a clachtin gin weith fa eachre dwltych  
 Da bi les in dow seillin m<sup>c</sup> leoda da in nythrin clarri  
 Lesni \* haksow † in teachsin ga ba a racha da harre \* Lessni  
 † haksew  
 Ta ag torkill oge anyth nach mygith \* in namm chakke \* myghith  
 Cosga gi teirre \* zi hylych di loyg meny<sup>t</sup> gow cokgi \* teirri?  
 Ne warri no eis cochullin na torkill dulling tentaa  
 Lawe is callma si is elista fer wrissi gi a bernna  
 Gar z<sup>i</sup>nvin m<sup>c</sup> v<sup>c</sup> corkill ne wollin ay er a'sicht  
 Far is tres in noy' awza ewchir zraw zin wra-tycht  
 Ne elli m<sup>c</sup> re no flakah di wadda rach za goalla  
 Ga menik linn in rochtin is farr no torchill a hoaris Hoar<sup>i</sup>s  
 Ne v<sup>c</sup> callen kaitrene vos \* weilli arla doalch... \* bos  
 Inynn erla erzeill in neynwen is farre horris Horis  
 Horrimyr ben ir neilli di zayk wor zreiwe zast  
 Ne v<sup>c</sup> callen crow<sup>t</sup> oykwla Cowle mir in tor'nan c. st etc?

### A houdir soo gille callum m<sup>c</sup> in uollew.

Hanic yvyr mi hwrs cha lamm quhoy in wlyghin soo  
 Ne tugsi zi nach nacht tug mi hwrs hecht mir hanik  
 Gai bee neach nach tuggi sin hecht coy<sup>t</sup>lane dim chow  
 Ni lwtsi faith om chomm tursi na creathow royowm  
 Is hevin lamm ga degkir royf togwaill \* er chort na co... \* tegwaill?  
 It<sup>1</sup> ta in brone gy' craygh fa chlaa is mor mi zrayg zin t...  
 Ha mi crei<sup>t</sup> na za la cha neynith aa wei<sup>t</sup> breista  
 Ha mi chorp gin noyill gin nwl mir wocht gin throyr<sup>2</sup> ... ch..  
 Cha neyni<sup>t</sup> kow za mayd orrwm in ney v<sup>c</sup> merraid  
 A bei<sup>t</sup> \* cwnith er waach in nir cha nwlmist flaa<sup>t</sup> zak s(en) \* vei<sup>t</sup>?  
 Is trwmi zwmith na zwl anwon na zey sin seill  
 Mo craw is toyr er zwll ass in law foaris wo Ei<sup>t</sup>...  
 Ga dagkir lamm dellow ris m<sup>c</sup> oone a choarra will...  
 Is messi ay gyn willi as gin way tilli gow heinis  
 Ga fadda wei<sup>t</sup>in\* woa mew is mi lwth toayllis ym z.... \* wei<sup>t</sup>m

<sup>1</sup> "Ith" in MS. apparently. <sup>2</sup> A dot apparently above *t* of "troyr."

Di vi \* za'nich mi rayth rinn ke'nich cha nearrih orr... \*bi?  
 Cha ney'nith magnith di waith re faggi' tearn elli..  
 mi lane gin mi wreit<sup>t</sup> gi tromm o ta mi re gih anw...  
 Di crawg mi cre za esi skail is furris a asn. se  
 cha nelli fwlich er mi wrone di wlyg cwrich ...  
 mor mi wrone is ne henith doith cha tursi tai..  
 Zargin mi creich gi lomm gin sleit<sup>t</sup> in albin agg(wm)  
 Nesi os egin doif tryill na wee ag caich f  
 Ra luithsi di banich zwll a hinsow ald a albin  
 Ga di rylwm is degkir lwm ga ta mir eahw orrwm  
 Mi rown di zlowe a mew cowle reim zowe y' zeyge  
 Is sai neit fa derri zoif er lamm cha vec in tyvir  
 Gin mi zeil a heacht er as eill er\* lechtisi enis \*ir?  
 Is trwm na ayg sin a low tanik za amsir  
 A croo<sup>1</sup> chre si craw cwrp gin slee ag caich za zeilt  
 Neir heillis dwnni er doichin wad a raith id che'sichy<sup>t</sup>  
 Gyr falli ornni is ort malli lar horn a hyg<sup>h</sup>irt ...  
 O sea zone dir azwll troygh<sup>h</sup> na<sup>t</sup> awle di waamir  
 A v<sup>c</sup> mur\* waszall vinn gin dwn tasgin aggin \*mir?  
 In nein neach ra ygre zill na gar gin doll na zeyge  
 Ner rayeyis\* feddi no sin din waid vag di wuntyr \*Not<sup>t</sup> enich  
 Lwcht catdrew a chowle gamm er na'nich cha<sup>t</sup> a gomvn  
 A nagni di choye er as is croye gi caddrew as tagws  
 Di bi zagkir commis rwmm is do we om hearn aggwmm  
 Catdrew is coy<sup>t</sup>hoill is tawf is agni roywor gin anlawe  
 Nor hed cai<sup>t</sup> za dy noyll is sea mi chwt da nonor  
 Weit<sup>t</sup> fa wrone gin dein a new a goyll mi zeill di chowe  
 ... lanvin gin dol ter' ays cha na'ni' cowe as magws  
 ... ach aggi din chowe mee is paltee ni dowe elli  
 (Is) y'mich neach roy<sup>t</sup>in reyye di chur cowe fa zeineygh\*  
 \*zemeygh?  
 ... na woonso darvir\* loom vrskall mar zawe roy<sup>t</sup>im \*darvr?  
 Di quhoayl mee fad o hen etc. vt sequit<sup>r</sup> in alio loco etc.  
 Mak sowalti ni bree binn daltan chaiffe is choñill

Dail chawle er chastel soyne swork in nathre ny'nis fail  
 markeich y<sup>t</sup> rachty<sup>t</sup> ny<sup>t</sup> tonny<sup>t</sup> glantyr barky<sup>t</sup> done ny<sup>t</sup> zawe  
 Fir arddy<sup>t</sup> geggyr' ny' longs er lome loyth le'nis cort  
 Ne we lawe gin zalzait<sup>t</sup> gast nare starry<sup>t</sup> snast swork  
 Dy<sup>t</sup> chottonew is dew zegrir ye (?) ny<sup>t</sup> bark fa chrwe\* laig \*chrieve  
 Dy<sup>t</sup> cho<sup>t</sup>rew ni\* gris clar zone' lochlynny<sup>t</sup> is armyn eaid \*in?  
 Dy<sup>t</sup> clyiw gin oir is dod\* eggyr' vark ny<sup>t</sup> brad done \*ded?

<sup>1</sup> "cnohok" written above "croe" in MS.



Nar're clait<sup>t</sup> dy<sup>t</sup> zaitew galzait skait<sup>t</sup> re fraow lawry<sup>t</sup> loug  
 Er skay<sup>t</sup> skai er stwddai braki<sup>t</sup> broo starry<sup>t</sup> chorkry<sup>t</sup> clo<sup>t</sup>nor  
 Broyt<sup>ny</sup><sup>t</sup> ad keve is collar er teve ny' slat rozar rowe \* \* rozarrove?  
 Gey<sup>t</sup> gorm in golnew lowark long gai leny<sup>t</sup> nare trait<sup>t</sup>  
 Clai hend zai gohind dy<sup>t</sup> cholgew forrin skai re bordo... barg  
 Mnã findmy<sup>t</sup> in g'naniw \* longsy<sup>t</sup> lappy<sup>t</sup> <sup>1</sup> ard ag ne'y<sup>ny</sup><sup>t</sup> wawle  
 \* g'nanew ?

Pylly<sup>t</sup> vrakky<sup>t</sup> zawe gane darny<sup>t</sup> lap ag mnã ra hanelait<sup>t</sup> and  
 Pylly<sup>t</sup> wraki<sup>t</sup> is ty'noll is se sen lochir in long  
 Byve hwneny<sup>t</sup> sy<sup>t</sup> roir ho<sup>t</sup> dwlly<sup>t</sup> royl chorkir os gy<sup>t</sup> crand  
 Gyn lawin chroy gy' chreis cody<sup>t</sup> nar gerve seis gyn chur la clair  
 Na said durrit and gy' ny'mirt dy<sup>t</sup> clarrew cland vy'ard vail  
 Neir cholis vr dil in nane zar ny' nos gy' chur' ra kard  
 Na said oir o errin aggy<sup>t</sup> dy' wrone var'hang datty<sup>t</sup> derk  
 Ne low lea long zane loigew y' bai<sup>t</sup> na nach is nid boe  
 Gin ocht gy' von dew gy' wroneny<sup>t</sup> snee el ter'gy' lomy<sup>t</sup> lo . .  
 Ne heilssy<sup>t</sup> loa carve zai (?) garrow\* in lane dy'nos hynty<sup>t</sup> voy  
 \* garrew  
 \* zoive ?

Ag ryne' oir er vardow ra hard zowe \* carve coyne'  
 Y'mit fir land is fir lory<sup>t</sup> immit fir leith gy<sup>t</sup> lem cai<sup>t</sup>  
 ra sowe monzone farg far zone' ra hard in long banchor blai<sup>t</sup>  
 Ka so la soltyr in cawly<sup>t</sup> er chaslane' soyne sleyve troind \* \* trom?  
 Fir srengy<sup>t</sup> na<sup>t</sup> sethnit sydy<sup>t</sup> lai chryne shorry<sup>t</sup> code tey . .  
 One m<sup>c</sup> seyne \* soil y<sup>t</sup> longsy<sup>t</sup> er drome y<sup>t</sup> choyne croy in ken . .  
 m<sup>c</sup> soyne

Cryne y<sup>t</sup> long deine chor in nard dervit tone in varg  
 Geit gy<sup>t</sup> derry<sup>t</sup> zove nane' dye ag keil akky<sup>t</sup> dery<sup>t</sup> \* trai . . . \* deiry<sup>t</sup> ?  
 Soil vrakky<sup>t</sup> zove na bolgew wayne id teth gow bordow ba . . .  
 Gavis eine aggirsaid evin in nvth chnappiddil cort kw . . .  
 Nawra vartew done ny<sup>t</sup> dalvy<sup>t</sup> lakry<sup>t</sup> crandny<sup>t</sup> lowy<sup>t</sup> . .  
 Lynd ag bally<sup>t</sup>chew albin farty<sup>t</sup> falty<sup>t</sup> ra hocht sleimy<sup>t</sup> \* \* sloimy<sup>t</sup>  
 Alin sin in gorkry<sup>t</sup> colane' silly<sup>t</sup> drochty<sup>t</sup> lomlane lynd  
 Falty<sup>t</sup> ag sroy<sup>t</sup>ew sleyve moone \* re m<sup>c</sup> soyny<sup>t</sup> sleve mis \* mone ?  
 Teggy<sup>t</sup> la'ty<sup>t</sup> daks nane nyrvir\* daltyr mir rask rindlan \* nyrvr ?  
 Leggit gaiggy<sup>t</sup> ni glowny<sup>t</sup> fow farty<sup>t</sup> falty<sup>t</sup> rair\* vlait coil \* rar ?  
 Mest slanety<sup>t</sup> cowl gy<sup>t</sup> cally<sup>t</sup> trome in valty<sup>t</sup> nye oyne  
 Tegge eis ellin albin y<sup>t</sup> farrit falty<sup>t</sup> er one chone mis

[Here transcript ends, leaving 15 lines].

### Ysbell na v<sup>c</sup> kellan

Margi za gallir in grawgh ga bee fa fane nabbri' \* ee \* nabbrin ?  
 Degkir skarroichtin ra phart troygh in chays in vellum feyn \*  
 \* villum ?

In grawgh sen twgg's gin nes ossai mi les \* gin a loygh \* less

<sup>1</sup> "The words from "lappit" inclusive substituted for words erased. See MS.

Mir hwe mee furty<sup>t</sup> tra beet<sup>t</sup> mi wlaa gi tanny<sup>t</sup> troygh  
 In fer sen za duggis graw ys \* nat<sup>t</sup> feod<sup>t</sup> a rawze os nard \* is?  
 Da gu'feet mis a bayn\* gy'mi do feyn is kayd marg \* boyn?  
 Margi.

### A Howdir soo Dunchaa ogga.

Seachta seyda ter mo hee ta gach sayoda deive gim lot  
 Teachta eddrohm \* agis dea o say sin is mean lam chorp \*eddrim?  
 Hein dew ta in near ym bey za in goo a'my<sup>t</sup> creis  
 Menknit wahal ay me in böyt er ne hany<sup>t</sup> fos yn neis  
 In darny<sup>t</sup> sayda in drws sin a chws da willwm deir \* \* der  
 Woo lot ny<sup>t</sup> syda na zoo ne ellwm boa woa a rein  
 In tres dew id taa in naltow mi craw is steith  
 Cha lega in lesga za doyn mis slee choir er beizht  
 An carrow sayid in tant a zea mark in doyr ee gwn  
 Furty<sup>t</sup> cha naym rem ray gin reac crea er mo wwn  
 In cogew sayd din zlag chur demis a chur rwm gi holk  
 Cut re marrwm a chrawg agis o nach slane mi chorpe  
 Zeiwe in tessow sayd g'ga churris ferga eddrum<sup>1</sup> is caycht  
 Murre chaska ny' nvrchir reym o nat<sup>t</sup> wewm dein gow braath  
 An seachtow sayd in tvil formit is tnow ris gi neith  
 Ni seyd gay in waymot kin inta sin cha nil ir brei<sup>t</sup>  
 Zlak sin Ille nach choyr mor a wiltir les'n narm  
 Char heilk dwn zeyve nar woayl ch' woail dwn reyv nor warve  
 Currwm padd' ein v<sup>c</sup> dey Is crea nyn nostil gy<sup>t</sup> beacht  
 Eddrwm agis gwn nyn narm is v psalm no vi no seacht  
 Seachta.

### Auto<sup>r</sup> mvrrei<sup>t</sup> Albana<sup>t</sup>

Meith doch \* treyl gow teigh pharris nor' a zone gun † a sorve  
 \* doth? † gon?  
 Cosnome' in teyg trayne gin cherri gy' skail ag nat<sup>t</sup> el orn  
 Dane dy<sup>t</sup> strut rad haggert steir cwne gi dlow y'mit tolk  
 Na ber'a a hy rei<sup>t</sup> gyn ag skail is p've ra aikre ort  
 Na dan falchan \* id fegkit ga grane re ynnis a holk \* falchay  
 Lagga \* did chut a clach davyr mar be aigre † zeyvil ort  
 \* Legga? † angre?  
 Dane dy<sup>t</sup> he ris in lucht drach ga din ga ave zon \* lad co...\*  
 \* avezon? † cor  
 Scar rid locht di zul dyn doyin ma ym be olk si oyn ort

<sup>1</sup> MS. "eddru'."

Marga \* threige teyg in andre er zraw phekke tr' in nei† †  
 \* Marg a † nei? nee?  
 In tolk in ne donna gi devyr y'mi in sin feyzin mon zneive\* \*zneve?  
 Ag so sermon di heil nawzeve mir helim na† vil sche in brek  
 Tulling a vaisy† schal gow sachin in fer no† dethe gon eid\* \*did ded?  
 Ar a che'ny† seil nawzeve dwl a cholle is da cree  
 Er a rair gi damy'\* salke gyn gah deinc ra ym begca mcc\* \*dany?  
 Meicht.

Murrehich vt supra

[illegible]

A Houdir soo Mvrreich albany<sup>t</sup>

Dane mi heggissk a threnot a hearne in deit  
 Ling er mi hange a threnot bennyth inn id venot wor\* \* wo..  
 A threnot neiv er ni neyve nert marm neywe in nos  
 Ling a' coddill y' chree a chinn phopbill neywe in nos  
 Stur mi layve teggisk mi chrehek teggisk mi roskg reit ny' skayle  
 Ling er mi zouth glos y' henge skouth reim chloos benne mi wayle  
 Soo yn bayl leddiri\* leiwe chaskis cay<sup>t</sup> chwneis gi neith \*leddri?  
 Soo in tange nach terg lawry<sup>t</sup> . benne a herk ma'mi ee  
 Ort a threnoit ocht a threnot ter y' leyghis lawyr rwm  
 Id ta a will zal chrann darryth cree pekkyth sallych i' sown  
 Ga zolk mahah ner willis deny<sup>t</sup> ne zarni merlee a v<sup>c</sup> zey  
 mi law no char ledd' dwnny<sup>t</sup> freggir er zraw wur' mee  
 Fer gi' dany'si dane bregga er wreyg ella awra gorm  
 Ne zin wreyga er wrega ella re in deyd orm...  
 Hws a hug elle innwm ne hagoyr zoys zwll reay  
 Noe<sup>t</sup> cha lawe in rik no ahahlsi helic\* dane daws i ach dea \*helich?  
 Ne dwini er talwnn dim heggisk a hearn ach hws feyn  
 Ne far a ne rann ach re neiwe de ne hawle si chre cheyll



ma si licht feir er a willum caythe ay mayd moyd inn  
 mas er a wreyg a taym a threnot leyg er layr neir royd In..  
 Ner choyr crea na tallow harrwm ach tonn wraye beg in nerg  
 Neir\* choyr ne elli dim allich a reith ach tenny<sup>t</sup> zarry<sup>t</sup> zerga \*Ner?  
 Di zalvesi in teyve soo a threnot di hallow is di henne wee  
 Dwnni di henni is hallown fwanni zy ir awli ee.

Eone m<sup>c</sup>phadrik vec voyl chollum v<sup>c</sup> Eone doef vec Eone  
 vec gregor v<sup>c</sup> Eone v<sup>c</sup> woill chalum vec conquhy veg v<sup>c</sup>  
 conquhy a strwlehek v<sup>c</sup> illelane vec eyh vrquhaych v<sup>c</sup> kennane'  
 vec alpen agis in ke'nane' sen bee ardre albin gi deywin ansi nor'sin  
 agis in teone soo an tean dwn deyk von kennan se id dowirt m...  
 agis Duncha deyr oclych m<sup>c</sup> Dowle v<sup>c</sup> oyne reywy<sup>t</sup> di skreyve so a  
 leywrow sche'chey<sup>t</sup> ny' reig is roo zenyt<sup>t</sup> a'o dm' millesimo qu<sup>mo</sup>  
 duodesimo &c.

[The following in modern hand-writing]:—

Anno Domini Millesimo Quadrigentesimo Duodesimo 1512<sup>1</sup>  
 Quingentesimo

### Gerroy d Erle.\*

Ne wlli in teak mir a hest a zram a der a weith trane  
 Ca'nic a weic mor a cahaks\* ne hawle sin id ta in teak \*caass  
 Mest linn veich gin nert ga bea beart\* in gurrycht caych \*beact  
 Wo chin 7[?] na 7ii di wleynow is ga cread in fakah  
 In dwn vane di von les † ne selin a wrea din vas † †less † vass  
 Ca'nic vo rugis mo hwle din neith veit<sup>t</sup> er † moe vo nayk † ir  
 Ffayd mvrne as † a lea gir woyth me beith fa layn † ass  
 Loy † di weith in fi'nyth kane voygh a gearre ny' noyin a nwe †  
 † Lay † mwe

Seach gi y'nit dar weich sea dir alle ay nasg a chrwe  
 Di hir gi faath in nalwe na gir haichir in tarwe er  
 Di woyt maggirle a wart ne hay nach bate les † in troych † less  
 Er seiltin in duttim voyg di we gen soyg † er a † genn † seyg † i  
 Di law<sup>s</sup> sea aggi feyn cha werga me hanic my hosk  
 Ffa levin † mi chort in glee cha wee missi gi' nee noss † hevin  
 Re fegsin tey in terve nior † agis in noy er in laar † mor mhor  
 Is far sowd ers † in cow royhgh na za oyin † da vill groyt § † erss  
 † oym § grayt<sup>t</sup>  
 Roich sen cha choalyt nach milronyt † wea gi bahah † nulronyt<sup>t</sup>  
 Di walli ann fer ny' lwb ca haynee mir sowd id ta  
 Ffurrych fi'nych sleyve a carn re maggirlow in terve zlas † † zlass

<sup>1</sup> "1412 deleted in MS.

\* This and the following five poems have not been published by Dr M'Lanchlan. They appear in the MS. at pages 128, 144, 180, 223, 278, and 279 respectively.—ED.

## Gerroyd eerl.

Mark a zwltis corle choyr trom in toyr din tekeh zi nee  
 In nurchir is ferri er clayr ag in ny'mirt id ta schee  
 Quirre in vart as go lom dy zwn gin choynn gin cheyll  
 Is curre bert ell \* and d' a hi'mirt na ham peyn \* oll  
 Da heill feyn zaw<sup>s</sup> gi gort trayve \* er in nolk na targ \* strayve ?  
 Neach a nee nagoyr o hos Is edee nach doe is marg  
 Marg.

## gillepatrik onachtan

Moo zolle ayk na moo hoytcht as  
 olk a chredfin o cheyvis  
 Feyme er lexis in lay weis  
 Id taa noeis ag meeweis etc.

a wen lay hye ewir di hye ee deive gy<sup>t</sup> dalw dali . .  
 agis dea mor si goywir in ferri layr heyve far . . .

Duncha in<sup>c</sup> cowle woyle v<sup>c</sup> eoyme reawe

Mark ben nach beit ag ein sagirt mi' noe \* saggirt trit \* nee?  
 Gin er freggry<sup>t</sup> ene akkill lay tleywe er kenn aky  
 Ga wee cler'ry<sup>t</sup> carra'sizh na twotycht zawis tren \* \* trey ?  
 Ag mnee beg in barra'sizh is wei<sup>t</sup> gin saggirt lai' \* tle \* la in ?  
 Ca tow ach in gyle cawfra seill eawe in tanfan tagirt  
 Ca ben wus In lawrycht is gin wea na sessi saggirt  
 Id der lyg ni canony<sup>t</sup> gin wayd in boychille popbill

A houdir so in gille glas m<sup>c</sup> yntaz<sup>r</sup>

Pharris torre in † Deisirt rilic<sup>t</sup> choyr' za chozeilsa  
 Ca silla seir' chnoasin nwnn sinny<sup>t</sup> † is feir oeylsi folwm † finny<sup>t</sup>  
 Clan zregar' eddichi † dawf di waade desirt chennane † edduhi ?  
 Di cheymsi fane zoe nach beg neir zeilsy zoyve in rillic  
 Math di cli hwlli in nwnn deill merve es gi collin  
 Cws mwlk i grann gi coynith ni evrp hann ga nollony<sup>t</sup>  
 Bas Dunchi ni narme solt hut broyne er mnā mar chorgry<sup>t</sup>

Hut tarri is keyll ni sloyth carri ni glair' er testyth  
 Mir smenym yvir gi broyn in dey Dunchi v<sup>c</sup>gregor  
 Zag in turs walne reim linn gi cwsli † warwe y' intinn † cwsle  
 Bi choyr a choytirle zoyt<sup>t</sup> er in leith † fa willi Dunchi † leit?  
 Bert na<sup>t</sup> boyr lame cree bone ra ert † in goyne † erc?  
 Da selin gi bea bi zloe a'nyt heis mir nach coslew  
 Weith mo zail gi beacht si wour' ga tame one lacht a gympow  
 Tru'missi caych ir gew † tric ir broyn a bea how † gow?  
 Noch cha cwslyth chwle er soyve sin tursi fowne a faddos  
 Bas Dunchi bi hoye test hast eddi ny' neggis  
 Ber gin chomis ag rair naye mir zrayn tollis vm † vrquhane  
 † vin? † vrguhaye?  
 Chay di hast ay voyn er linn marre zey v<sup>c</sup>aggin  
 Ni glann latti nac gann dreac clann v<sup>c</sup>ne is farri sa h  
 Ty'noall dof in er dail re doll in garre chonane  
 Fay rowme gi leacht fa meddi mi hwle mir veacht a'mitte  
 Scille bayt loynich fa † cwme re dol in dlws a phobbill † sa?  
 Atteim lay in twll a teacht os gi teive philli gow inin wrquheich†  
 † wrquheic?  
 Hanik teym teacht a gow ny' leig es† leacht Dunchow † os  
 Di chwnngis how rem linn Ir nach vil gim elastinn  
 Nach bei deil a casgirt ort is gasre leich id longwrt  
 Neir ar gin tow† creach fadol filli no cheirrych † tew  
 Ber gin reym faall di crei er spreychaalle no chomre  
 Gin na'sir vay rad linn an reach i gomis cotkhinn  
 Er gi reyll bi znah<sup>h</sup> les er'wes cath no eggws  
 Mwrn is evinnis in Doyn vrrwm Dawe is olloyn  
 Ni dawzin nar verwe dracht feym is arrew is a'nicht  
 Terk geill di chossin aw mir hoor' Dunchi makgregor'  
 Rach coyllane o † war' gow bwn mir chrann lomlan di horri † er?  
 Hoor' far chossna gi mvrn rach gras asgi corli  
 rach ke ll gin chron a wos ras reym ag dol gow par'ris  
 Rath creich ag dal din doyt<sup>t</sup> in hor cofryt<sup>t</sup> ni nollonyt<sup>t</sup>  
 Chai di waha<sup>h</sup> er gras in ir o wra<sup>t</sup> gow waas no hamsir  
 A locht tolwe nin lerg tee innyn yvir' ir dursa  
 Haa rar' in reacht ym zer'ri ag trealle o lecht tyirre  
 Gwe mai angill in nayghe † in dey Zunchy v<sup>c</sup>gregor' † naynghle  
 Gin chays sin slee wos ach slaas newe is pharris Pharris  
 I loos di claith fert trwm di neyn zaltrwm zowyll  
 Gai taa nywe cor' lai tlah<sup>h</sup>et Is yvir broyn da bantryet  
 In drynsee zeyrk er doyt<sup>t</sup>in di rayr' dayve is ollone<sup>t</sup>  
 Gin doggir din veme zlyn was In dobir feir zlyn ph<sup>ris</sup>



## Gerroyd Earle.

Ne eaddowme cawle zlas ga mor tayd zlassim lam chrann [\*in  
 Glassim gi eine teyd ach e er in\* reich chowin† gi clann † chowm  
 Di zlassin cawle no<sup>t</sup> ga zeny<sup>t</sup> lai lucht ny' dead  
 Eny<sup>t</sup> is nach synnir crat gi sinnyr' cwr er a glaass  
 Ir a'nit doyt in chwlle er in sinnsee gi cwne curri  
 Sne far lay dwn za sinn na fer nar hin tead er chrwt [† zowmis  
 Dalg loymis† zownis† da cwr y'be lan dwn di gi neach † loynis  
 Dalbh rayvir is dalg keil gavis schee a rein fane scheach  
 Gi eine nach a teig za schirm gi rig now in liny Is teir  
 Ne headir a cwr za glas nach eny<sup>t</sup> a beas di neith  
 Ne.

THE END OF THE TRANSCRIPTS FROM THE DEAN OF LISMORE'S BOOK.

POEMS ILLUSTRATIVE  
OF  
THE DEAN OF LISMORE'S BOOK,  
FROM THE  
EDINBURGH GAELIC MANUSCRIPTS.\*

---

Cath Caphtharrus an so sios.†

Huar<sup>1</sup> do chualas turus *Finn* ann *sgach* sliosbhaile bi neirinn  
*Cairbre* F liuch *lamhach* lag ghlac e & uile fuigh aon smachd  
*Rinn Cairbre* comairle re shluadh *sair* linne bu comhairle chruaidh  
*Comairle rinn cinn7h* chuinn 7 *cairbre* liatruim  
Iad fein do thabhart da chionn 7 *Fian* eirionn do dhibert  
So dinnis *cairbre* da shluadh is rinn re *chec* [?] cengal cruaidh  
Gu mbfearr dibh tuitim san mhagh 7 anfiann le cheile  
Na riog& don betha bhuigh a<sup>2</sup> bith aig ioc7h o m'qm'  
Cuir iad oirna cuir7h dāna o<sup>3</sup> halm' an raibh air naros  
Denamh turn bu docair linn do bhuint dinn ar ttighearnuis  
D fuair sin urram 7 miad . c't mur fhuair sinn roimhe riamh  
Ré tri oidhchuibh is tri ló gun esfuidh ar fion na<sup>4</sup> ar ceol  
An cethramh lae dhuinn san ol labhair *cairbre* le guth mor  
Iomlad sl7h is aill lem uait oscuir na narm faebhair cruaidh  
Cred e an tioml7 sl' ta ort a *cairbre* ruaidh na nlot  
S *gur* bu let mi fein smo shl7h re ham cath is comhrac  
Co tiubhram duit ioml7 cinn seo diultfam duit ioml7 croinn  
Ioml7 c" gun ioml7 croinn gur ab eigcoir s<sup>d</sup> iarr' oirn  
Se ntabhar fa niarrthigh sin mise (?) a bhith *gun* fian gun athair  
Ge do bhidh an Fhiañ 7 tathair mur bhi siad a riamh re mbethuigh  
Co bfuilar lemsi ri nlñ na seoid a diarruinn gu bfuighinn  
Da mbiodh an Fhian 7 mathair mar siad a riamh na m bethuidh  
Ni mfuidh7h tusa ra nlinn léut do thruighech do deirinn

\* The contractions here and onwards are explained in the Introduction.  
They are not the same as for the Dean's Text in every case.

† From MS. 65, p. 27.

<sup>1</sup> "Nuar" ?

<sup>2</sup> "o" ?

<sup>3</sup> "a" ?

<sup>4</sup> "no" ?

Beiramsi briathar gu buaidh do cairbre claon ruadh  
 An tsl<sup>7h</sup> sin ta ann do laimh gur uimpe thig do luathbhás  
 Do beiramsi briathar oile do radh ntoscar ur a halmuinn  
 Gu togbhar lem sealg<sup>1</sup> agus creach is teid mi talm' amairach  
 Anoidhche sin duinne go ló eadr mna fion is aig ol  
 Briarthuibh garg leith ar leith e<sup>7ar</sup> oscar 7 carbre  
 A moch don laoi an la ar namarach gu halamuin an raibh air naras  
 Ar seilg is ar fiadhach lein<sup>n</sup> gun fhiafruigh do ri na heirionn  
 Thuit linn ri laighionn nan lann laidir fuiltech faobhar rann  
 Thogbhamar glen caogann amach gu sliabh laoisceir na na nluir'  
 Ochl<sup>d</sup> fichiod x mudhan maisech le ncl<sup>og</sup>uibh chinne bh'tach  
 Thuit sit le laimh osc<sup>ir</sup> thall se moscl<sup>7h</sup> gu ri na heirionn  
 8 fichiod x : alban<sup>c</sup> ard do thainuic tair muir gaoidh' garbh  
 thuits<sup>t</sup> le laimh 7c'  
 8 fic<sup>d</sup> : x : a dferuibh fechl<sup>d</sup> do tainic a tir an ntsnechd  
 thuitsit le laimh cscair 7c'  
 8 fichiod x : a dferuibh garbh do thain' a tir uathmhar tha ghairbh  
 Tuits<sup>t</sup> le laimh osc<sup>a</sup> 7c'  
 8 fichiod : x : carbre ruadh c't aogcase cairbre an tsluaidh  
 8 fic<sup>d</sup> x og m' rí an tuitim sb' mhor an dith  
 tuitsit le laimh osc<sup>ir</sup> 7c'  
 An cuig<sup>s</sup> do bfaicsi don rí do thuitsit sb' mhor an gníomh  
 thuitsit le laimh osc<sup>a</sup> thall sa moscl<sup>7</sup> gu ri na heirionn  
 Anuar do ciunnuig cairbre ruadh an toscar re snaigh<sup>7h</sup> ashl'  
 an tsl' tine bhi na laimh gu do seol e i na comhdhail  
 Tuit oscar air a glun des san tsl<sup>7h</sup> nimhe trid a chneis  
 Tug e urcar bheg a nun s do mharbh<sup>7h</sup> leis ri na héirionn  
 Eir' Airt is glac<sup>2</sup> do chl'eamh sesamh pféin anáite tathar  
 mana tabhir thu a tegh a bhos gur narach duit m<sup>7</sup> do rath  
 Thuit le hoscar mg' chuimsi · sairt mac cairbre ar 2ra hurchar  
 s cuir iad an corran mana chep o phadruic b' gharbh a gres (?)  
 Oscar m' oisin an aigh thog e leac chloich as nlár  
 S bris<sup>7</sup> leis a ncorr<sup>n</sup> is a n-cep turn ma dheir<sup>7</sup> mo dh<sup>7h</sup> mhic

C. tratnona tar eis cur an chatha

tain' Fionn 7 maithuibh na féinne dach' 7 gluaisis Ferg<sup>3</sup> m'  
 Finn a ccomhdhail a athar 7 fer<sup>3</sup> failte ris agus fiafruis F' scéla an  
 catha deth 7 fregru<sup>3</sup> Fer<sup>3</sup> agus a dub't an laoi ettorra m<sup>r</sup> so—

Aithris duine Ferg<sup>3</sup> fil' Fiann eirionn

cionn<sup>3</sup> mar do tharrladh dhuibh an cath cabra na mbeumannibh  
 Co<sup>3</sup> mhaith le mac cumhail mo scelas a cath cauars<sup>4</sup>  
 ni mairrion oscar meanunn<sup>c</sup> thug mor chosc ar chalmuibh  
 s thuit do sar mac oile lan laoch mor na astal

<sup>1</sup> "dealg"?

<sup>2</sup> A dot above *g* seems more recent than the MS.

<sup>3</sup> "Ca"?

<sup>4</sup> cuarr?



is leis an chaisil fhrancach · do mharbhadh an fer sin  
 ni he sin a deiram *achd* mac mo mhic is manum  
 cionnz do bhi an toscar le scolthead na n caphair  
 bu luaith e na es abhann na mar sebhac *trid* ealtann<sup>3</sup>  
 na mar ruadh buinne srotha do bi ntoscar aisig  
 s bhiadh e uair eile mar bile re *trenghaoith*  
 na mar chrann ann sgach fuigh sa shuil ar g<sup>c</sup> aon neach  
 cunnuig e rí eirionn astigh an lar catha  
 is thug e ruathar tuige mar fhuaim tuinne ar srotha  
 mharbh e ri eirionn is an corran uime  
 s thuit leis *Airt m' cairbre* ar an dara buille

Finid.

<sup>3</sup> Spelling doubtful.

### Teachd Chonlaoich go heirinn.

Tainig triath an bhorblaoich, an curaidh crodha Conlaoch  
 ansna murtha gártha grinn, o dhún sgathaigh go héirinn  
 Failte dhuit a laoich luinn, a mhacaoimh aluin airmghrinn  
 is cosmhuil le do thecht nar ndáil, go rabhuis sel air seachran  
 Anois o thaingis anoir, o chrich oirthear an domhuin  
 do dhearbhadh do ghaisge ghrinn, air feadh thimtheachta an Eirinn  
 Coimhead an raon ata romhaibh, ler thuit morlaochaibh an Albuin  
 no togfam do lióg os leachd, an éiric chiosa an droichid  
 Mas e sin air cciosa re seallad, is nar tuilleadh le haonneach e go  
 hiomadh  
 coisgte thusa do chách, o niodh go lá an luain bhráith  
 Nior sguir an laoch da lamach, Conlaoch fraochdha forranach  
 no gur ceangladh céad dar sluadh, an geibhionn is fuath ren  
 aithris  
 An sin canas Conchubhar re cách, ciodh gheabhmaois do dhul na  
 dháil  
 Do bhainfeadh eachtra no sgeala is na tiocfa fa dhiomdha uaidhe  
 Eirghios Conall nar lag lámh, do bhuain sgeala don macaimh  
 se dhearbhuim le fuaim an laoich, gur ceangladh Conal le conlaoich,  
 Sgeala uainn air cheann na Con, do ráidh airdrigh Ulladh  
 go dún dealgan ghrianach ghlinn, sean dún fialmhar dheitchinn  
 Failte o gach aon roimhe an ccoin, is mall thainicis dair ccabhair  
 Ata Conall mar sdeud ambroid, is cead dair slógh na choimhideacht  
 Is deacair dhuin gan abheith ambruid, deis na bhfear do rachadh  
 accosgur  
 is deacair dul chum catha, leis an laoch ler ceangladh Conall  
 Na smuain gan dul na dháil, a laoich na narm naithghéar  
 A laimh is treisi gan teibeadh re neach, fuaighail hoide is e  
 ccuibhreach

[*Here transcript ends*].

## THE HEADS.\*

- A chonuill ca séalbh na cinn : is derph linn gur dhergas hairm  
na cinn do chíu ar anghad : sloint<sup>r</sup> let na fír dar bhfaobh
- I nghin orghuil na néach : éimhir og<sup>1</sup> na mbreith binn  
sa díoghuil chon na nceles : tugas liom ndés na cinn
- C uiche an cen málach dubh mor : is derg no róis aghruaidh ghlán  
se is nesa dom laimh chlí : cen an Rí nar athruidh dáth
- C enn ri mídhe no neach lúath : earc m<sup>o</sup> chairbre na gcúach cáim  
anérui<sup>c</sup> mo dhaltan féin : tugas liom agcéin achéan
- C uiche an ceansa ghabhas a dl<sup>7</sup>h clí : derg alí no lochd adhéilbh  
acean o tharla gan chorp : is máith liom giodh ole le méabh
- M aine móeb<sup>rt</sup> na néach : mac mé<sup>7</sup>hb' do chreach gach cúan  
ar sgaradh achinn re na chorp : is liom uile do thuit ashluagh
- C uiche an da chensa ar magh' thoir : a chonall m<sup>o</sup> ga gól an gháoth  
én dúbh ar bhfolta<sup>2</sup> na féar : is derg an grúaidh na fúil láoidh
- C en mhála 7 mhíoghnadh mhór : in da chenn sin is dóigh linn  
is aca fuaras cenn na con : ag múir témhra na sgól slím
- C uiche an da chensa ar mágh' thés : a chonall m<sup>o</sup> na celés lúith  
én dúbh ar bfólta na féar : is dérg an grúaidh géal agnúis
- C uillinn breadh 7 conladh ruadh : dias bheiradh buaidh le féirg  
eimhir fhaicsin acinn : tugas accorp fa linn deirg
- C uiche na sé cinsa is ole niamh : do chium fein ar magh' thúaidh  
gorm aitheche dubh a bfuil<sup>t</sup> : siabhartha aruisc achonall chrúaidh
- A ig súdh na se badbh : do chíu marbh sa mbéil re gáoi<sup>th</sup>  
clann a calidin luchd na ncles : dream nach roib ar lés mo láoidh
- A tternodh ó gléus na con : do chlanna c'alidin fa nemh ghnáth  
do mharbhas an séism<sup>r</sup> badbh : do thuit siad le marm tar chach
- C uiche an da cheansa is fáida amach : a chonall m<sup>h</sup>o do bhrath badh  
ar grádh hóinidh na ceil orm : cen na deis dar ghoñ tárm
- C ean laog<sup>re</sup> is chlaire, cuilg : an da chen do thuit lem ghúin  
do ghónsát euehulin c<sup>o</sup>rn : is tríd do dhérgas marm na bhfúil
- C uiche an ceansa ar magh' thall : go bfólt fán go mála slím  
roise m<sup>r</sup> oighre ded m<sup>r</sup> bhláth : aille no cách cruth a chin
- C ean mhic fhinn mhic rósa rúaidh : mhic niadh fuar bás lem neart  
éimhir fháicsin a chinn : tugas acorp fa linn tais  
(ardrí laighen na déarg ttáis)
- C uiche an ceansa ghabhas adláimh : a chonall mhór is buidh linn  
onach mairion cu na celes : cred fa bhfuil ar leas a<sup>n</sup> chinn
- C ean mhic férgna na néach : muir<sup>7</sup>hach do chreach go clot<sup>3</sup>  
mac mo tshethuir on túir theann : do sgaras achenn le na chorp

\* From MS. 36, p. 83.

<sup>1</sup> "ur."<sup>2</sup> "bfolta ?"<sup>3</sup> This word doubtful.

A chonuill mhor mhuighe in sgail : cred do thuit le do laimh gan  
 lochd  
 dona slúaghuibh dar mhill sin : let an dioghb' chinn na coin  
 N aonm<sup>r</sup> is da fhithid céd : aderim riut fa léin slúaigh  
 do thorchruir liom druim ar dhruim : do nimhe cuilg chl'iomh  
 cruaidh  
 A chonuill cionnas atáid : mná ínnsi fáil taréis na con<sup>1</sup>  
 abfuil cumha umcholt umcheis : na ttabradh spéis inadhúl  
 A n da ghair do cráidh mo chorp : eimhir óg na bfólt mbláith  
 gáir comhaonta m<sup>r</sup> gléidh : is gáir cáointe mban ro réidh  
 A chonall is míth' dhuinn : euchulin a núir do chúir  
 tochlum go fóirchen anúaigh : sa leabuidh choitchion crúadh<sup>2</sup>  
 cloch  
 A chonall rach<sup>7</sup> fan mbféart : is fann mo neart m<sup>r</sup> ata  
 cuir mo bl éil ar beil na con : is oirchios damh dul fa la  
 A chonall is oirchíos dámh : ní luigheabh le fer go bráth  
 do ghébh bás da chúmha sin : achonall na ceil ar chách  
 A dúbh sa lía mhácha mhear : dhá each fa glan gníomh  
 gach nech lé ar thorchur in triath : is orra sin ar adimras m<sup>r</sup>hiach.  
 A conall ca seabh na cinn.

#### THE HEADS—ANOTHER VERSION.\*

agus do rinne an laoidh la ann : ail' trocaire dom ann'  
 A chonaill gidh hiad na cinn . as dearbh linn g' dheirguis tairm  
 na cinnsin do bhi ar an ngad . sloinnt<sup>r</sup> let na fir dan faidhbh  
 A inghen Fhorghuill na neach . a eimhir ur na m/breth mbinn  
 as an diogbuil chon na ccles . tugas lem an des na cinn  
 C uith an cenn malach dubh mor . deirge na an ros a ghruaidh ghlan  
 ase as nesa dom leith chli . cenn an ri nar athr' dath  
 C enn righ midhe na neach luath . eare mc cairbre na ngruadh  
 nderg  
 an diogh' mo dhaltain fein . tugus liom accein an cenn  
 C uith an cennso dom leith chli . derge alí ní lochd da dheilbh  
 an cenn o tharla gan chorp . as maith lem g' olc le meidhbh  
 M aine moeibh't na neach . mc meidhbhe do chres go cuan  
 ar sgarthuín achinn sa chuirp . liom uile do thuit ashluagh  
 C ia an da chemnsa ar magh' thoir . a chonuill mhoir go ngoil  
 ngaoith  
 geal an aighthe dubh abhfuilt . deirge ngruaidhe na fuil laoigh

<sup>1</sup> "con" ?                      <sup>2</sup> "criadh."

\*From Edinburgh MS. 38.



- C enn mbaoil 7 mhiodhna mhoir . an da chennsoin as dóigh lind  
aca fuaras cenn na con . ag mur temhr' na sgor slim
- C ia an cennsoin ar mhagh' thall . go bhfolt bfann go mal' slim  
rosg mar oighr' ded mar bhlath . aille sa cách cruth an chinn
- A s leis sin do thuit an cu . do rad achorp fa chru thais  
Lugh' m' *conraoi* na renn . tugus a chenn lem tar ais
- C ia an da chennsa ar magh' thes . a chonuill mhóir na celes luith  
aon dath ar fholtuibh na bfer . derge angruidhe geal angnuis
- C uillenn breghe is connla crúaidh . dias do bheir' bhuidh le  
abhfeirg  
a eimhir ag sin na cinn . tugus aecuirp fa linn ndeirg
- C uith na se cinnsi as ole níamh . do chim ar magh' attuaigh  
gorm an aighthe dubh abfuil . siabhra aruisg a chonuill ehruaidh
- A tterna o chles na con . do chloinn cailit' r' choir sgáth  
do mharbhusa an seisior badhbh . do thuitsiod le marm seach  
chach
- C ia na cinnsi as faide amach . a chonuill mhoir do bhrath badhbh  
ar ghrádh hoin' na ceil orm . aín na deisi do dhoñ tharm
- C enn laoghaire is chlaire cuilt . an do chenn do thuit lem ghuin  
do ghonsad cú chul' cairn . thrid do dhergus mairm na bfuil
- A chonuill o áth fir dhíadh . cia he an cennso dar giall each  
go nór fa thrillsibh an chinn . go ccumhdach slim daired ban
- C enn mheic finn mhic rosa ruaidh . maicn' do fuar bas lem nert  
a eimhir ag sin achenn . ardrigh laighen na lann mbreac
- C ia an cennsoin gabhus ad laimh . a chonuill mhóir ní baidh linn  
o nach mairenn cu na celeas . ciodh fa bfuile ar les an chinn
- C enn mheic ferghusa na nech . muir'ach do chrech go colt  
mac mo shethar an tuir thenn . do sgaras achenn re chorp
- A chonaill mhóir mhuighe an sgail . cred do thuit red laimh g'  
lochd  
dona slúagh' do mhill sinn . let an dioghuil chinn na con
- N aonmhar sceithre ficheid céd . adeirim riot fa lén sluaigh  
attorchair lem druim ar dhruim . do neimh mo chuilg choñl'  
chrúaidh
- A chonuill cionnus ataid . mná innsi fáil déis na con  
anb/ful cumha um cholt no um gheis . nó an ttabhrui sbeis na  
dhol
- A ndá gháir do chráidh mo chorp . a eimhir óg na bfolt mbláth  
gair chumhadh ní maith abfer . glanghair chaointe bhantrachd  
mban
- A chonuill as mith' dhuinn . euehul' san úir dho chor  
tochlumgofoirchennanuaigh . an leab' chumhang ehruaidh chloch
- A eimhir ciodh do ghen fein . gan an cú dom reir fa rath  
gan mo dhalta fa glan groidh<sup>1</sup> . dfhaicsinn amoigh is amach

<sup>1</sup> 'go'dh' in MS.

A chonuill as oirches damh . ní luigheab' le fer go bráth  
do gheubh bás da chumh' sin . a chonuil na ceil ar chach  
A chonuill rachad fan bfer . as fann mo neart mar ata  
cuir mo bhéul ar bhél na con . as oirches damh dol na dhal  
A n dubh san liath mhacha mhear . an da each fa glan<sup>1</sup> angníomh  
gach neach le attorchair attriath . orra thiar do imris fhíoch.  
A choñ'.

### Laoidh mhna an bhruit.\*

La d'á ndecha fionn ag ól  
Go halmhuin ar bhegán slógh  
Seisior far is seisior ban  
Giolla ñ [?] ainder uchd ghlan  
Fionn is diarmoid gan on  
Mac an reithe oisín is osgur  
Conán máol nar lag ar muir  
Is mnā na laoch san  
Mar do ghabh meisge na mnā  
Do bhadair ag iomarbhaidh  
Nach raibhe ar dhroim talmhan tric  
Seisior ban b' chomhaonruic  
Do radh mac cumhail fer gan on  
Corrach cerda é an domhain  
Cia maith sibhsi as iomdha ben  
Nach derna féis achd le háoin fher  
Ni fada do bhadar mar sin  
Go ttainig ben da bhfeachain  
Aon bhrat uimpe go náille  
Agis í na haontsnáithe  
Fiafruighes Fionn go ngáire  
Dinghin an bhrait orshnaithe<sup>2</sup>  
Cread bheir tú ad taonsbnáithe  
A bhen an bhrait go náille  
Do ghesaibh an bhrait go náille  
Aon bhen is í na haontsnaithe  
Nach faghadh a díol don bhrat  
Ahd bean aoinfhir gan áon lochd  
Tabhair an bhrat dom mhnaoi féin  
Do rádh conán maol gan chéill

\* From Edinburgh MS. 54, p. 60.

<sup>1</sup> "ghlan"?

<sup>2</sup> "onshnaithe"?

Go bhfaicemaoid an comhradh mire  
 Do rádhsat na *mm* ó chianaibh  
 Glacfadsa an brat a chonáin  
 Mas ail leat leigen dod tiomraidh  
 Sas mór ghoilleas orm féin  
 A ndeunus tu dom aimhréir.  
 Glacus ben chonáin an brat  
 Is gabhus uimpe é go prap  
 Do gheasaibh bhrait na neṅg c't  
 Gur léig leis í a naoinfeacht  
 Mar chonnaire conán máol  
 An brat ag filleadh fá na taobh  
 Togbhus a chraoiseach go prap  
 Is marbhus an inghen  
 Glacus ben dhiarmoda sháoir  
 An brat o mhnaoi chonáin mhaóil  
 Ce ar abhí sin an tsaói gan lochd  
 Nocha ar fhoiligh sé a daónachd  
 Glacus ben oisín amhra  
 An brat fa chúis labhra  
 An teudach nár cumadh d'í  
 Ní ar chubhaidh a chur uimpe  
 Glacus ben osgoir fhéill  
 An brat comhfhada coimhréidh  
 Ge ar a b' fhada an brat sgoth' bán  
 Ní ar fhoiligh se a himliocán  
 Glacus maignéis ben fhinn  
 An brat fa chúis mígrinn  
 Do chrap is chrúaidh mar sin  
 Go cruáidh uma chluasaibh  
 Dáil ar mhnaoisi ar mac Reithe  
 An brat so is ní cúis ceilte  
 Go bhfaicemaoid an ionann dáil  
 Di féin is do na mnáibh  
 Nochdus ben mhic Reithe a taobh  
 Gabhus uimpe an brát bláth chaomh  
 Do chuáidh an brat sleaimhain slói  
 Di go lár a luidiocáin  
 A mhic an reithe na mbriathar nglic  
 Ní dernas ríamh do chionntaibh  
 Ahd aon phóg a mháin as ní le gid  
 Do mhac í dhuibhne do dhiarmoid  
 Tabhradh dhamh mo bhrat a mhná  
 Os mé inghén an deirg dreacbháin  
 Os mé féin nár aomhaigh ré nech



Achd re mac cumhail naoinfher  
Rachad féin uaibh a mach  
Is fágfad an tech agaibh a mhná  
Sgéal ni bhfuil agaibh orm  
Sgéal beg oruibh agam atá  
A bhen na malachd imthigh uainn  
Do rádh mac cumbail na narm náidh  
Do fhagbhuis faoi eolchui re ar ccuid bann  
Imthigh uainn is na tar aon lá finit.



# EDINBURGH MS. XLVIII.

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## I.

Soiridh soir go halbain uaim,  
fa maith radharc cuan is gleann  
mar re clann uisneach aig seilg  
baoibhin abheth os leirg abenn

Tharra maithe alban ag ol  
7 clann uisneach dar chóir cion  
ninghin iarla dhuntreoir  
go tug naoise pog gan nfios

Do chuir se chuige ealta bhaogh  
agh alluidh 7 laoch le cois  
agas do gabh-se chuige ar chuairt  
ag tfiladh ó shluagh inuerneise

Nuair do chuala mise *sín*  
lingis<sup>1</sup> um chen doigh don ned  
chuaidhis acurach air tuinn  
fa coma liom beo no eg

Leanuid mise amach *air* snamh  
enle is ardan nar ghnath breag  
tpillad leo me *ar* mais  
dias do chuireadh cath *air* ched

Tug naoise a bhriather go fíor  
luighis fa thri afiaghnuis arm  
nach curadhse oram gruim  
no go rachadh ar sluagh na marbh

Tug anbhen *sín* o Dhuntreoir  
breathar ro mhor is moid mher  
no go rachadh naoise deg  
nach rachadh si fein adfer

Och da cluinadh isi anochd  
naoise *ar* n dol fuigh bhrot acre  
do ghuiladh isi go bechd  
is<sup>2</sup> do ghuilimse fa shechd le

<sup>1</sup> "linghis?"

<sup>2</sup> MS. "7."

[Ni] hiongnudh cion bh<sup>7</sup>h agam fein  
 ar crich alban fa reidh rod  
 bhudh slan mo cheile na mesg  
 b' liom a heich 7 a hor  
 Sor' soir go halbain uaim

Farewell eastward to Alba from me,  
 Pleasant was the sight of its harbour and vales,  
 With Uisnech's sons pursuing the chase,  
 'Twas delightful to be on the slopes of the hills.

It happened that the nobles of Alba were drinking,  
 And Uisnech's sons who love deserved ;  
 To the daughter of the Earl of Dun-Treor  
 Naoise gave a kiss unknown.

He sent to her [a frisking drove]  
 A wild hind and a fawn at its foot ;  
 And he went to her on a visit  
 As he returned from the host of Inverness.

When I did hear of this  
 My head filled full of jealousy :  
 I went in a *curach* on the wave,  
 'Twas the same to me to live or die.

They pursued me out to sea—  
 Aindle and Ardan, who spoke not falsehood ;  
 They turned me with them back—  
 Two who would to a hundred give fight.

Naesi gave his word in truth—  
 Thrice he swore upon his arms—  
 That he would not cause me grief  
 Until he should go to the host of the dead.

(Then) gave that maid from Dun-Treor  
 Her solemn word and wanton vow,  
 That so long as Naesi lived  
 She would not wed a man.

Alas ! were she to hear this night  
 That Naesi is under a shroud of clay,  
 She assuredly would weep,  
 And I would weep with her sevenfold.



'Tis not strange that I have love  
 For the coast of Alba of smooth ways ;  
 Safe was my love among them—  
 Mine were its horses and its gold.  
     Farewell eastward to Alba from me.

## II.

A rí an bheatha bi gam leighis  
 ni leigz eile dfoirfes sinn  
 na taobh me re lamha leagha  
 slanuidh adhe cnedh mo chin

Ge ta mo chenn na thri trianuibh  
 ni thrid dhoirtim der mo shul  
*acht* fan bhois do bhi fan tairgne  
 osi anois as tainibh dhiuin

Cred fa sginfin re sgein bherra  
 beg na sgela scoradh mo chinn  
 mesa liom *mur* do bhi abaoghal  
 cenn an ti ler saoradh sinn  
     A rí an bh7ha

## III.

Laoidh do rinne Niall mor mac muiriche san dun  
 do ruaidhraighe mor mac Leoid \*

Se hoidhee dhamhsa san dun  
 nior bhe<sup>1</sup> ancoinmhibh falsa fuar  
 cuirm lionmhur da hibhe ahor  
 fionbhrugh mor is lionmhur sluagh

\* The above poem gives a graphic picture of life at the court of a great Highland chief, about 1600. In a translation of the Book of Clanranald, evidently made by the great Irish annalist, Dr O'Connor, the poem is thus rendered into English :—

Six nights I had been in the Dun,  
 It was not a fallacious entertainment I received ;  
 Plenty of cuirm [strong ale] was drunk at the board,  
 There was a large wine-brugh and a numerous host.

<sup>1</sup> " be ?"

Teglach antighe air gach taobh  
 isi fhine meghrach mhor  
 is ferrde suaibhnes rath arigh  
 lion cath anuaighes fa ol

Gair na gclairseach sna cuach throm  
 ag nach gnathach fuath na feall  
 gaire na miledh fleasgach fionn  
 lionn misgach is teine thenn

Ri o noldhuir aignuibh ur  
 cunnbhuizh achuid ribh gach cliar  
 sanenbhrugh na haisling ol  
 da shluagh lionnmhur fairsaing fiail

Fichad misge leinn gach laoi  
 nibhudh treisi linne no le  
 fiu nert far metha do bhi  
 cethair athri · 7 · le · 6 .  
 6 hoidhche damhsa san dun

## IV.

—e mo ghradh amhain acht dia nan dul  
 do chruthidh go saimh fa laimh an saoghalsa duinn  
 Ri na gras mo ghradh is naomtha muir  
 chenuidh le phais mo chain go daor o run

Ge hionmdha mart 7 molt  
 muc agas tore dhiolta fiach  
 achomharsan ata laimh ruinn  
 go berr linn bhiadh gan iasg

The attendants of the house were on every side,  
 It was the cheerful great reality ;  
 As quietness was better for the princes comfort,  
 The party of the tribe took their drink in retirement.

The merriment of the harp and of the full bowls,  
 With which hatred and treachery are not usually accompanied ;  
 The laughter of the fair-haired youngsters,  
 We had inebriating ale and a blazing fire.

A prince from whom a good disposition is acquired,  
 He keeps the fellowship of all ecclesiastics ;  
 In his regal court drinking is not a dream,  
 To his numerous company he is plentiful and hospitable.

We were twenty times drunk every day,  
 To which we had no more objection than he had ;  
 Even our food was in abundance, which consisted of  
 Four, three, seven along with six of varieties.—ED.

## V.

Dferuibh ile nar thoill toighbhem  
 acrich bhiodhbhuidhe gan bh7 tais  
 amhuinntir semuis na ccrann long  
 tig air fairge cran ruaidh chais

Fir Leoghuis na long derg  
 drong eoilus fileadh 7 ord  
 na deghe is lom gach learg  
 fonn derg o chneadhibh a colg

Iochd maith mo ghenar do ni\*  
 ionmhuin adhbhur riogha na ntla<sup>1</sup>  
 ni dolghoid mo luinge uaim  
 do fhoirius do shluagh on bhas

Dar leamsa ni comann caomh  
 feall oram 7 taobh riot  
 mo longsa dolghoid on traigh  
 snach faghar ar sol asleacht

An ttuigenn tu gurab me ghne  
 do thairuing adghruaidh bhrioc  
 tfaicsin marbh nior bhe mo mhian  
 nach faca fer riamh adriocht

Da leiginn bhudh beag an bed  
 do thrí ch7 do bheith fa fhiort  
 do fhea/fuinnsi bheith um luing  
 o thuinn go tuinn ar muir niocht

Sinne an triur ar nar luigh sgis  
 do chuir thusa aris adriocht  
 as derbh da madh aill don triar  
 nach blaisfeadh tu biadh no bliocht.

Luaith e cu na cuidecht  
 toseach luighe dom leanan  
 luaith e na gach truit ealta  
 aignuibh gheige an da gheal lamha

This line is repeated on edge, lengthways, of MS.

<sup>1</sup> Last three words of this line doubtful.



Luaithé no ghaoth errachamhuil  
 ag buin fa bhenmuibh cruaidhe  
 aignuibh baogh nach bannamhuil  
 aic inngin aroisg uaine

Dair anriogh ro ordha  
 Chereas na bretha cruaidhe  
 roimpe ariamh ni fhacamur  
 ag mnaoi aignuibh *budh* luaithé  
                     *Luaithé cu na cuidecht*

## VI.

Cethrar tainig anoir  
 o hinnsibh iarrar dhomhuin  
 nior thaisdil talamh no tonn  
 cethrar da b' coir a *comhlann*

Do bhi ar tos an cethrar chain  
 giolla og an erruidh<sup>1</sup> fhionghlain  
 ced<sup>2</sup> mhac iruaighe nanarm . . .<sup>3</sup>  
 adbhur ardri an domhuin

Buine Borb thren mairg re buin  
 an dara fer don cethrar  
 sgiath do morsuibh oir aige  
 degh mhac ri na haphfrúice

Iolluin orarmach na cleas  
 an treas cuidh fa coimhdhes  
 leis abherar buaidh gach baire  
 oighre arí na hallmhaine

Fer ler folbhuidher faichthe  
 mac ardri na heanlaithe  
 dar bhainm ceabhan anghluin ghil  
 an cethro fer don cethrar  
                     *Cethrar tainig anoir*

## VII.

Goll mear milenta  
 ceap na crodhachta  
 lamh fhial arrachta  
 mian na mordhachta

<sup>1</sup> "eiruidh?"<sup>2</sup> First two words doubtful.<sup>3</sup> Word at end of line illegible. [Possibly *sean*].

Fraoth *nach* fuaruightear . Laoch *gan* lain fheithem  
reim anri *4hradh* . mur leim lain theineadh

Leoghun luatharmach . leon' lainmil'  
tonn ag trenbualadh . goll na gnath prgh<sup>1</sup>

Leoghan loinnghniomhach . beodha bionnshluaghach  
crechtach comhdhalach . echtach iomghonach

Agh *gan* fhuarachadh . mal<sup>1</sup> ag medachadh  
laoch *gan* lamhachadh . nar thraoth trendhochair

Dioth aroigh dhaoinn' . dfioch anollbhuadhach  
uail os ardriogh' . buaidh ar bhorb shluaghuiph

Triath na tromchana . briathra bionmhalla  
mil' m<sup>f</sup> dhana . dillidh diongbhala

Treinfher trenarmach . seimhfher slogh adhb'  
fer lonn loinghniomhach . goll mer mordhalach

Sgath arsgiaimhghaire . blath go mbuan aille  
tuile treinsleibhe . buille buaidh laimhe

Mordha amher iomghuin . crodha ar chen airghibh  
tuir go ttrom fhoghluibh . muir os mhion aiphnibh

Tonn as trein fherdha . goll *nach* gloir dhorrdha  
ferc<sup>3</sup> na siorfhoghla . mac mer mor morna

Sgios ar churaidhibh . cios gach oineadhuigh  
grian os glainfhedh' . fial re fileadhuibh

Goll mer mor fhuighlech . flaith nach fior dhiomhar  
gach tir treinleonuadh . ri go ririoghail

Duais *gan* derbhfeile . cruas gach comhdhala  
fer dian dighaire . triath na tromdaimhe

Suil gach siormhuirir , clu *nach* cainfuidhear  
Seol gach siodh oirir . bed *nach* baidx'er

Fein' fer ainmhain . ceillidh comhallghlor  
beim ghuill ghlain mhill' . mur tuinn thoruinn m<sup>hio</sup>

Glun riogh rionnghlorach . flx oil' fionnshlach  
maisioch mor fhuighleach . triath ghlan trenshluagh'

Cur' cruaidh rennach . dogbh' Eirennach  
colg lom luathbhullech . g'' borb beamenach

Flaith na bfoghuil crioch . m<sup>th</sup> don mhuman ghnaith  
sruth ag siob'luath . cruth mur chubur phlath

<sup>1</sup> Doubtful.<sup>2</sup> " nial " ?<sup>3</sup> " serc " ?

Einfer iomarcach . *trenfer tromholtach*  
 sgiath na sgeimhealtach . cliath na *connachtach*  
 Cenn sluaigh fhiorro thruim . uaidh *gan en<sup>c</sup> mhuing*  
 a ghreas gher fhairsing . mur threis *trein tafuinn*  
 Fedhm *nach* fheidm fallsa . beim na *mor* ghlonnsa  
 crodha ancoml' sa . *mordha* an m' g' sa  
 Goll *mear* milenta

## VIII.

Caoin thu fein adhuine abhochd  
 do chaoinedh chaich coisg do shuil  
 na caoin innghin 7 na caoin mac  
 da deachuidh fuigh bhrot san nuir

Caoin ar tos do phecuidh fein  
 sul rachis cre ar do chorp  
 caoin os egin duit ahic  
 aphais fuair criosd ar do shon

Caoin ar fhuiluing ar do sgath  
 criosd do chenuidh each acran  
 caoin adha laimh agas adha chois  
 agas achroidhe do sgoilt andall

Rachadh (?) each uile fa seach  
 na caoin neach da deachidh uait  
 tair da dechidh ariamh acre  
 doiligheach duit thu fein a thruaigh

Dar chruithidh lamh dheas an tsaoir  
 edar fher agas mhnaci agas <sup>1</sup> mhac  
 ni bhfuil diobhsin truagh na trein  
 nach rachan deg uaibh mur sin

Techduir de ose an bas  
 da biadh ort mar chas cruadh  
 go denan tu taimbleas fein  
 agus aimhleas ante do chuaidh

Ar sleabh sion la na sluagh  
 bhudh duibhe na gual do ghne  
 anois ge halluin do chruth  
 muna caoine abhos thu fein

<sup>1</sup> MS. "7."



Truagh sin abhochd gan cheil  
 da fios da fein *mur* ataoi  
 do leigfas do caoinedh chaich  
 do bhiasa go brach ag caoi  
     Caoin thu adhuine abhochd

## IX.

Clann ragnuil fa eoin san noilenn aoibhinsi  
 saoilimsa fa dheigh nach toighbheinn dona triallsi  
 laoch re taobh agsededh srol isle  
 legibh dona sloghuibhsi raon on riaghailsi  
 as beg do bhrath ar leim an leoghuinsi  
 do reir ar neolisne is flaith dona fianibhsi  
 as beg da crodh ar cleir do chomhnuisi  
 ar ndol anaonuidhsi ageill dona dearuibhsi  
     Clan raghñ' fa eoin  
     Catholus  
     m' mui'ch' .cc

## X.

Gabh amhic mo mhunadh  
 ar toghthecht uaim ar echtra  
 do dhol annsa dunadhsa  
 de tiocfas do leasa  
 Do dhlighfinn do tegasg  
 do gabhail uait gan diomus  
 gus anois nar Carsa(?)  
 nach tusa mathair dilas  
 Ge chaned na mí dhaoine  
 aitheasg nach deid adarbha  
 briathra diana diomhuin  
 nar bhudh mian let alabhra  
 Na biadh ort *mur* dhubhachis  
 sgel do olcas da fuighther  
 ni b' mo do shubhachis  
 fa sgel is ferr da cluine  
 Luchd na breag go tomuin  
 na fuighedh uaibh fur nuruim  
 na riogha agas na roidhaoine  
 gur abiad do luchd comuin

Do shire uatha bhudh maranach  
 deis iomthecht ar do shuras  
 bi red chairdibh carrannach  
 gach uair da roibhead chugad

Den mur adubhartsa  
 amhic abheris gach enbhuaidh  
 mur bhudh ardri comhachtach  
 toil *gach* fir donaois ecruaidh

Coimhgheal fos go firineach  
 do ghealladh agheg fhionnghlan  
 b' gleic sibh or sior chinadh  
 mo mhunadh ort ní hionghaibh  
*Gabh amhic mo mhunadh*

## XI.

no cionabeth reidh ris anrioghruidh fir  
 sheaimh shuaimhneach.\*

Clann aniarla o iomluibh banba  
 na broin bhubha nach doigh iomdha  
 bern ahomal na fir ferrdha  
 nar bhéan<sup>1</sup> biodhbha

Le dhis luireach garbh 7 gormghlas  
 7 arm niomdha  
 iomdha leo aleim gach trota  
 bhudh tuar buaidhridh  
 serreach seng agbleth abheilmheir  
 agas bein eich uibhridh

Iomdha cotun choillear rionnta  
 go roinn dealbha  
 feilm chorr airdhircuibh duilbher  
 agas beirt throm thribhridh

Iomhdha aige androing nach doigh do restal  
 don reimh bhurgich  
 sgiath le naicther comair chrecht ghuin  
 donn ódrughfhuil

\* On edge of MS.

<sup>1</sup> MS. "b ÷ ean."

Caomhtach sgeine aig loin nac leo  
 crain na cupluibh  
 aige abi iolair a arm aux'uibh  
 agas baibh ag brugtoil

Iomdha donn shlat dhiobra saidhde  
 7 sreng da lùbadh  
 birrin chaol nach reidh do ruacadh  
 7 ceir da cludadh

Agas guna chuiris feidhm ar oigfher  
 7 sgreim da sgrudadh  
 o b'ì afer achleasta gruaidh dhubh  
 7 pleasg aig pfutar

Iomdha re chois cethernach nach loctar  
 laoch mar fhoghla  
 le cuirer cuairt re fedh feidhma  
 fer duirge dorrdà  
 giolla nach cuir dlith ar dhìomdha  
 suighe ar fhoghla co taoi seo tromdha  
 fer chraithde achraoiseach go calma  
 Clann aniairla

## XV.\*

Cionnas mhaireas me amaonur  
 gan fhear ruin dom rothaobh  
 ag ar ghnath diamhair dana  
 diarruidh attrath togbhala

Mise me go mairim buan  
 deis shaoith' na bfocal bfionnuar  
 gan fher dfoghluim mo leabhair  
 fedh an ghormfhuinn ghaoidhealidh

Bheith beo as decrach dhamhsa  
 snach mair maithghin<sup>1</sup> agamsa  
 ole an mharthuinn buath dein dfor  
 Sgarthuinn re ceill sre caidreabh

Do cùredh as cionn accionn  
 aois dana oirir Eirionn  
 budh henar dhuinn na ndeghuidh  
 gan legh' ngluinn nginealidh

\* Dr Cameron has not transcribed Nos. XII., XIII., and XIV., extending to seven pages of MS.

<sup>1</sup> "naittghin"?



Siad ar neg uatha uile  
 filedh chloinne ar gcolume <sup>1</sup>  
 gan fher labhra lorg duaine  
 borb an damhna diombhuaidhe

A mesg mhiledh chloinne chuinn  
 geadh iad lemsa as luchd comuinn  
 meisi na ttigh ni thedhma  
 gan seise fir ealadhna

Dursan leam is me da mhes  
 nach mair suas donord eigis  
 dual fesda adhul adochar  
 cur ceasda na comhfhocuil

M airg do fuair eolus orra  
 aos aithenta ar bfoghlama  
 feithemh na ndeoigh as decra  
 gan breithemh eoil noidechta

R ugadh dhiom ni dail chabhra  
 mo leithen uird eal'na  
 cread nach baodhal ba dhesd dhamh  
 amaonar <sup>2</sup> amesg miladh

Eoin m<sup>c</sup> briain na mbriathar geiui  
 deg uainne aniathuibh ainiuil  
 fa ghloir ghallbhan na ghoire  
 mar an tadhbbhur eolcuire

Gan fher lenamhna<sup>1</sup>laimh ris  
 dhuinne ba damhna doilghis  
 fer bhudh saoire ag snoidhe rann  
 croidhe bhudh caoine comann

Deis na gliarsa do chuaidh dhinn  
 me anois ionnamhuil oisín  
 gan sbeis gan treighe toile  
 deis na feinne fiannuidhe

A nois da tteg m' dhamhsa  
 triall le toil on tsaoghallsa  
 gan fher cuimhnighthe oirn ann  
 doirbh na cuibhrithe ar comann

<sup>1</sup> "gcoluine" ?

<sup>2</sup> "amaonur" ?

Gan neach dinnleadh ma marbhna  
 agam dom fuil atharrdha  
 deis eoin nar mheall amheabhair  
 bhudh cenn eoil ar oidedhuibh

Donord eigis nochanfhuil  
 nech re ccuirim ceisd focuil  
 accertus no aluas laoidhe  
 no chlehdus cruas comaoine

Gan slech' donoir gaoidheal  
 anord eigis dursgaoil'  
 acclu gan chor anegar  
 da gelu sgel do sguireadh

Gan neach re cuimhne agceimenn  
 do rionh chreach no caithremhenn  
 gan snas ar fionbhun abhfis  
 glas ar an gniomhradh daithris

Doibhsion as damhna docra  
 gan fher maoiththe amordochd  
 gniomh asledh no agcolg eadar (?)<sup>1</sup>  
 ar lorg treabh o ttangadur

Beid amaithe famhela  
 do dhioth lochda a leisgela  
 sa nuaisle buidh dhecht fa bhroid  
 cert sanuairsi ni fhaghbhuid

Guais doibh attrah attionoil  
 go mbid aicme eireamhoinn  
 la anoil gan fhocal bhfil'  
 na dhocar dhaibh dligfidher

Luchd cuimhuighthe acceimenn cruaidh  
 sdardachadh reimhe arioghs!<sup>2</sup>  
 tugsad bann ar neludh as  
 sniglelan ann aneolus

N ar chlehdadar cru cholla  
 gan aos eoluis etorra  
 gus anuairsi dior andal  
 anuaisle ag sniomh ar seachran

Da ttegmadh do chloinn raghuill  
 nar chuir druin re deg fhoghluim  
 bbeith ro dorcha do choir chaigh  
 mor ancomhartha caochlaidh

<sup>1</sup> ceadar ?[<sup>2</sup> arioghul' ].

Leigmid dhinn anderna me  
 mith' cuimhne ar m<sup>c</sup> muire  
 steachd ar penannid dhé dhealbhnair  
 gabhmuide mur ch-ionlair

A nri do cuireadh san cerann  
 as leis do hairg' iysana  
 tug uainne ante do thoghas  
 ose as buaine bunadhas

Eoin m<sup>c</sup> Briain do bhi na bhrugh  
 eidir ainghi' da iomchur  
 sa eg le labhair' leisa  
 cread acht adhbhar aoibhneasa

Mar tha thuas ar nimh neamhdha  
 ar luchd tighe antighearna  
 mairidh beo choideche gan cuing  
 achd ceo ge fhoideche oruinn

Coireade dhuinn denaunh air  
 dun anduillimh mar dhlaghair  
 neach thall on toigh nach tillfe  
 snach fhoil ann acht imire (Cio — nus  
 Catholus m<sup>c</sup> Muriche  
 cc<sup>t</sup>)

## XVI.

Fuarus cara ar sgath na sgeile  
 sgela soin on suibhir sinn  
 fer do thuigsi sdo dhion dana  
 an chuidsi is diol garda gill

Cara soin gan obadh naoidh'  
 aoinfhir aonas dhiol' duas  
 as riu soin do eir a aignemh  
 stoil reidh le caidreabh gan chruas

Go ttug leanman anuird eigis  
 amus cinnte ar chur achlu  
 ni do bheir na am gan iarr'  
 ag sin bann ler riar' rú

Do thogh se mar choingheall crionna  
 comall mbriathar meanma is mo  
 fear soin nar char meid amaoine  
 gur bhreg toil na ndaoine dho



Oighre dhomluil searc saoi<sup>gh</sup>  
 ar sir semus do thoill taib  
 ase ancara anam aneigen  
 call blagha bi fheidir air

O do ghabh mur oifig iomlain  
 iomchur aoidh' gach aonuair  
 nior mheall aithne chenn na cleire  
 geall caitheamhe geall feile fuair

Mur tainic as coir achomhead  
 cennas gaoidheal maoithfe me  
 chuige do bhaigh fhola is uaisle  
 rogha chaigh sanuairsi e

O chrich rois gas anroinn il'  
 aige fein ba dual an dion  
 o iath leoghais go muir manuin  
 fa fhuil bheobhras raghairbh riogh

Umpa iaghuid oirecht fionghall  
 eigs chaich da labhra lean  
 gur bhiadh sin sealbha na sinnser  
 stigh temhra na ttrinnasegh tonn

Riut is cubh' cennas criche  
 cabhair chcall is cearrain chliar  
 gabhail re mowl do thear or'  
 ar lorg bhar sean romhuil riamh

Fuigh dhamhsa ionadh fhir colais  
 amhais gaoidhe no bhaird bhuig  
 no na leag ar linn alabhra  
 teadalbinn gan tarbha tuig

Ge be aca iaras aoidhe  
 iomirt oir no bronradh bhuar  
 do nithear<sup>1</sup> libh go seimh socair  
 afhir fheid is focail nach fuair<sup>2</sup> fuaras

Bain chenn chur' aicme huiidliuin  
 ingean i leod is glan gne  
 gan taom gan nagoitich san m/naoisi  
 ag soim ram dom troisi le

Fuaras cara ar sgath na sgoile Niall m' muirich' . cc .

<sup>1</sup> "nithear" ?

<sup>2</sup> "fuair."

## XVII.

Moran lensa *air* aieme ile  
 sgel nach curridhe adiombrighthe  
 gan duine dhiobh re fhagail  
*sníomh* ar fer aneolchuir

Mor anlen aniomthecht uile  
 diobhsin ni roibhe droch duine  
 og no *airsuidh* beg no mor  
*acht* ionparchuis lan donoir

Do budh eolach me ortha fein  
 do baithne dhamh ageaga gineoil  
 coirid dhamh aradha go fiosach  
 na poir aile iolchleasach

*Air* asadh fein óse anfath  
 o chennos eoin anced la  
 gach droing dhiobh *doroibhe*  
 ann ag treabh' na fearan

*Budh* diobh ancuiredh meamnach mor  
 aga fuighe cuirm agus comhol  
 clann alasdir na sgiath dualach  
 ain eigar fial iolbhudhach

Budh diobh ó reimh cholla dhuais  
 le diolfuidh barr *gach* aonduais  
 clann Eoin na sroal sesfach  
 an por cengailte cerdchealx<sup>c</sup> <sup>1</sup>

Budh diobh ó rí lochlanlain  
 drong budh decair adionghbail  
*sliocht* duphshithe na stait sholas  
 budh len ar fer afoltainnis

Budh diobh arís uatha sin  
 adha aieme úr aoibhin  
 gach drem dhiobh do gabh ges  
 clann ghiolleisa agus clann phetris

Budh diobh o eoghan mhór  
 do marbhadh le conn acedoir  
 clann aigh na saireach suibhlach  
 ní mairenn grain agorm luireach

<sup>1</sup> "ceidhchealx<sup>c</sup>" ?

Budh diobh o nial na naoi glas  
 aig sin duit ciall aseanchuis  
 clann mhic beathadh agnath' ghrin  
 luchd snoidhe chnamh agus chuislenn

Budh diobh ó reimh na rosg mall  
 mac rí lochlan na ger lann  
 Clann aoidh nasleagh mollach  
 agus na ttegh naol chlar nionnailt

Budh diobh ó ri muille amach  
 nl mairg ga roibhe afreamhach  
 na siolsi do tharrnuig anois  
 siol terluigh agus tamhuis

Budh diobh ó domhnall dronn  
 derbhhrathuir do Niall ghlun dubh  
 clann lochluinn anghaisgidh gheir  
 anaicme nar thoill toighbheim

Budh diobh a Emun mhór  
 dochardidh iad anallain  
 anshliochda giolla bhrìde bhrais  
 do dibradh sinn ordughas

Do bhi moran daicme eile  
 annsa chrichsi na hiorghail  
 ni dith eoluis do bheir dhamh  
 gan aseoladh annsa tsloinadh

Da faghadh budh mor an modh  
 o cumhachduibh ancoimhidhe  
 fer anionnadh rochuaidh  
 dona cinneachuibh glan shluaigh

Do fhedfadh ri fhlaithis de  
 os aige ata cenn gach aonre  
 na siolsi ge tere apoir  
 atecht aris go ro mor mor  
 Mor anlensa ar aicme ile



## XVIII.

Giolla colluim m<sup>o</sup> ilebhride mhic Phersoin chille  
comain do roin anlaidhsi

Mairg do ní uaile as oige  
aíasachd deilbhe adeire ghlaís  
acruth soimh aagh' aoibhlin  
aceibh bhuídhe caomh mhin chais

Da ttugadh dia duit adhuíne  
daoine meallta mbeallis iad  
ded mur chuib agus taobh tais slim  
duit araon budh aisling iad

Duílle anbhetha bladh blath breige  
baoghlach achuirp cur re ioc  
na dean uaile fa chenn achruíne  
sger go buinfuighear do dhuille dhiot

Da fagha fos ní fath diomuís  
duille anbhetha nech buan seal  
coimhnigh<sup>1</sup> re re dala anduine  
ose namha anuile fhear

Cuimhnidh ar cruasach na grainoic  
guais dod tionnol bheth mur bhid  
ní bfuil acht pian ann dod tanamuin  
na hiar barr an talubhuin tríd

Ubhal ar gach bir da biruibh  
beiridh don taobh tid siad  
ar ndol oncheill fhad bhuig fherchaoín  
facfuidh fa bhel aonphuil iad

Faigfuidhther let ar los an tsaoghail  
mur sogh cuirp ar cosg ambean  
fa bhel na huaighe ose antanam  
sgel as truaighe achalan chreagh

Da tfuaras doragas adionamhus  
deach' agus do thuaibh gíodh bert chle  
ní leigfuidhther let díobh adhuine  
acht brat lein don chruine che

I bhinnes achuirp cuid da uabhar  
sgail duinn achur osaird  
daor re dhaor mheas uail na hoige  
buan re haoibhnes moid is mairg  
Mairg do ní uaile as oige

<sup>1</sup> "coimnigh"?

## XIX.

Cnoc anair ancuosa shiar  
 go la anbhraich bid dochairm  
 a Phatríg na pachtal ban  
 ní chan nath ttugadh antamm

Innis mas achuimhuín leat  
 ua chumhuill nach beg bron  
 innis sbeir no bhennacht leat  
 sgel fíor agus na can go

Is truagh a ne ler an me  
 a mhic airplín nar er neach  
 ansgel ro inafruidhas diom  
 innsad ar sgath rí na breath

La deach' fionn naflegh  
 is fian ciríonn na deach seng  
 ar ancuosa líon ashloigh  
 ní begail leo teacht tenn

A nen bhen do baile no ghrian  
 do chi anfian ag thecht san leirg  
 do mhac chumhuill innsim duit  
 bennuigheas rioghan anbhruit deirg

Ge tu arioghan air fionn fein  
 is ferr mein agus shaile dealbh  
 fuaím do ghutha is binne-lem  
 na bx“ re snimh gin go serbh

Niamhan nua chrothach ise mainm  
 innglen Ghaibh mhic dolluic fhionn  
 aird riogh Greg mo mallax aird  
 se do thrat me do thailg m<sup>e</sup> trein

Cr7 do bher da seachuibh tu  
 na ceil do run oram anois  
 do chombrug ar do sgath go la bhráth  
 gabham do laimh ar do ghosg

Ní fa tug' anfuath  
 do roine dhubh ghual dom ghne  
 gluas agus urpball 7 cenn cait  
 do bhi ar nar bhait an ceim

Diomidhas andomhan fa thri  
 nar fhagas ri an no flaith  
 nochar iarras acht sibhsi fhian  
 nar gheall triath manacal air

A riacad tusa aninngen og  
 do radha m<sup>c</sup> qmhuill nar chlo riamh  
 no go tuitid ar do sgath  
 na secht cathsa ata nfián

Ar anlaimhsin ortsa fhionn  
 is guais lein go dernnas breag  
 atí ó tichim afad  
 tuitfuigh leis cath 7 c7

Na den iomarbhaidh as afholt cas ar dath anoir  
 nach tainig aonlaoch fan ghrein  
 nach faite san nfein fer dachlo

Is gerr go facamar uainn  
 ri fer cait chenn fa cruaidh lamh  
 nior bhennuigh is nar umluidh dfionn  
 is iarras cath air cionn amhna

Do chuirsin dech c7 laoch na dhail  
 do berr lamh anlair gleo  
 nar fhill aonlaoch diobh ar ais  
 no cur thuit le tailg m<sup>c</sup> treoir

Iarras osgur ced ar fionn  
 ge holec lein é da luath  
 dholl do chomhrag alaoch loin  
 mar do chonaire di na sluagh

Do bheirim c7 duit ar fionn  
 ge ole liom do thuitim trid  
 eighridh 7 ber mo bhennacht leat  
 7 cuimidh do ghal 7 do ghniomh

Fedh chuig noidhche fedh coig la  
 do bhi andias sin nar tla cleig  
 gan bhiadh gan chodloch ar dhi suain  
 gur thuit tailg le buaidh mo mhic

Do leigsinn tri garra os aird  
 fan chomhrugsin fa garbh gleic  
 garrtha caointe fan dech' donfeinn  
 da ghair mhoidhaoim fa eg thailg



Niamhan nuachrothach mor anbed  
*mur* do chonnaing m7 anair  
 gabhas naire aghruaidh dherg ghlan  
 as tuitas marbh amesg anair

Bas na rioghan deis *gach* huile  
 ise as mo do chuir ar cach  
 ar anenosea deas acliath  
 do baid anfian enoc anair  
 Cnoc an nair an enocsa shiar

## XX.

Se là gus ande . nach faca me fionn  
 ni fhaca re mo re se b' faide leam  
 La 7 ox la . ata misi gan cheil  
 mo croidhe is truagh tinn . feguis fhionn fheil  
 La 7 ox la . nach faca me nfian  
 is faide leam é . no mo re riamh  
 Mac inngheine taidg . triath na fola trom  
 moide fein 7 mo triath . mo cheal 7 mo chonn  
 Nior dhuilt fionn roimh nech . ge mo beg alionn  
 nar chuir as a thegh neoch da tainig ann  
 Nocha treab' triocho . no nigh' fionn na fiann  
 gan digheal gan truth . gan duilt riomh triath  
 Sex slisa ar atech . m<sup>c</sup> Chumhuil go blagh  
 sex fidhad sgeath chnes . ar *gach* slis diobhsin  
 Caocad iomuigh thall . a diomcheol mo ri  
 caocad laoch gan diommodh . ar *gach* iomuigh dhiobh  
 Dech c7 blegha ban . na halla fa or  
 dech c7 easgur gorm . dech c7 corn ag ol  
 Fionn flaith ri na fiann . m<sup>c</sup> do Chumhall sin  
 adhe is mairg do mharbh . ante doherr ar bioth  
 Nior fhag beisd aloch . no arracht anuaimh  
 aneirionn na naomh . gur mharbh ansaor suigh  
 A chnes *mur* a chailg . aghruaidh *mur* aros  
 fa gheile gorm arosg . bhi fholt *mur* ator  
 Chuaidh eneach os cach . acleri na mionn  
 ni deach' ri riabh . acht ri nimhe osa chionn  
 Ba file ba flaith . b' saoth re *gach* ceird  
 ba mill' seng saor b' é toun gan cheilg  
 Tarbh 7 ocht bath . do *gach* brughaid ban  
 tug fionn cenn atslogh . 7 b' cruaidh anchain  
 Se ced leabtha seasur . re gaisgadh na thigh  
 cu 7 ben 7 giolla . aig *gach* duine diobhsin

Mathair ionmhuin é . maith an duine agart  
 nior dhuilt duine riabh . ma bhiadh no fa bhrat  
 Maith an duine fionn . maith a duine e  
 ado thiodhluic neach  
 leath air thiodhluic se

Se la gus an de

# XXI.

Mairg duine brathis fein  
 mo bheirt da eis adchiam <sup>1</sup>  
 ni ionnfa meoh fir no mua  
 mo run fein go bhrach aris

A bhen chomau achruth fial  
 do bhi oram riamh ageall  
 mairg leigir achruth amaoi  
 fhuairc agus ataoi fanchionn

Oramsa fein do frioth anlocht  
 ni beg not dachur ageill  
 rug ar comau ceim air ais  
 buailter duine da shlait fein

A diurrsa orlach ar or  
 diom innghean as og snuagh  
 ge gerr o nde gusa nuigh  
 do bhuair me an tuisge suas

M7 na toile ttugis duinn  
 mairg dar ghinadh achnúis nár  
 umam fein ó taoi go fuar  
 comhfada theid fuath 7 gradh

Do ghuala fein fada oriabh  
 cumam deisi do dhiol truth  
 duine o mhumann na mur geal  
 diobh 7 duine do leath cuinn

Do bhadar da bhliaghuin deg  
 an dias sgoilair sgel suirg  
 gan degail gan diachra sere  
 ar fud eirenn deas 7 tuaith

<sup>1</sup> "adchiam" ?

Deis amuinte abailtibh sgol  
 dala auchupla ar nach glos beim  
 do thionusgin gach duine dhiobh  
 dol antrathsin da thair leim

Do bi freagradh anfhair adeas  
 7 sruth deir ag teacht re gruaidh  
 ni shaoilum go faicamuin agradh  
 enuis a cheile go la luain

Da thiocfadh <sup>1</sup> ar an sgoiler a tuath  
 ole do chexuie uain da bhrigh  
 os ag deg hail dhuinn nar dias  
 gur ba duitsi abhias adhiath

Deis air coman gusa nox  
 ni mor abhen na felt slim  
 nach í freagra anfir a tuaith  
 fuaras uait ag deg hail ruinn

Ni hi hanntsocracht no tferg  
 ni dioghbhal ceile na cerd bhaogh  
 ni fuath ni droch thesd ní druís  
 do bher deg<sup>h</sup> dhuinne araon

Gan tu sanerichsi abiadh meabh  
 no crich Laighinn na neas reidh  
 no coigadh deg huidh mhie Fein (?)  
 ttug mo dhegh<sup>h</sup> riot re mo re

Ni fhuaire isi giodh meanma saor  
 aghlac shocrach gan taomcruas  
 fath mo threghsin 7 me adgharr  
 is maith gach cneadh afad uait  
 Maing duine bbrathis é fein

## XXII.

## Odubhagan . cc .

Bliaghuin so sholas adath  
 slighe aigentach colach  
 ariaghail fa lomman liom  
 an bliaghuin chomhlau choitchenn

<sup>1</sup> "tiocfadh" ?



Ceithre raithe ambliaghuín bhuig  
 asi gnaith shlighe ghabhamuíd  
 trí mí ingach raith ambliaghuín  
 snaithe í fa ein riaghuíl

A ta amí gheanúair greanta  
 trio Chad la is la aigennta  
 tosach don mí on mhealltoir  
 mur do chi on chailenntoir

A mí fheabhra thall ata  
 ox laithe is fiche fionnla  
 sgríobh gan chiorra síos mur soin  
 mios is giorra san bhliaghuín

La is trí . x . an mhart mhóir  
 riaghuíl chinnte gan claochlodh  
 ní gan chleith a aithne araon  
 trí dech da aithle anabraon

A mí maoi maith re mholadh  
 tríochadh is la ag leabhrugh'  
 gan chleith ar níuíl asi soin  
 trí deich amí iuín gle ghloin

A mí giuíl nar ghortach grian  
 la 7 trí . x . adheigh chiall  
 ahughduir da cceill aceisd  
 a urdal eile anaibhgheisd

Trí . x . ansebtēper slān  
 gach ughdur aga iomradh  
 síotha ro aom timbear  
 tríocha haon anoctimber

November trí deich dhealbhta  
 a ughduir na healaghna  
 desember gan gruig thall thra  
 se chuig ann 7 aon la

Cuig la trí . xx . trí ched  
 7 se huairē gan oired  
 as riaghuíl fa lí do leath  
 san bhliaghuín nach bí ar bhiseach

Gach tosach ambliaghuín bhain  
 sloinn go rathmur tre ro bhaigh  
 cuir go frosach sna froighibh  
 tosach ar na tosuighibh

Oirrdheire an guth onghleanntoir  
 e7 tosach an cailenntoir  
 maith ro loeradh tra 7 tuig  
 tochtmadh la iar nodhluig

Tosach eile ambliaghuin mhais  
 an tra tugadh an tsainais  
 riaghui nach diosg do dhailedh  
 bliaghuin criosd re achomhaiream

Tosach nach oirgdhere agaon  
 da dheich re sa nabraon  
 mur do bullamh anglann run  
 do cumadh na ceathar dhul

Domhnach aidueinte<sup>1</sup> anaigh  
 tosach ghabhas angriogair  
 mur dhleaghair do gach aon inn  
 mar aon san leabhur leighinn

Ced la don bliaghuin go mbiogh  
 baistedh iubhl' ana'rd riogh  
 maith gne aghruadh tra re ataisdiol  
 se la uadh go hath bhaisdedh

9 mbliaghna .xx. fíor dhamh  
 7 se la gan locadh  
 edir da bhaistedh dhea<sup>2</sup> dhil  
 antaisder cia nach cuimhn'

Fiche la nocha leath dail  
 go feil foil ó eifepain  
 ofheil Phoil gan luadh ale  
 ox la go feil buan brighde

Iar na mhairach mor an mhais  
 do chuaidh muire donegluis  
 mirr is tuis di da dhergadh  
 si gan chuis ga coisergadh

A ccionn laoi 7 da dheich daoibh  
 do chuaidh Pedar na chathaoir  
 maith antres chaithi gan chas  
 antres laithe ag matias

<sup>1</sup> "aidniente" ?

<sup>2</sup> Doubtful.

An dara *laith*e deg as doigh  
do m<sup>i</sup> marta feil griogoir  
as aicead suadh e tra 7 tuig  
se la uadh go feil Patruig

9 la gan dal naidh tar ais  
no go *fhuaire* mo leas trainuis  
rainig tuir gan saoir m<sup>i</sup> gloinn  
tainig ancaibula<sup>1</sup> coetan

Da laithe dheg go naithe  
7 fiche fhionn laithe  
6 fheil egh m<sup>i</sup>naire gan ais  
go feil mhor ghloine mharais

A sechtmadh la litch gan mhoid  
la feil Philip is laeib  
fa la traith eadailia toile  
la blaith maoncha bailtine

An treas la do shamhr<sup>i</sup> shuaire  
feil na croiche don ead cuaird  
an sgoth noch a uairne thoir  
croch an choimhche dar ceobhair

Ceithre la deg go deimhin  
go feil brenainn bain bhleighidh  
saor aglor noch a dian de  
naomh as mor ead don cruinne

Cuig is da dheich adeurar  
o fheil brenu<sup>an</sup> barr leabhuir  
naomh mholuim go leir  
go feil choluim chaoimh chille

An treas la uadha gan agh  
bar nabaas easb<sup>i</sup> ionshlan  
an sechtmadh la na lingsoin  
la fheil mo ling alughair

An tochtmadh la is leighenn dhearbh  
feil eoin baisde go mbith shealbh  
iomdha da gairm go ceill caigh  
darab ainm feil shan seaan

An tochtmadh la uadh gan ail  
la feil Poil 7 Peadair  
dairmar<sup>1</sup> uadh tre shimon sin  
do badar di mhor deisdin

<sup>1</sup> "darrmar" ?



An tochtmadh la deg ma le  
 cur na nasb' o cheile  
 fer na aonar sgach oireacht  
 do sgaoil' le sgel uidheacht

Secht la grinne 7 ghlain fheigh  
 go feil muire maghdhalen  
 ben rer cabhr' ri na riogh  
 do taghadh í go nairdrigh

Ceithre la is fíor gofeas  
 go feil Iacoib gan aincheas  
 is ris adearthair san seim  
 ní fann dhl' gach deg sgel

An tochtmadh la uadh mas fíor  
 la feil Peadair na poirt ghníomh  
 cach accaxh ní cosmhuil  
 an la soin la lughnasadh

An deichmadh la dfoghmhar ogh  
 la feil luibhrint lan mhor  
 asi suin tra gan tlas  
 an la soin la san labhras

Ar na mharach grían glanta  
 la feil uaiuíl attrachda  
 da ogh nar ciontach agcol  
 an da bhanogh fhiortach uasal

Eg do mhuire is derbhta dhamh  
 an . 5 . la deg dfoghmhar  
 rí na gc7 da togha thoir  
 rogha na neg anteg sin

An deicmhadh la iarsin sloinn  
 Parthalan easb' aluinn  
 anseisemh la uadh feil eoin  
 da ceisim ar gach cealloir

En la is da . v . gan chol  
 go rugadh muire mhathar  
 tlaith re fhoghail is re fheall  
 do chobhair caich go coitchenn

Ar na mhaireach briathra binn  
 ciaran ancara thogham  
 is infedhmdha buadha abhreth  
 tigherna cluana ancleireach \*

[An .vii. m' uada iseadh  
 la feil croiche an coimhdegh  
 sin tollairbhi ingach tigh  
 mí ar comairce an croiñ sin

An toxmadh la feil matha  
 nocha nuaisle aonfhlaitha  
 n,ort dia na aon<sup>r</sup> ni chel  
 a naomh' la feil michel

An suibhisgel saoi gan tlas  
 in *fichedmhadh* la lucas  
 a ghloir na dhiaigh ar na dhol  
 fa liaigh do phol na bfob'

La 7 da .v. gan chas  
 go feil simoin is udais  
 cuig la uadh sin go samhuin  
 sluagh do dligh an duileamhuin

Ar namhairach as beachd linn  
 marbh na cruinne go coitceñ  
 giadh gleo re ha'r g' eg sin  
 marbh gach beo is bed bhun

An taonm' la deg dealbhtha  
 don gaimhr' ni go mea'na  
 crodh an ghuirt g'ar muighe ghoil  
 la feil mic marbhuigh martain

An treas la deg go direach  
 cleman ceñ na martireach  
 an sl' ro box n<sup>e</sup> box bhias  
*o<sup>ch</sup>d* la uadh go feil aindrias

Da roibh feil aindrias @ aoibh  
 ar luan ar mhart no ar .c. aon  
 cios gach droinge do deghailt  
 roimhe bhias anaigh ebint

\* Here Dr Cameron's transcript of MS. XLVIII. ends, leaving 9 more pages out of the 64 which it contains. The rest of O'Dubhagan's Calendar, so far as the MS. has it, is given on the Editors' responsibility.

Dardaoin aoine sathraun sin  
 aigaibint da beis abar  
 m' creidir daighdis do  
 da roibhe feil aindrias orrtha

Sechd laithe fionna as forz  
 go feil naomhtha nicholas  
 fesi an chleirigh nar cainedh  
 cen̄ sgeimh na sgelaireadh

In treas la na dheagh' so  
 do coimr' maithir iosa iosa  
 an ceathramh' la diaighsin  
 la feil finnein na fíor cheil

Se laithe deg gan doilge  
 la feil tomais toghaim ní  
 togh comramach go ceil  
 asb' olibhlaghach eisin

Cuig laithe uadha lí nach lag  
 la os g<sup>c</sup> la la nollag  
 ciod cia mar do dearbh' dhe  
 da ndernadh do dhia duine

Steaphan mairtir mor am broid  
 ar na mareach iar nodhluig  
 la feil eoin iar na mharach  
 a threoir fa seimh soghradhach

Ar na mharach buan mblagh  
 do much' an mhacrighe  
 do roingadar nemhna nel  
 ambi ri flath na bfíren

A cuig iar nodhluig neamhdha  
 tomas asb' ard aobhdha  
 maithe an cleas chaidheche na cheil  
 an treas laithe ag silvesder

An la sin do reir riaghla  
 fiar dheiredh finn b(1)iaghna  
 criosd do nimh ingach trath thoir  
 do bhlath ing<sup>c</sup> bliaghuin .b.

Gach airemh dar airbheas aī  
 ar sollamhn' na sar chlann  
 im chroidhe go ttribhra astegh  
 iodhna oile sa naireamh



Ata fos gā chlaon ceill  
 ag riomh gacha ri fheille  
 ag gach la seimh re seal  
 an da fheil annsa naireamh

Gach nech ann da du aoine  
 cluinfid dronga deghdaoine  
 righ dé n<sup>c</sup> do taom thogz  
 nach be aon na amharus

Epipfain feil luibhrint lain  
 nolluig is feil san sea ain  
 samhuin nach diosg afular  
 dia chuirp *criosd* is easgabhail

Da easbal deg na desgél  
 cethrar sendna suibhsgel  
 do charus tuile na tr<sup>7</sup>  
 sanuis muire sa moir eg

Ag sin na haoithe ag'a  
 mar abz anonara  
 aoine thric accas na cuir  
 tig anbas ingach bliaghuin

A . b . c . d . e . f . g .  
 na haon sin is da ttreighe  
 cert gach no do a on rentoir (?)  
*sechd* colainna an chailentoir

A *sechd* fa cethrar gan chol  
 an chiogal ghrianda gle glā  
 caite gabhann dlus g' dath  
 na fagann tus ar tos<sup>ch</sup>

Iongn' masedh a dearar  
 ase an ced la an an cethramadh  
 diongna mbhrethnuigh' da  
 ri cethramhuin an c<sup>7</sup> la

An bisioch mbrogha adatha  
 in ciogol grianda ghniomhach  
 tuas go mbein uall gā agar  
 anen uair ma fhuaradar

An ceithramh' bl' buan  
 don chiogal grianda glā fhuar  
 ria *shechd* riaghla m<sup>r</sup> sin  
 asi an cheart bl'na bhisidh

A . e . litir dhonnuidh d'he  
 an denamh clair na cruinne  
 b . dia luain . e . dia mairt

Here there is a break in the MS., and the Calendar abruptly ends. The next two leaves are mostly in a different handwriting from the foregoing, and possibly not consecutive. The last page contains the poem beginning "A dhuine cuimhne am bas"].

POEM ILLUSTRATIVE OF MS. XLVIII.

Unoc anáir an enósa síar, go lá na braith bídda ghairm  
 a Phádrúig na mbachall mbán, ní gan fáth tugadh an tainm  
 Innis masa cumhain leat, aúa Chubhaill nach beg brón  
 abair biadh mo bhennacht let, scél fire sna can gó.  
 As truagh an ní rér an mé, a m(h)ic Albruinn nar ér nech  
 an sgél ro fhiathfroig(h)is diom, innsim ar sgáth ríogh na mbreth  
 Lá da ndeachaidh Fionn na bhflegh, is Fian(n) Eirenn na ngredh seng  
 ar an chnoca líon en slógh, níor begal doibh techt re accenn  
 En bhen do báille no grían, do chí an Fhian(n) ag techt san leírg  
 do mhac Cumhuil(l), innsim dhuit, benne(h)uís rioghain an  
 bhruit dheirg  
 Cia tú arioghain, ar Fionn féin, is ferr meinn sis áille dealbh  
 fuaim do ghotha is binne linn, na abhfa re seirm gion gur searbh  
 Niamhan nuachrothach se mainm, inghen Doilbh mic Dólaíir fhinn  
 airdriogh Grég, mo m(h)allacht air, do r  
 Créd do bheir ga sechnadh tú, na ceil do ruin oirn anocht  
 dul do c(h)omrag ar do sgath, gabham do lámh ar do thocht  
 An rí soin ga ttugas fuath, do roinn adubhghúal dom ghné  
 cluas is urball is cenn cait, do bhi air, níor bhait an sgéimh  
 Dimches an domhan fa thrí, níor fhagbhas rí ann no flaith  
 nar iarras acht sibhsi a Fhian(n), sníor ghell triath manacalair  
 Ainigfed tú ainghen óg, rágh mac Cumhuill nar chlódh ríamh  
 no go tuitfid ar da sgáth, na secht cathsa ata an Fhian(n)  
 Ar an láimhsin ortsá, a Fhinn, is gúais linn go dernuís brég  
 an tí re teichim ab(h)fad, tuitfidh leis cath agas céd  
 Na dein iomarbhagh ás, afholt cas ar dhath anóir  
 snach tainic áon láoch accéin, nach fuil san bhfein fer da chlódh

Is gerr go bhfacamar uainn, rí fer ccaitecenn fa cruaidh lámh  
 níor bheannuidh sníor umhlaigh d'Fhionn, sdo iarr cath ar  
 chionn amhná

Téid dheinn céd láoch na dháil, do bferr lámh an láthair gleó  
 nochar thill nech díbh ar ais, gan tuitim le Tailg mac Treóin.

Iar(r)uis Osgur ced ar Fhionn, ger bholc linn e do lúagh  
 dul do chomrag an láoich loinn, mar do c(h)onnaire díth na  
 sluagh

Do b(h)eirim ced dhuit, ar Fionn, giodh ole liom do thuitim tríd  
 éiridh beir mo b(h)ennacht let, cuimhnidh do ghal is do g(h)niomh

Fedh chóig oidhche fedh chóig lá, do bhi an días sín nar thláth gleic  
 gan bhiagh gan choladh ar dhí suain, gur thuit Taile le buaidh  
 me mhic

Do léig sinn trí garrtha os aird, san chomhrag sin nar thláth gleic  
 gair chaoiante far thuit dar bhfeinn, sdá ghá(i)r mhaoidhfe fa  
 ég Thaile

Niamhan núachroch mor an bed mar do choinnaic med an áir  
 ghabhas náire an ghruadh derg ghlan, tuitis marbh le méd náire

Bás an rioghna deis gach uile, ase is mo do chuir ar chách  
 ar an cnocsa des accliath, do bhaisd an Fhian(n) cnoc anáir.



## EDINBURGH MS. LXII.

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Tri manuinn a bhaig riogh bretann tri seabhaic o shliabh a chuilinn  
an triar dar gheillfid na gaisgidh sda ntiubhruid na hamuis  
urram

Tri steallain do nubhall eis nach bhfuilng<sup>7h</sup> tennal na ntír  
tri mic Uisneach ó dunmon<sup>7h</sup> o tri heoin a chochail a caoim  
Na tri heoin do báilne snuadh a tainig air chuan na mbárc  
tri mic uisneach on charrtha chruin tri lacha ar tuinn a snamh  
Sor' soir gu halbinn uainn far mhaith radharc chuain is ghlen  
am biadh mic Uisneach re seilg baoibhinn suigh air leirg a benn  
Co biongnadh mis a thabhairt gráidh do dalbuinn úr bu reidh roid  
bu ghlan mo cheile na measg bu lem a Reich is a hór  
Bail 7 leith Albann fein do bhi agam ard an céim  
is le fergus na neolg laidir o smaírg a tainig gu heirinn  
O! Ghlinn masain sin glen masa ge gorm a chremh sgeal a dhosain  
sminic a rinn me codal corrach air do mhullach sa ghlinn masain  
Glenndaruadhail glenn daruail ann glenn is binne guth cuaich  
sbinn guth gadhair fan choill chruim os ar ceion an Glenndaruail  
Aoibhinn Dúnmedha s Dún fionn aoibhinn an dún bi os a chionn  
aoibhinn inis droighinn lethann leis a sinn agus dunsuibhne  
Cethrar sinn an inis droighinn far nach bhfédfadh no sloigh ar  
noighedh  
misi fein sni moide an ach Naoisne, Aillemh, agus Ardan  
Bhiodh Ardan aguinn re toirbheirt 7 Aillemh re seilg seunta  
is Naoisne fein cenn ar muinntir is misi re fuaim na nteuda  
La da raibh fir Alba gól is Clann Uisneach fa ceol gen  
a dinghen thigherna duntreoin do thug Naoisne pog gun fhios  
Do gheall se dhith eallta bhaoth agh all' is laogh re cois  
is thaghail se aic air chuairt pilleadh o shluadh inbinnis

### R

- 1 Ruigidh each mall muillionn
- 2 Ruisgidh bru braghaid
- 3 Ruigidh dail doras
- 4 Ruigidh so deach an triubhis agad
- 5 Ruich chon an da fhiadh
- 6 Rabhil chailleach na cuinncoige

A nuair do chuala misi sin do lion mo chenn lan do neud  
 chuiras mo churach air tuinn bu choimhdheis liom bheith beo  
 no eug  
 Do lenadar mis amach aillemh is árdan a ba treun  
 s philleadar mi arís asteach an dias do chuireadh cath air chéad  
 Do thug naoisne a bhriathar fíor sa luige a mfiaghnúis arm  
 nach cuirfeadh se orm fearg no gruaim gu rachadh se air sluadh  
 na marbh  
 Thug nighen tigherna dun treoír a briathar sa boid gu mer  
 gu rachadh Naois ann accre ma nrachad sí fein a dfer  
 O da ncluinneadh sisi anocht 96 dol fuídh brot a ccre  
 throm ghuileadh isi gu becht is guilfinnsi fa secht léith  
 Siad Clann U : sud ta tall siad na nluige bonn re bonn  
 da nsumhl'eadh mairbh romh mharbh ele gu sumhl'eadh sibhsi  
 romhamsa  
 Tri dreaguín o dun mon' triar cur7h' na craoibhe ruaidhe  
 taré's na ttriath ní beo mis triar abristeadh gach einruaige  
 Do threigamsa aoibhnes uladh fan triar cur' do bannsa  
 mo saoghal amfesta níor fada na heighfor einfear damhsa  
 Air fosgladh a partain na denuib an uaidhsi gu docrach  
 biaidh me a bfochair na huaidhe far dent" truaigh agus o...  
 Is mor a geibhinn do shochar ann a bhfochair na ccur'  
 lenfuinn iad gun tech gun teine<sup>1</sup> sis misi amfest nach biadh  
 dubhach  
 A ttri sgiatha sa ttri sleagha annsa nleaba dhuinn gu minic  
 cuiribh a ttri chlaidheama cruada sint os cionn uaidhe na giolla  
 A ttri chona sa ttri seabhaic bitar a bfest gun lochd seilg  
 tri triathr' choimhed catha triar dalta Conuill cherrn'  
 Tri ialla na ttri chon sin do bhuin osna o mo croide  
 sann agamsa bhiadh a ttasg' a bhfaicsinn is adhbhar caoidhe  
 Och is truadh mo shealladh ortha se dfág me fa dhochair sfa thuirs  
 nach ar chuireadh misi ttalmh' sol marbhadh geal mhic U :  
 O s truadh ar tturas le fergus gar ccealgadh chum na craoibh  
 ruaidhe  
 le na bhriartha blasta binne fáth far mhilleadh sinne deínúair  
 Och s misi Deídr" gun aoibhnes anois a críochnachadh mo bhetha  
 bronnfam lem chroidh mo thri poga is dunfar ambron mo laeth

## S

- 1 Saoilidh a mfear a bhios gun mhodh gur he amodh amiomhodh
- 2 Salachidh einchaora chlamhach an treud
- 3 Saoilidh bradach na mbruach gur bradach uile cách

<sup>1</sup> "teinei."

- 4 Suil do ní sealbh
- 5 Sleamhuinn sliasaid athmhna
- 6 Sann on ghaile thig an fonn
- 7 Sgeul ga Insi don ghearran sa ngearran a braimneach
- 8 Saoilidh an fear a bhios na thamh gur he fein is fearr lamh air  
an sdiúir
- 9 Sionnach aig iarruidh a ruagaidh
- 10 Seile air do bhrat fein sin
- 11 Sona gach cuid ra comith sma'ig a shloinntear na onrachd
- 12 Sann ma dheireadh a rug thu ntoighre
- 13 Stoisge deoch na sgeula
- 14 Sann a bhios an uaisle mar chumar i
- 15 Shanntaich a ntathach an tor
- 16 'Smor na samhluidd sa chogadh
- 17 Sleamhuinn stairseach an Tighmhoir
- 18 Sbinn guth eoin na choill fein
- 19 Smór saith droch bhanaraich da droch bhlathach fein
- 20 Suidhe a gheoidh an doras tighe an tsionnaich
- 21 Se an suidhe bochd do ní ngaradh bearteach
- 22 Sodan guibhre a dol aire Imaire<sup>1</sup>
- 23 Shaoil gu raibh agam an lach air chois sann a bhagam an los-  
gann air spáig
- 24 Sann do na cheird na cuicaidh
- 25 Si namhaid duine a cheird nach cleachd e
- 26 Sgaruidh aimbeartas deagh chomann
- 27 Se a chneadh is a dhoilghios bhios gach duine ga Iargain
- 28 Sean an duine a dhfeadas fhortun innse
- 29 Sliudha na fealita na na freacadain
- 30 Saothair an dao
- 31 Samhan an fhir sa chac fogha
- 32 S minic a thainig boganach a blathaich
- 34 Sleamhuin an laogh a ligheas a mhathair  
Sann fhad sa bhios an t slat maoth is fasa lubadh  
Sann sna spuir ata an luathas uile

(In the above, 34 follows 32 in MS., and the last two proverbs are not numbered. The following, on this page, are written in the Irish character, except the first two words, "Sireadh seam," of the first line).

Sireadh seam a ccoimhigil no ned fennoig air cuaille  
duine tabhrt a chomhairle far nach gabhar uaidhe é  
S lom guala gun bhrathair re tighacht na bhfer a lathar  
re faicsin a bhuinne bhuirb sanbhfán buille naonuird

<sup>1</sup> "Imaire" ?



S maol guala gun bhrathair beo s dall duin' ann a ntrom ceo  
 s diombuan tom is teine ris sis trom eire gun iris  
 S fiamhac fuathach gloir na nearad *acht* smaig o mbi iad re am  
*troid*  
 ge milis let gloir do námhad *air* thi foille bhoidh iad duit  
 S *maig* a tuitas a ceath charad gun a bhith reir a rócharad  
 an drem *nach* scaradh re cheile sgerr a mhairios an aimhreite

## T

- 1 Thugadh gach fear sgairbh a Creagan dho fein
- 2 Tairnidh gach neach ra choslas
- 3 Tairnidh gach neach uisge air a mhuilionn fein
- 4 Thigeadh dho fein a bhith oinidh an ti shiras air gach einnech
- 5 Trod a bhodaich ris cheithirne
- 6 Turas na mban hun a bhaisdigh
- 7 Tugha na háith ga chur air a mhuilionn
- 8 Theid an duthchas anaghaidh nan creg
- 9 Tnu a ni treabhadh
- 10 Thuit an tubist air an dólas
- 11 Tuitiom eadar long is laimrig
- 12 Tha an uaille anaghaidh na tairbhe
- 13 Tuigidh cu gearr a locht
- 14 Treabhaidh na daoidhibh scho dean saoidhibh ach treabhadh
- 15 Theid neart air cheart
- 16 Thug a chruth an coslas e
- 17 Taisleadh an lathair oireachdais
- 18 Tlam ghorrthaig air cuigeal chrionnaig
- 19 Theid an cat air ithe a chaise
- 20 Thig an iche on imligh
- 21 Talach a ghille ghlic
- 22 Tha feadalaich agus feadalaich ann asin
- 23 (Deleted but "se air do bhois" written below deleted line).
- 24 Tha Ruathar do chac romhad
- 25 Tha thu rith air thfaileas
- 26 Tha thu ad sholus fein
- 27 Tha thu giasgach air abhainn taimhleis
- 28 Therig gus an luch s cainidh si thu
- 29 Thugadh e pog da chabaig fein da chionn sin
- 30 Tnu nach gabh comhairle  
 Ta moran don ghearran bhán ann  
 Thig re uair nach dtig re haimsir  
 Tha cadal a mhadaidh nuair a bhios na mnai a criathradh air  
 Thig iomadh olc a heinole

## Rpe.

A groats worth of herypikery  
 2 pence worth of Corriander seed  
 A penny worth of white ginger  
 po(u)nd the Corriander and the Ginger  
 put them altogether in a bottle with a  
 mutchkin of strong spirits After 48  
 hours take a large morning dram every  
 other day, and keep for that day from salt meat.

## U

- 1 Uidh air nuidh a thig an t slainte agus na tonna mor an Easlante
- 2 Urchair an dail ma ndabhaich
- 3 Urchair don mhaoidail air a bhróthlean
- 3 Umhal da thighearna (na) dhligheas gach oglach

An Epitaph Inscrib'd on the Tomb of Marg<sup>t</sup>. Scott  
 who died in the Town of Dalkeith,  
 Feby. 9th, 1738.

Stop passenger untill my life you've read ;  
 The living may get knowledge from the dead.  
 Five times five years I liv'd a virgin life ;  
 Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife.  
 Ten times five years I lived a widow chaste.  
 Now tired of this mortal life I rest.  
 I from my cradle, to my grave, have seen  
 Eight mighty Kings of Scotland and a Queen.  
 Four times five years the Commonwealth I saw ;  
 Ten times the subjects rose against the law.  
 Twice did I see old prelacy pulled down ;  
 And twice the Cloak was humbled by y<sup>e</sup> gown ;  
 An end of Stewart's Race I saw : yea, more !  
 I saw my country sold for English ore.  
 Such desolations in my time have been  
 I have an end of all perfection seen.

(Written in the Irish character).

### Tuirimh Bhrighid

Gairm is guidm tu a cloch na leig Brighid amach  
 o si geurughadh a ndeoch  
 is iomdha saoidh gun *locht* da ttug si bás do thart  
 anois o chuaidh tu thart tart siorruidh ort  
 a Bhrighid

(The same written in the common character, as follows).

Gairim is guidm to a Cloch na lig brighid amach  
 O si geurughadh a ndeoch  
 Is iomad saoidh gun lochd Da ntng si bás  
 do thart a nois o cuaidh to thart  
 Tart siorruidh ort abhrighid

### C

Cho ne mbosd a theirig leat ach ambegan fearann  
 Cho neil conn fo 'cheill <sup>1</sup> (Here "David" is written).  
 Cho raibh sgeulach nach raibh breugach  
 Cho raibh gaioth mhor riamh gun uisge na deigh  
 Cho dean aonghoblan-gaoithe samhradh  
 Cho dfuair droch bhuanidh riamh a shaith corrain  
 Cho neil gach luchair san tir crochte re aon chrios  
 Cho dean croidhe meisgeach breug  
 Cho dean a mbalbh breug  
 Cho bu choir dha cadal san fiadhair am fear air mbi eagal romh na  
 cuiseogan  
 Cho ne ntamadan is amadan ann ach a mfear a shneithas <sup>2</sup> ris an  
 amadan  
 Cho diol toilg fiach  
 Cho ruigar a leas a bhith giarruidh uisge teth fuigh earagach <sup>3</sup>  
<sup>1</sup> "chull?"      <sup>2</sup> "shnathas?"      <sup>3</sup> "erragach?"

To melt the soul to captivate the ear  
 (Angels his melody might deign to hear)  
 To anticipate on earth the joys of heaven  
 Was Handell's task ; to him the power was given  
 Ah ! when he late attun'd Messia's praise  
 With sounds Celestial w<sup>t</sup> Melodious lays



A last farewell his languid looks exprest  
 And thus methinks th' enraptur'd Croud adrest  
 "Adieu my dearest friends! and also you  
 "Joint sons of sacred harmony adieu  
 "A whispering angel prompts me to retire  
 "Bids me prepare to meet the immortal choir  
 "O for the glorious change great Handel cry'd  
 Messia heard his voice and Handel dy'd.

## C

- 59 Cho bhi miann deise air aonmhéis
- 60 Cho leir dhuit a choille leis na Craobhan
- 61 Cho dligh a phighinn fois
- 62 Cho nuaisle mac Rìogh na a chuid
- 63 Cho nfaigh cu gortach cnaimh
- 64 Cuid an tsearreich don chliathadh
- 65 Cho nfidir an sáthach an seang
- 66 Cho dean ambodach breug sa dhuine cloinne a stigh
- 67 Cho dteid euraic as a bhuille nach buailtior
- 68 Cho ne rogha na muc a gheibh fear na faighe
- 69 Cho tabhair a bho don laogh ach na bhios aice
- 70 Cho nann do dhuine a gháire
- 71 Cho ne an tochradh mor a ni an tiomna beartach
- 72 Cho neil ni anaghadh an eigiontais
- 73 Cho sluadh duine na onrachd
- 74 Cho nionann a thig an cota glas do na huile fear
- 75 Ciall bo buachaille
- 76 Cho bionann O Brian is na gaill
- 77 Cur na cubhaighe is buain na slaighce
- 78 Cho nfiū sagairt gun chleireach
- 79 Cho mhair an sionnach air theannruich
- 80 Ciatuidh a bhruic da mhnoi
- 81 Cho be sin deoch mhor do dhroch Cheannuigh
- 82 Cho choir do dhuine a ghradh is aithne chur a dheintaobh
- 83 Cho do bhuinginn thu air na cairtibh nach do chaill thu air  
na Disnibh
- 84 Cho bhi naracha treibhach
- 85 Cho nfaodar a bho a reic sa bainne ol
- 86 Cho naithnidh boiceann na bradhan e fein a cur a dhuis as
- 87 Ceilidh grádh gráin
- 88 Cho bhi an da chuid aig bradaig a bhrathlin sa phladeag
- 89 (This proverb deleted in MS.)
- 90 Cluinnidh a mboghar fuaim an airgid

- 91 Call caruid gun a thathuidh sis call caruid rothathuich
- 92 Cum comhthrom re goigean
- 93 Cho lion beannachd bru s cho dean mallachd eanbhruth
- 94 Ceartas na cleire da cheile
- 95 Cho chinn caoinneach air a chloich ga sior-roladh
- 96 Cho nfas feur air an rod a nitar a shiorthathuidh
- 97 C  tadh seangain a n  rios
- 98 Cumidh an gearrphoc urad ris a chorrshac
- 99 Cho sgail cu romh chn  imh
- 100 Ceannuich mar thfeum is reic mar thailghios
- 101 Cho sgain mathair leinimh
- 102 Cho sgaoiltear tigh an arain
- 103 Cho chaochail dubh a dhath
- 104 (Omitted).
- 105 Cho raibh lamh fhada riamh aig caolan farsuing
- 106 Cho nfeud duine fas beartach muna leg a bhean do
- 107 Cho bhi each lasachd choidheche sg  
- 108 Cho bhi aonduine crionna a measg mile amadan
- 109 Cho bhi luathair a ndeibhthir an amadain
- 110 Cho mhill deagh ghloir fiacaill cho bhi fial ach duine dona
- 111 Chi duine ocrach a bhfad uaidh
- 112 Cho raibh cura  idh riamh gun arm
- 113 Cho n  r gach uile raod buidhe
- 114 Cho raibh caill gun chr  omchair
- 115 Cho dfuair tus nach dfuair donas
- 116 Creach caillich a heinbho
- 117 Cho dug a nead an fhighaich ach a mfigeach ceadna
- 118 Chaill thu do bhraim sdo dhamhsa
- 119 Cho dtug thu do long fein gu tir fos
- 120 Cuideoil a chachcas na gadhair sa naghaidh air a bhaile.

## I

(Pages 14 and 15, in MS., are blank, except that "Sgibinis" is written in the Irish character at the top of p. 14).

- 57 Is iasg gach uile raod a thig na lion
- 58 Is buaine Tuath na Tighearna
- 59 Is fearr teichadh math na droch fhuireachd
- 60 Is trom a nteire a ntaineolas
- 61 Is minic a thog fear rogha di  
- 62 Is mairg air a ndtig na 's eiginn fhulann
- 63 Is doiligh rogha thabhairt a diu
- 64 Is lom an leac air nach deanadh tu maorach
- 65 Is b  ghach gach bochd
- 66 Is furasta a chur amach duine gun dteach aige f  in

- 67 Is tibhide a cheirt a dubladh  
 68 Is ole an comhthar air traig nuair a bhios a heoin fein ga fagail  
 69 Is fasaide dhuit droch ni a dheanamh fheabhas a ghabhas tu do leithsgeul  
 70 Is deacair a thabhairt don laimh na chleachdas  
 71 Is ole an fheile dhfagas duine fein folamh  
 72 Is le duine na shluigeas e, s cho leis na chagnas e  
 73 Iallach fada a leathar cháich  
 74 Is fearr an turraic na nurchair  
 75 Is fearr cu luath na teanga laibhir  
 76 Is ole an taoncharuid an righ  
 77 Is fearr maoidhach na diobarthach  
 78 Iasachd Dhirbhail sa neibhe re thoin  
 79 Is maith an Liaidh fear athchneidhe  
 80 Is ole cuid a cheartharnuich re thasguidh  
 81 Is eiginn marcuighachd air each mail sa bhall  
 82 Sa bhall nach bhfaighear an tsaoi  
 83 Is iomadh duine mheall suil re cuiteachadh  
 84 Is fann a chuil as nach glaothar  
 85 Is goirt a bhuailear a nleanamh nach bhfeud a ghearan  
 86 Is mairg air a maor a madadh sair an siorram an cat ban  
 87 Is fada is biorach bo bodaich  
 88 Is dúiride an cat a ghreasachd  
 89 Iasgach a chait ma laghair  
 90 Is maith a chuir a bhfuighear ni le Iarruidh  
 91 Imneadh na circ air an spiris  
 92 Is minic a bha rath air malltriallach  
 93 Is fearr duine gun ni na ni gun duine  
 94 Is lom antearrach a ngcuntar na faochaga  
 95 Is fearr geall caillich na labhach Riogh  
 96 Is furasta ambao a mhealladh  
 97 Is fearr a bhith cinnteach no bhi caillteach  
 98 Is mine min na grán s mine mnai na fir  
 99 Imneadh a gheoidh chaim san fhothonnan  
 100 Is daine e na mfear a chac na thriubhas  
 101 Is leithnede a neac saltarit <sup>1</sup> ann  
 102 Is call caruid gun a thathuidh 's is call caruid a rathathuidh  
 103 Is cosmail re cheile nighin na ceire sa gamhuin  
 104 Is trom tubaisdibh air na slibisdibh  
 105 Is maith gu foghain an gioll oghar do ntsearbhant  
 106 Is fear <sup>2</sup> ceann caol a charuid no c' reamhr a chompanich  
 Is mo do mhol na do shiol  
 Is daor a nceannach air mil an draighinn a bhith ga imligh  
 Is eiginn don tseaneach tuitiom air laimh fireigin

<sup>1</sup> "saltairt.<sup>2</sup> "fearr



(Page 18 blank in MS.)

A mhic ata gu tuirseach tim  
 A saltairt mo chinn san uaidh  
 Cumhnidh ncath a chur na am  
 S beannuight an dream a bheir buaidh

Mas aill leat a bheith tfear leanmhuinn  
 na droing ta sealbhachadh gloir  
 Gluais an casanuibh na firinn  
 S gheibh thu neart o Chriosd is treoir

S lionmhur do naimhde 's is dian  
 An saoghal an diabhal sa nfeoil  
 Do chroidh millteach fealltach fiar  
 Do Ghniomh'thra 's briartha do bheoil

Mar fhear cogaidh n Cathruidh dhion  
 Sa naimhde lionmhur amugh  
 S luchd a bhrath sa chur an greim  
 Neart a mhuintir fein a stigh

Cho dean sparrnuighachd car uair  
 Ach comhrac cruaidh gus a chrich  
 Faire theann is urnuigh gheur  
 Bheir do naimhde treun fuidh chios

(Page 20 blank in MS. Page 21 in Irish character.)

So rinnas an tigh marc' eir' nar thapadh an oidhche  
 a deiram riot tre sheicreit, na den a l7hadh choidhche  
 Do tuigas ar mnao <sup>1</sup> in marc', dar liom gur faxuidh oramsa  
 'eir' gu ciuin na caidribh gu faicsin da fear cumhtha  
 Brigh mo tegasg on gheib(h)am eir' gu ciuin na coinne  
 do tograis luigh air muilinn tuitim air muin na cloinne  
 Iar bristeadh laimh an .c. fhir do eirras air eagal an athfir  
 le deitfir m<sup>r</sup> do chliscas do bhristas cos an fhior sin  
 Iar sin eirim gu haiseach, 's tarla clairsech fam choxh'  
 teighim an lúib an lámhchroinn is fagam i na bloighibh  
 Tarla romham na iomdhail, fear iomchuir chluig phadraig  
 is chuaidh gu coirptha crosta mo chos an luib na slabhr'  
 Mar tarla domhsa <sup>2</sup> iccinn7h ní pill' aris do roinnas  
 an cuid de nach do bhloigheas gus an dorus do shínes  
 Tarla leba na mbráthar gu sasta chois an dorus  
 lingam tre lar a ngcert luidh aig sin dearadh an donuis

<sup>1</sup> "mnaa?"<sup>2</sup> "damhsa."

Tuult' eile dom olcaibh aig rochtuinn damh am leab'  
 an docas gurabi mfalluinn tугas tarrsing don tseca  
 Creud so do raidh an marc' ag glacadh airm faobharach  
 mar do cuala me ntaruing, co raib aigam aonghuth  
 Na lein' air clos an éighimh do eir' ben an tighe  
 sdo raidh gu mear ag mosgladh cia tus a duin' air mire  
 Do eir' fear na cruite mar gach duine sa ntrath sin  
 nior shinfadh fiu an ghallain ni raibh fallan da clairsig  
 Och och ar fear na sgríne : cia do rinn na huile  
 ge be do rinn an tambghar do bhristeadh slabhr' mo cluigsi  
 Gidh maith le cách a ceiallsan do roinneadh iacadh<sup>1</sup> ro mhor  
 ag dala na mbráthar do b' mo an adhbhar no nochain  
 Tharla me gu lomnochd ge leor dorchacht an tige  
 in sin do raidh in marcach gu luath lasta coinnioll  
 Do ráidh an ben gu dana is granda duit nar codlais  
 sgun tu fan chuir aic comhol is ro mor do cuid soluis  
 Do raidh seision gu feargach is cealgach liom do coinne  
 fechtar cia rug mo sheca no cia rug leca mo cloinne  
 Sro bheg do raidh an roigeg do bi re na choimhead agad  
 is ar lar do leapa an seca tarla tarad  
 Mar do choisg ben a tighe fear a coidhe sa ceud ghrad  
 do fhan mis um luighe mar mhadadh tige o lesan  
 Do bainm bunaidh dhamh breugair ann gach aontir dar sirios  
 inttigh mharc' on eirne ag sin eir' do rinnis

Finnid.

(Signed) William m<sup>c</sup> Mhuirach'

Fithiod bl'na bhetham soir a foghlam gaisgeadh om mbathair  
 san cles leis air mharbhtas me ise bhi mesbh' gun fhoghlum  
 Daithn' .cc. uo neg a mhac snior<sup>2</sup> a choimhed  
 dísligh aign' a choin caill a chuimhne sa chéitibh  
 Gun spionnadh a ccois no a cenáimh gun lugha ann a ndes laimh  
 gnn chlí an anam no a ccorp a righ moigheadh<sup>3</sup> mar thainic  
 Tainic aimsir mo tursa<sup>4</sup> liomsa co dech' a bliadna  
 snemhthuigsech a nech nach dtuig mo thurasa ar na dhenamh  
 Da mbethainsi is Conlaoch slan ag imert ar celes comhlann  
 cuirf' maoid chath laimh ar laimh ar feruibh o<sup>e</sup> agus albann  
 Conlaoch caomh mo charuid is misi g<sup>rr</sup> a shaoghal  
 da mbethadh e anocht agum cho bhethainn anocht amonar  
 Ona chaithemh slegh an laoi ch sgiath 7 clodhemh Conlaoich  
 b7hmar seal ag caoi mar sin mar mhnaoi gun mhac gun bhrathair

<sup>2</sup> "smor."

<sup>1</sup> "iacadh."  
<sup>3</sup> "ionoigheadh."

<sup>4</sup> "tur3" in MS.

Mo mhac do muirfas mo nuar *Conlaoch* an chlaideamh cruaidh  
*eacht* do roinnis mor anglonn is sgith mo croide don chomhrac  
 Am aonar damh na dheghaidh ar faithche dúin na delgann  
 is innis do na feruibh gur misi cu na cerdach  
 Cucul' na ncomhr<sup>c</sup> cruaidh baoid se nla sin fa diomb'  
 aon mhac fein gur thorchar leis is fíor na sgeul ud do cualas

### Faighdoirecht amadan Emhna mhacha

Thigh<sup>1</sup> don choill is gerr' croinn is denuidh curacain  
 Dair mo laimh gu tig tobar Mhaol moig Emhuinn  
 Tegassg duit a dhuine luim bi n'sa airde no hacfuinn  
 osa lughaide is trom e oiribh da mbe lom ad lenmhuinn  
 Mas beg mor i bfuil ad laimh caither libh e gu hiomlan  
 Do spréighe air cac na ceil' is gna feile dfhóirighin  
 Feuch ga mesa dhuit no dhi leig slan an róide impe  
 is no gu luigh si air eiginn ort na bi ag bréid<sup>7h</sup> na bochd uinne  
 bhosax

### Laoidh an Tailleoir

Dula ch' me dhenamh aoidh do chlanna Baoisgn ann a nalm"  
 Cho dtug iad anasg' mo shaothair sgu biad fein na daoine calma  
 Stric arinn me casag mhaisech do Gol mor an aigne fiol'  
 Scho bhithinn na bu laogha na ginnid nuair a shíneadh eisin an  
 lamh dhamh  
 Chuaidh me dul a dhenamh triubis do .cc. an dun dealgann  
 ar bhith dhamhsa ga chuma tainic fomhthair a stech dar nions'  
 Tarruing .cc. a chl'eamh sis mairg a tarladh air sanuairsin  
 scuir e na coig cinn da mhuineal smisi cunnaig bhith ga bhualadh  
 Gheibhte farast ad thech rioghoil Pibairecht is cruit is clairsech  
 fion ga ligeadh or ga dhioladh fir ur aig iomairr ar tháilesc  
 Biomadh seng chu ann ar slabhr' agus spainnech an ar falachuinn  
 mnai deudgheal re fuaigh<sup>1</sup> anairt scainnlibh ceir ann last an  
 landoir  
 Siomadh clogad agus cennbh'd sgiath amlach ann dhearg is uaine  
 siomadh dilloid is srian buclac(h) pillin oir i cuirplinn airgid  
 Slionmhur slegh is rinnger faobhar an taic re laoch ar fhalachuinn  
 geibam<sup>d</sup> tombac is sgeul sbranduidh eirionna is fhrancach

<sup>1</sup> "Tig?"



Chuir Fionn giolla ga mo shireadh dhenamh brigis da don  
mheilmhinn

i bhith farsuinn a mbac na hesgaid chum gu bfasaide da ruich  
thenn e calama

S misi nech is luaithe a deirar ann a nsecht cathaibh na Feinne

is air do clais na freagr duine gus a ccuir thu mis am éidedh

Dubhairt oscar is e gabail ancair gu de fáth dhuit bheith ga chumail

mun fuidh mis e moch amairech gu dtair me achenn as a mhuineal

Oscar is misi do shenathar is ta se agam na suighe

is co dtabhair greim do dhuine guus an cuir e mis am uighim

Ga bu tu mathair s mo shenathar co bi me ni as faide rúisge

mo cota sioda gun fhuaigh' s beir me duas da chionn a dhenamh

Déir' Goll is déir' Garrh s deir' Bricin mac Brian Bórroimh

ole ar maith le Clanna Baoisgne gheibh sinn cuid ar ccoinn do  
nogl'

Duirt Conan se dusgadh a chog' ga b' oil le Oscar sle Fionn e

Gheibh sinn cuid ar ccoinn don tailleoir dhenamh eadach

bainsi mhic Morna

Dubhairt Feargus<sup>1</sup> is e ga fhreagairt a Chonain leibid<sup>c</sup> an dólais

Co den e snaighthe do duine gus an riar' e Clanna Baoisgne

Deir' caoilte deir' diarm<sup>d</sup> a dhaoine gude chiall a thagaibh

a trod fa aon lan puitsi a thailloir aonla gu riar' se air fad sibh

Gabhair gu suighe sgu siothchaint sni mis innlecht duibh an  
gcertuair

an tailleoir a cur as an teghlach scho mhair a chaonnog ni as  
faide

Smaith do chomhairle dhuinn a dhiairm<sup>d</sup> siothchainte dhuinn air  
fad tu

an tailleoir a cur a fochair na Feinne ma ndentar leis beud no  
braimes

Dfiosr' diarm<sup>d</sup> gu gle fhoistin<sup>c</sup> cáite mbabaisd dhamh bhith am  
chomhuidh

Fregar mis e 'mbriarth' ailne gu babhast dhamh bheith  
nglennloch'

Cionnus ata mo luchd cinnidh eadar ghillibh sfearuibh óga

cia mar tha mbaron sa bhrathair ca lion tha lathair don seors ad

Eular Righ deoisi s Righ semus an dfuir' linn siol' beo dhiobh

no a bfuil iad annsna cathaibh a ba ac amachar alba

Bha mis a monadh an tsiorraim com nach innsinn duitsi a dhiairm<sup>d</sup>

gu drinn Clann domhnaill an dligheadh stheich Diúc Ghordun  
as na cianaibh

<sup>1</sup> MS. "fheargus."

## Gloir Diarmuid

*(Continuation of Laoidh an Tailleoir).*

Marfhaisg oirbh a chuidecht a ndonuis connach cuireadh sib fios  
oirne

s dhfuaduighm<sup>d</sup> amach na Sasnuig tar a caist<sup>l</sup> nogha ar  
nonrachd

Ann am don riogh bhith air pilleadh sa thighin a stech a dalbinn  
tig litir o Mhàrr gar sirreadh so Dhiuc al biorig secht senruit

Imthigh tusa romhad a tailloir ma ntog tu aimreit sa nteghlach  
sthoir bennachd uaimsi gum cairdibh sinnis daibh gur coisg me  
chaonnag

Críoch.

## Eadar Oisin agus Padruig

Oisin gur fad tu do suain eirgh suas is eisd na sailm

gur theirg do ludh s do rath gad chuir thu cath le gle gharg

Ged teirig mo ludh s mo rath 's oil leam gan chath bheith aig Fionn  
ann bhur clog ni bhuil mo speis sa nceol na ndiaidh ni mbinn lem

Co cual tu chomh binn do ceol o thus an dom' m<sup>o</sup> gus anocht

ta tu árrsuigh aimhghlic lia ge gu diolfa cliar ar cnoc

Gu diolfinsi cliar ar cnoc och a Phadruic is ole rún

a righ gr mairg a cháin mo chruth snochair toillas guth ar tus

Chualas ceol a bfearr na ar ceol ge mor a molfas tu an chliar

sgalbharnn con Leitir laoc(h) is leo do seinfeadh ntord Fian

An tra shuidheadh an Fhiann air cnoc seinfid gun tost an tord Fiann

ler chuirfeadh na ccodladh na sl' le ceol b' bhiane nar cliar

O ! Faine inghin og a tug bóid re fear fan ghrein

mo chruth deiroil agus i dar mo righ ba bhinn amear

Cruth mo deroil cruth mo cuirp apac<sup>1</sup> beg do bhi aig Fionn

nuair a seinnfad seisin<sup>2</sup> puirt sheinnxh'<sup>3</sup> sisi sruit gu bin

Da ghagar deg do bi aig Finn ntra leigf' iad fa ghlen Rath

ba bhinne lem na agh' chiuil an agh' on iul amach

Fionn na Fiann do dfhiann na bhfledh siansar na ccon fad is tsiabh

Coin all' fagbhail a neuain monghair na sluadh gu be a mian

Gur bhiomdha miann bhi aig Fionn nach cuirfar gu suim na dheigh

ni mhaironn Fionn no na coin is ni mair tus oisin feil

An geall re meadhuir na ccon sa bhith reir [an] scol do ghnath

gun umhlachd thabhairt do D ta se antigh na mpian an laimh

<sup>1</sup> "aphac'?"<sup>2</sup> "seisi," in MS.<sup>3</sup> "fheinnxh'?"

O gur mall go ccreidfinn uait a cleir' na lebharr bán  
 gu biodh *fionn* na chomhfial aig duine no aig dia an laimh  
 Ata se nifreann an laimh fear ba saibhre bhronn' or  
 tre na esumhlachd do d ta se ntig na mpian fa bhron  
 Da mbiod clanna Morna stigh no clanna Baoisgne fir ba treun  
 gu buine siad *Fionn* amach no bhiadh an tech aca fein  
 Da mba mhaironn Cairioll no Goll Diarmud don is oscar aig  
 an a n dec dair chum d cho bhiadh *Fionn* na Fiann an laimh  
 Fir na cuig cuig<sup>7h</sup> fa shex sna sex catht' bhi sa nfeinn  
 ni bhuin<sup>7h</sup> siad *fionn* amach ge mor a nert is an treun  
 a Phadruig mic Ailpin eil os agad fein ata ntiul

(The words "Caoidh" and "Deansa," with *f* before the latter, here written in the MS. Then blank space before the beginning of the following poem) :—

O ! 's tuirsech anocht atáim 's mo chroidh briste baitht' am chom  
 re claitinn an sceóil nach binn dfag na cluinn gu tuirsech trom  
 Shaoil me ndarach lethann ard tarruing ar barr as a fhreimh  
 gu gluaiste na crega dílinn na ndibrid o nleirg do threimh  
 Mo mallax sa s mallax dé annsa chre do rinn mo guin  
 'n ionad do chumhdaigh gu seimh ch' spionadh do fhreimh a bun  
 O ! smaing nech a tug daoib speis an gliocas o threig do pór  
 se a míorath a dall do súil dol a reic do dhúthch air ór  
 A maigh' min is blaithe fonn a ncinn tordhach trom g<sup>c</sup> pór  
 eadar monadh maol is tráigh mbinne bháithrech laoigh is bo  
 Sbin a maighdenna na buaildhibh sbinn a chuach mbar a tuim  
 sbinn a smeorach nach claon fonn s nual na ntonn re slios a fuinn  
 A macraidh ghleusta gasta garg a cuir<sup>7h</sup> gu ferda báir  
 aig do smeid<sup>7h</sup> mar bu chóir drem nach pill' beo le tair  
 Slinmhor Cur' feartreun fial shoir is shiar tex na ncenn  
 bu chomh díles duit re tfeoil da nochte do srol re crann  
 Sinn anois mar uain gun aodhair ar ndian sgaoil' feadh na mbenn  
 mar shaithe beachann gun bhech colus gun cultaic gun gloie  
 gun chenn  
 Eadar Allt Paruic fa dhes s Allt na sionnach s let fa thuath  
 Ferann is aillne fuidh n ghréin s duine treigte tug do fuath  
 Cia le nriarthar esfidh ndeor' cia beir foirneart geur fuidh smacht  
 cia thageoras cuis na baintr' ni dion termunn don bocht  
 Slan le oínech slan le dáimh slan le gradh le muirn sle spéis  
 slan le mordhalachd sle suarcas slan le huaisle fest ad deigh



Bu ghlic do chomhairle do chách do tuicsi co bferr fuidh ngrein  
*achd* senfhocall fíor do leugas co leigis an liagh e fein  
 Lúchart corageal os cionn an riart' na sl' gun di  
 mbu cian do sinsior feliu dach' ur gach suarcais

## Laoi Diarmuid

Glenn síodh an glensa rem thaobh far am bi faoibh ean is lon  
 sgnathach a ruithedh an Fhiann an srathsa shiar ar lorg a ccon  
 Beinn ghlasbha s *beinn* ghulbann ghuirm si is ailne tuilm fuigh n  
*ghrein*  
 bu ghnath le srothaibh a bhith *derg* a deidh selg fin le fhein  
 Eistecht beg ma as aill leibh laoi ar an cuidecht caoim so ch'  
 ar bheinn ghulbann ar fion fial sa mac ui dhuimhne mo scial  
*truadh*  
 Thorchair le Fion *truad* an scealg ar mac ui duimhne bu *derg* li  
 dol a bein gulb' a sealg an tuirc *nach* dfed arm a chlaoi  
 Moscail a beisd as a suain is damharc si uaidhth' an gleñ  
 s chunnairc si foragan na bhfiann anoir sa niar atecht na cenn  
 Togar re faicsin na nlaoch sen *torc* síth fa fhraoch benn  
 bu fhaide a gháinne no sledh bu geire a fhedh na ngath bolg  
 Diarmuid mac ui dhuimhne feil cuir se shledh an dail an tuirc  
 bristeadh leis an crann fa tri s ch' ma bfior annsa mhuic  
 An tsledh on bhois bharghil bhlá shracadh leis na bha na corp  
 tarruing e ntsen lann on truail a choisin mor *bhuaidhe* an aigh  
 torchair le diarmaid a beist stainig e fein na dheigh slán  
 Sair bhith fada dhfionn na thost labhair e sgur bolc re rádh  
 tomáis a dhiarmaid o shoc ca lion troig sa ntorc ata  
 Cho duilt me tathchoinge fhin s aithrech dhamh *gun* techt na hagh'  
 thomhais e ntorc ar a dhruim mac ui diumne *nach* trom troighe  
 Secht troighe deg do fhior thomas do bhi m... na muic sin  
 co be sud a cert tomhas *achd* tomh...

END OF MS. LXII.

## THE CAMPBELL COLLECTION.

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[THIS Collection was made by the Rev. Alexander Campbell, A.M., minister of Portree, in Skye, about the year 1797; and it was found by the late Donald M'Pherson in a drawer of the Advocates' Library, in 1872, when J. F. Campbell was printing his *Leabhar na Feinne*. It was found too late for Mr Campbell's work; he gives one specimen of it—"Mar a Mharbhadh Lamhfhad"—at page 165 of his book. The following contents, with remarks by some purist, precedes:—

- "1. Cath Innse-Croite—Modern intermixt with some ancient stanzas; Style, low; Versification, harsh and clumsy.
2. Dan na h-Inghine—Much corrupted.
3. Mar a mharbhadh Lamhfhad.
4. Dan na Muirirdeach.  
(None of these genuine).
5. Tarcum.
6. Dargo—Pretty correct.
7. (Two leaves) Fear Mor."

Besides this, the other contents transcribed are:—Laoidh Naois, Ceardach Mhic Luin, Dan Laomann, Trod Chlann Mhorn agus Chlann Bhaois, Laogh Phadric, Duan Gharbh Mhic Stairn, Laoigh Fhraoich, Losg Bruth Farbuirn, Dan Iarcun (1st part only), Duan Eas-ruagh, Conn Mac An Deirg. See Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne* for one or two poems left untranscribed.—ED.]

## DAN AIR LA BLAIR INNISCROT.

## A CHEUD CHUID.

La dhuinn ri fiadhach na 'n ard,  
 Nuair tharladh an t' shealg nar car  
 Chunnacadair lin an' bar bárc  
 Seoladh gus an traigh o lear.  
 Gu facaidir lin an' bar baire,  
 Seoladh gus an traigh o lear,  
 Aig n' stad iad san chala ghnath  
 S bard a Chluinte gádruisg fhear.  
 Thainig an cabhlach gu tír,  
 Greadhan nach bu mhin ar leinn ;  
 'S bu lionmhor ann croinn le sroil,  
 Ga thogbhail leo as an ceinn :  
 Mar neoil dhonn bhreac ar dhruim Bein-ard  
 Gaoirid ma's tig seilm na frois  
 'N dara 'uair ní duth a ghriau,  
 'S iad uair eil a dearsadh leis.  
 Mar sin le srolamh ri bár,  
 Sheas ar 'n traigh an carlach tiugh,  
 Chit ar uaireamh dearsadh lann,  
 'S chailta sin iad fann ma seach.

Sheasamh sinn uil' ar an t'shlíamh,  
 Thionnal an Thiann as gach ait ;  
 Dh' fiosrachadh—"Co iad na Sloigh,  
 Rinn cruinneachadh mor ar traigh?"  
 Dh' earraid Mac Chu'aill dhe 'n Theinn<sup>1</sup>  
 "Co racha ghabhail sgeul dhé 'n t' sluagh ;"  
 Sgun dhinnis e fá gun chleith,  
 "Gu faidh é breith agus buaidh."

Do ghluais Fearghus meanmnach og,  
 Ar a ród an coinne na fear ;  
 'S dh' eorich é le conhra foil,  
 "Co iad na sloigh tho seo bho lear?"  
 "Tha Orrain<sup>1</sup> orra mar Thriath ;  
 Ma Ghara mhoir na sciath dearg ;  
 Ard Ri Lochlann ceann nan cliar,  
 Giolla bu mhor fraoch is fearg."

<sup>1</sup> Al. Co dheabhamaid n' duigh san Theinn,  
 A racha dh' eorach dhé 'n t' sluadh ?  
 Se labhair Fionn flath gun Chleith,  
 Gu 'm beirigh é breith agus buaigh.



“Ciod a ghluais a bhuidheann bhorb,  
O criocha Lochlann nan colg sean ?  
An <sup>2</sup> ann a chuideachadh na 'm Fiann  
A thainig an Triath air a' lear ?”

“Ar do laimhsi Fhearghuis fheil'  
As an Fheinn ge mor do bheac,  
Cha 'n fhalbh sin mar faigh an tir  
Gun Chórag neo-mhin o' r feac.”

“As do laimb gé mor do dhoidh,  
I's as do shloigh gé mor do bheachd ;  
Cha 'n fhaigh sibh bhuoinne chaoidh 'n tir,  
Gun Chórag neo-mhin o' r feachd.  
Ach dhobh sibh o' n Fheinn gun stri  
Tri fichid is Caogid each ;  
Tri chiad Clogad do stuth grinn,  
Is tuille mor do uith ar sin.”

“An tir uil' o thoinn gu toinn  
Gheilleacan do m' aon Chuing ;  
'Neo córag curranta teann,  
Gu brístidh cheann agus chneas.”

Do thill Fearghus mo bhraithir fein,  
'S ga b' chosbhail ri Grein a chruth ;  
Dh' aineadh <sup>3</sup> mid o chaochla greann,  
A dhroch sgeul ma 's cuala ghuth.

“Tha Orrain a sud a traigh,  
Cia fath dhos' a bhi ga chleith ;  
Cha 'n fhalbh e mar faidh é n' tír,  
'Neo córag neo-mhín na leith.”

Sin thiuntaidh Mac Chu'aill ri Goll ;  
“Nach mor an glonn duin bhi na 'r tost,  
'S nach tuga mid Cath laidir treun,  
A dh'ard Ri Lochlan no sciath breac.  
Ga Ri é ar trian na fairge,  
'S nach gaoirer mi fein cho treas ;  
De cha d' thuga mid uoinn an tír,  
Gun sin fein a bhi na leith.”

Fhreagair Ullain le frith mhoir,  
“Fhionngheal crodh' a chruth ghlain ;  
Gu de 'n cás no tharlach sibh,  
'S gur lionmhor dhuibh cloidheamh ar laogh,  
C' aite bheil Fionngheal no Fiann,  
Caoilte Mac Reath agus Leith ?

<sup>1</sup> Orrainn ?—A. C.      <sup>2</sup> An asterisk in MS., but no foot-note to it.—A. C.

<sup>3</sup> Al. Dhinnis da 'n Fhein a sceul,  
'S gu 'm b' fhosgara mor a dhuth.

C' aite bheil Colla, Connall is Taog,  
 Is Faolan geur a chridh theith?  
 Cia aite bheil Diarmid donn,  
 Oissin mor a's Geal mac Luth,  
 A's cèathrair mac Fhearghuis am bard  
 'S fear Du'aird ládair nan sruth?  
 Cia ait' bheil clann an Deirg mhoir,  
 A's Morlamh o I nan creag?  
 Na Clann a Choitir o' n Bheinn  
 'S gu fuiliga mid beum na scuid?"  
 Dheirich a Theinn uile borb,  
 Cha gheilleadh iad beoi gun chath;  
 Mar dhaimh chabrach ruith ar Eilde,  
 Chiti fairis ceum na flath.  
 Chruinnich na laoch ma Ri,  
 A bhuidheann chrodh' bu chaomh leis;  
 'S mhionnaich iad ar ceann a lann,  
 Nach fásadh iad fann san ghreis.  
 "Buinnige sinn buaidh na laraich,  
 Bho 'n armunn thanig o' lear;  
 'Neo treigi ar neart 's ar tabhachd,  
 'S caille sinn Ailleac ar fear."  
 "Beridh beannachd, beiridh buaidh;"  
 Ars' Mac Chu'aill ri shluadh;  
 "Maireach coinneachidh sin Orrain,  
 'Nochd bi 'mid suthath gun ghraim."  
 An oiche sin dunn gu la,  
 Cha bu ghnath linn' bhi gun cheol,  
 Fleagh gu farsuing; fion a's ceir,  
 Bhiodh sud ag an Theinn gu leoir.  
 Bha Caoireall a's Fearghus nan teud  
 Le cheile 'g iomard ar cruit;  
 'S na Baird eile bh'ann gu leir,  
 Cha d' cheil iad o' n Theinn an guth.\*  
 "Co sud a tuirling san cheo?  
 Co sud 'n con'uidh na' neal,  
 Da shleadh fhada traist na dhorn;  
 'Sa sciath mor gu deas ri thaobh.—  
 Mar ealain beamnach, tha sciath;  
 A dha shleadh mar dharich crion,

\* Bha fuaimneach nan teuda binn,  
 Mar cheol taibhse tighin o' lear  
 Nuair chluintir misg caoil na Caothann  
 Guth na Gaoith san Aird an Ear.

Chitir fad ar faireadh feasgar,  
 'S Gealach doiller misg na 'n craobh.  
 Se sud Colg'ear ! Mac Chonnuil !  
 Da m' ghnath bhi 'Strath glas na fiadb ;  
 'S na Milti tannas ma'n cuairt dha ;  
 Bualadh sa crathadh a sciath.

Thainig Stairne gu tiamha ;  
 Se fír iargalt dian na dheigh.  
 "Striochd a' Chomhaill na Morbheinn,  
 Striochd gu humhaill da m' threin."  
 Ach dheirich Colg'ear ga bhachdail,  
 Choinnich no gaisgeach san teinn,  
 'S bu dubhach Stairne na shiumhail,  
 Mar shruth a tilleadh o 'n bheinn.  
 Le fuathas ruith e gu traigh ;  
 Ri bharcá thogadh no siuil :  
 Ghrad chruinneach doinionn nan speur,  
 'S bha taibhse ri cul.

Gaoth, tein adhair, a's tairnean  
 Ri garbh stairireach ar a mhuir ;  
 Dhuthadh gu buileach na speuran,  
 'S tonna beucnach 'g eiridh fiuch.  
 Bha gaineamh na dilinn ga bualagh,  
 Le fuaimneach fairis ma 'n druim ;  
 Na loingeas riist a geiridh,  
 Gu heutrom 'mullach nan tonn.  
 Rug egal ar Stairn' agus curam ;  
 Lub é go Sorchá ro 'n t shín ;  
 Ach shiothlaidh dhiu fichid a's ceath'r,  
 Mas d' ránaig iad ealain a Bhaoín.  
 Gun thuit fo Cholg' ear san deannal,  
 Da chaogad fear agus laoch ;  
 Tuille thuit dhiu san iomain,  
 'S fuil na stra air a fhraoch.

"Beannac dhuitsa Laoich oig',  
 Sé labhair ris gu foil a Ri ;  
 Dhion u mise—dhion u Morbheinn  
 Choisinn u do coir san stri.—  
 'S leatsa 'n teidigh staillin uchda,  
 'N cloidhe geal, 's a'n clogad úr,  
 Bhuinig mi le m' neart san áraich,  
 O Cheanntort Carruic nan Túr.

Cholg' air bhuadhaich na geur bheum,  
 Cíod an eigin rin ort lochd ?  
 Fiadhaich air mullach na Morbheann,



\*Thuit u eiti síor fo 'n Tore !  
 Bu duthich ! duilleach a la sin,  
 Tulach adhor na n' aram nochd ;  
 A's Comhall le buidheann gu tuirseach,  
 Gad chuir san Uir a chnochd !  
 Cluinnidh d' thu fuaimneach ur teud ;  
 A's eisdidh sinne ri do cheol ;  
 'S a maireach a crathadh nan speur,  
 Thig beud air Orrain a's brón.  
 Ach threug a sealla ! C'ait na dh' albh u ?  
 Cha 'n fhaic mi tuille do chiabh,  
 'S e ciar' thu donn ar dhath na h oich,  
 Mar chaoill a dhuthas a ghaoth "

Beannac dhuit theanga nan oran,  
 A's dhuibhse chlaoinn cheolar nan teud :  
 Biodh Iullain maireach na Cholg'ear ;  
 'S theid Orrain air chrith air an leing.  
 Chi mi dhe chaitheamh san áraich,  
 Mar lasair na muice fiadhich,  
 Nuair dheiris cath <sup>1</sup> air meall-gorm,  
 'S a theichis treun Laoch ro diomhail.

Ach c'ait' bheil Mac Cholla nan lann,  
 Bu mhath ceann <sup>2</sup> dhuinn an s' gach cath ?  
 Gu de chum é 'nduigh o'n Fheinn ?  
 O'n chuilm gu de chum a Flath ?

"Chunnaig Mac Laomuinn a Bhean,  
 Bu ghile s' bu bhoiche dealbh ;  
 A leaga na h eilid le corr,  
 'S gu stolt air beinn Eudain a falbh.  
 Bhuaill a chrìodh le leum chais ;  
 Ghluais fhuil gu bras na chuisle borb,  
 Ghorm thuil nam bosa mín,  
 Tha m' ghaol fein gun chleith na d lorg.


Theich ise le leum mhoir,  
 Rin i eighmh, 's bu luath a cas  
 Chuala Conn 's a shleagh na dhorn ;  
 Choinneach e fear og gun stad.

Thoiseach na seoid air a cheil',  
 Cho aoilteal forrumach, bras ;  
 Gu cruaidh, cuidreach a's do bheumach

\* Mar dhuichd an t shamhrai dan mhillich,  
 Tha taogas a nochd da ur feachd ;  
 O fuirich ma 'r timchioll a Laoch ;  
 'S na ruith le do thannas as falbh.

<sup>1</sup> Al. Antshri.

<sup>2</sup> Al. Cuis.

Chaidh a Leirg air chrith fo'n cas.  
 Bha teine lasra gu dearseant,  
 O'n airm ládair, ghasta, theann,  
 Cho fhreagradh na bealaich da'n fhuaim,  
 'S a chaoilteach chrathadh i ceann.   
 Mar dha dhaoith chuairt' an glean bein-sith  
 Choinn'cheas eite le trom neart ;  
 Togbhail fraoich, a's chlach, a's gheug,  
 'N uair gheighmeas Spioroit na nial ;  
 Spionadh iad an darraich glas ;  
 Creannaichidh an talamh trom,  
 Togaidh an Amhainn na' meallan,  
 Ga sradagh a'r feadh na'n tom.  
 Ge d' bhrìst a shleagh, bha 'n cloidhe beo,  
 Ag na thuit iad bonn ri bonn,  
 'S a fuil throm na sruthain leo.  
 Thainig Gorm 'uil—och mo thruaigh !  
 Fuar gun anam bha fear mor :  
 Bhuaill i bosan—bhuaill i bhrollach,  
 'S le osna fonn a bhroin.  
 Choinn 'ic Cholla ! smi do bhean !  
 Sud a fear bu mhath gu euchd ;  
 Nì bheil saoi nach d' uair a leiridh.  
 'Struagh a ta mi fein a' dheigh.  
 Conn Mac Cholla Rì nan Túr  
 Leis a seinnte gu cuin cruit :  
 'S ioma fear tha fuair fo'd bheum,  
 Ge d' tha u fein a' ndiugh na d' chorp.  
 B' ionmhuin t' aghaidh mhin dearg mhor,  
 Bu deacair clóth an sgach Cath :  
 Sin a's criodh farsuing fial ;  
 Bu ghile na Ghrian do dhath.  
 Nì 'n dheitich u daoine mu nith ;  
 Nì 'n ghiarr nith air neach fo n' Ghrein :  
 Fear bu mho 's bu ghlainne dealbh,  
 Cha 'n fhacas ann ach u fein  
 'S mise nighean Rì I-thonn  
 'S ioma sonn bha 'r son mo shealbh ;  
 'S ge b' ioma ga m' iarui saoi,  
 B' fhearr leum bhi nam mhnaoi ag Conn.  
 B' fhearr leum bhi san bheinn le Conn,  
 Gun soilse grein', gun tias, gun doigh ;  
 Na leis a Rì a's arda fleadh,  
 San talla 'm bi mioghail a's ceol.

'Chraobh a b' aille san chaoill—  
 Sheid a Stoirm a's dhu na neoil ;  
 Thuit i le diulleach gu Crionadh,  
 Och ! gur cionail snuadh a geug !  
 Leag i mise le buille !  
 Seargidh mi builleach ri taobh !  
 Cha 'n fhaicear tuille mu dhuillich  
 'G eiri gu mullach na'n Craobh !  
 Och, mar 'ta mi ! Choinn mu ghraidh !  
 Cha'n fhag mi 'n taitise beo,  
 Ach ruithidh m' anam ga t' uisidh ;  
 Siubhlaidh sinn cuideachd air ceo.  
 Sud do sheobhag 's do dha chù,  
 Leis an tuirseach<sup>1</sup> usi dhalbh,  
 'N te leis am b' ionmhuinn an triuir  
 Cuirir i san uir ar<sup>2</sup> ball !

Threig a guth a's threig a Cli,  
 Shìn i ri taobh an fhir mhoir :  
 Dhonnail na Coin air a leacainn,  
 'S thuit lad fairis sior<sup>3</sup> ri 'm bonn.

Chaidh lon a's Gorm'uil san aon Uaigh ;  
 Aig am bonn tha 'n Coin san Uir :  
 Thogadh san aite do Chloich  
 'S tha Ault glas a ruith ri 'n cul."

Mar seo sheinn Fearghus nan teud,  
 Cha b' aobhinn da n' Fheinn a ghuth ;  
 Bha deoir silleadh gu dluth  
 O shuilean maitheamh nam fear.

"Choinn 'ic Cholla bu mhor beum,  
 S' duileach lium mar dh' eirich dhuit !  
 Gur bui do dh' Orrainn nan cuach  
 Gur a fuar a nochd do thigh.

Co bu ghairge reidh gu blàr ?  
 Co bu dàna dheanadh cath ?  
 Co bu luthor a misg cheud ?  
 Bu threun 's bu gheanoil a Flath.  
 Nocha na d' shineadh san tigh fhuair,  
 Cha chluinn u fuaimneach nan teud,  
 Cha chuideach u tuille nam fir.  
 Ach falaidh sin uil as an t shaoghil  
 Mar shoilseach chaochlas ur lá.  
 Faodidh é martuin gu h' oiehe  
 Ach faodidh norrion thabhairt lea.  
 Gleidh mid fìoroinn a's ceartas ;

<sup>1</sup> duileach.<sup>2</sup> gun.<sup>3</sup> trast



Na seachna mid cath 'nuair bhios feum,  
 'N uair dhalbhis dh' eubh sinn ur cliu  
 'S an taobhse cha choisinn sinn beum.  
 Fhreagir mar sin Fion nam buadh ;  
 'S cho fhreigir an Fhein do ghuth.  
 Chaid é sin air an t shliamh ;  
 'S a chlogad 's a sciath ri uchd.  
 Chualas aichearr iorghuil lann,—  
 Chualas srann a tighin bho chath.  
 Chuir Orrain daoine mach a's t oiche ;  
 "Màramh a's milleamh gach Flath."  
 Tearmidear a's mac an Leith,  
 Choinneach iad le cheil an daoi ;  
 'S chaidh Diarmad agus Oissein donn,  
 Le buillean trom gu 'n cuir a dhí.

Thainig iad mar mhadaidh chaoilte,  
 Ruith le feall gu deanamh lochd ;  
 Ach coinnichidh a' Sealgair san bheinn iad,  
 Gu scath sìos ma's dean iad cron.  
 Mar sin na thainig san oiche,  
 Gu sinne le feall am bhrath,  
 Cha till aon aonan dhiubh slan,  
 Gun bhas gun cheangal san chath.

Na'm biodh tus a mhaiceamh oig,  
 Air sliabh aluinn Inse-Crot ;  
 'S gu faiceadh tu Laoich nam buagh,  
 Gu mor uallach dol san troid :—  
 A liuid Abhrach Comhdui corr  
 'S liuid saoi na neididh glan,  
 A thachair anns an deannal chruaidh,  
 'N uair sin ga 'n ceangal 's ga scath ;  
 Cha thoga tu tuille fonn,  
 Nach dean bonn do rath na dh' eum  
 Ghlachda tu cruit chùil<sup>1</sup> a d' laimh  
 'S chluinte san ghleann fuaim do theud,  
 Chluinte fuaim do ghuth 's do chiuil  
 'S tu tabhairt cliu air maitheamh Fhinn  
 Sleibh is cnoic agus creagan  
 A freagairt le caismeac bhinn.

'S mise crìonan nan de chaoill  
 Dh' albh mo spionadh 's threig mo luths ;  
 'N Oiche sin bu mhor mo rath,  
 Bu mhi 'n dara cath air thus :

<sup>1</sup> chiùl (?)—A. C.

Och ! mo thruai ! S truagh a ta mi  
 'S mi nam aonar crataich bochd  
 'S mi 'g ionntruin muintir mo ghraidh,  
 Thogadh dhiom gach cradh 's gach lot.  
 Gun sealla, gun suil gun fhriarg,  
 Ged d' thig air taibhse nam' choir  
 Cha leir dho sibh, mar cluinn air caismeac,  
 'S e tabhairt da m' laigse tuille treoir.

Ach tha u 'g eisdeac mo sgeula,  
 'S cluinni tu mar gheirich dhuinn ;  
 Cluinni tu na dhuilig an Fheinn,  
 'S gach gnìomh euc a rinneadh linn.

## AN DARA CUID.

Samhach an diugh fiadh san bheinn ;  
 Samhach tha sliabh Innse-crot ;  
 Cha neil Iorghuil theith san ghleann  
 Na laoch ghreannor liodart chorp.  
 Chunna mis' a chaochlaì snuaigh,  
 Chunnaig feidh is coin na ruith.  
 Chual mi *gaoir chath* is eighmh ;  
 Dh' aireach sleibh is enoic air chrith.

Chilì<sup>1</sup> sin air cheann nan Armuinn  
 Iullainn làdair annsa chath ;  
 Is Orrainn mac Ghára nan cuach  
 Ruith le ruathar na char.

S cianoil an diugh tha gach gualla,  
 Air no ghluais a bhuidheann chro.  
 S cianoil sin is gach lagan,  
 Anns an d' rinn iad tapadh mor.  
 Ach ge d' dh' albh iad, cha treig an caoin—  
 'Mairidh a chaoidh anns an dàn ;  
 Bheir an t oran saoi gu fuireach,  
 'S cha tuit a chliu buileach gu làr

Tuirling Iullainn le d' thaibse  
 Tuirling 'ic Morna gu t Oisein !  
 Cuideach e gu seinn do chliu  
 'Sa bhi muirneach mu na maiceamh,  
 Thug maille ruitse buaigh san bhláir  
 Do chloidheamh laidir dearsa lasant :  
 Tham' chaoin' fann, 'scha 'n iona leum,  
 Seann Aois gam' leoin le ioma creuc ;

<sup>1</sup> Chiti (?)—A. C.

Bi fagaisg Iullain le d' chairdeas  
 O! duisg mo chaoin 's mi tithin air t euc.  
 Cha d' thoiseach ach gann o latha  
 Chunn' cas teann orn feac sa ghuint;  
 Chunn' cas meirg Orrain nan lann,  
 Ga togbhail o'n traigh na'r uchd.  
 Iomad clogad maiseach, cruaidh,  
 Ioma' tuagh, is ioma' gath,  
 Chunn' cas le Orrain nan cuach;  
 'S bu lionmhor ann Mac Ri is flath.

Chuir sinn Deo-ghreine ri crann,  
 Bhratach Fhinn bu ghairge treis;  
 Lum-lan do chlachan dhe 'n òr,  
 Aig an Theinn bu mhor a mias.  
 B' ioma cloidheamh, dorn-gheal, ur,  
 B' ioma srol ga'n cuir ri crann;  
 An cath Mhic Chu'aill na fleagh,  
 'S bu lionmhor sleagh agus lann.

Thog sinn air gasradh o'n chaoill  
 Is giuleanaidir linn airm an Aigh;  
 'S coinneachaidir san chorag chruaidh,  
 Feachd ridh Lochlann o'n traigh.  
 Do rinneadair an Urnaidh chruaidh.  
 Bristeadair air sluagh nan Gall  
 'S cho ro cuiri, gaisgeach mor,  
 Nach do leag gu leor gu lár.

Ghluais feac Lochlann mar a stoirm,  
 'Ghàtas 'sa thogas a muir;  
 'S a bhristeas è na thonna bán  
 Ma thaobh 's ma mhullach nan creag.

Mar na creagan sheas an Thiann  
 Nach shurrinn an shion a churr  
 'S a dh' uireas gu ladair teann,  
 Dhaindeoin sran is mid an t struth.

Mar chloich ghlais a ruith le beinn  
 Ri bristeadh gheug is tolladh phreis,  
 'N uair bhrucas na mullaich le tuil,  
 'S an talamh uil' fo aoilt' air chrith:  
 Mar sin bha Laoich nam Fiann  
 Aig iomain nan Triath 's na Flath  
 'N uair dh' airleach air spionadh is euc,  
 An ceum a chunbhail san chath.

Sin chit' an tromad an t shloigh,  
 Iullainn mor ri liodairt Chorp;  
 Mar mhui mhara beicil ard,



'S i sradadh an t shail le trost.  
 Air gach taobh dhé thuit na Sloigh  
 Bu mhorghalach, dian, a ghuin ;  
 Ruith sios na chulaidh chruaidh,  
 Gu Córág ri Orrain sa ghaoil.

Mar iolair a ruitheas luath,  
 'S a bhuaileas an tith an treud,  
 Minnean maoth air taobh Bein-gulb,  
 Ga scar gu dlu le fuathas beum ;  
 Mar sin thug Iullainn nan ruag,  
 Ruathar an Coinneamh an Triath ;  
 'S chuir an da chuiri na leum  
 An tullach gu leir air chrith.

Thainig Orrain cas mar steud,  
 Leumnach gu forrumach bras ;  
 'S a dha Shleadh fhada, scaiteach, gheur,  
 Le 'n colg eiti sinnte mach.  
 Chuireadh e crith air na neoil ;  
 B' eolach a chrathadh e shleadh,  
 'S e gabhail da chleasa garg  
 Sior ann am brollach nam fear.  
 A mhac samhail cha 'n fhacas riamh  
 Ag iomac maogha na mor shliabh :  
 'S cha b' aille neach san chruinne ché  
 Na Orrain treun nan arm glas.

Mac Morn' is Orrain laimh air laimh  
 Choinneach iad gu teann san ghreis ;  
 Is chi 'mid an Aird an iar,  
 Mar thón teine teinteneach :—  
 Chi 'mid, ro bheum a Sleagh,  
 Lasair uaine le leum theith ;  
 'S mar bu deirge 'n talamh glas,  
 Las fearg Iullain ri Orrainn.

Mar dha thannas trom am feirg  
 A dhuisgeas fia'aich air ard lear,  
 Tilgeal air a cheile neal ;  
 Le tein adhair, fiamh, is geillt :  
 Ataidh na Stuardhan le stiorm ;  
 Theid gach iasg san mhuir air chrith ;  
 'S gu 'n till na taibhse gu 'n ceo,  
 Ca tuit an doinionn gu fois.  
 B' ionnan sin is sri na laoich ;  
 B' ionnan sin 's a fraoch san chath.  
 Leumnach a ghaoil—eucach a stair,—  
 Neartmhor, dian, iorghuil na fláth

Tharruing Orrainn an t-shleagh ruadh,  
 'Gus Iollainn nam buadh a bhrath ;  
 Ach bhrìst i fairis traist ma sceith,  
 'S cha d' rinneadh beud air a fhath.  
 'Gheirich frith, is tuille fraoich,  
 Air dà mhalaidh na mòr laoch :  
 Nam bloidhean bhristeadh a sleadhan,  
 Is dh' aireach a sciathan an caoch,  
 'Thuit iad na 'n tollan gu tallamh  
 'Ghearrad iad thall is a bhos ;  
 S chiti birreach colg an lann,  
 A seasamh teann mar ioma dos.

Ach chaoineach Iullainn air fein,  
 'Chaoineach é air euc nam fear,  
 O'n gheirich Morna 'sa threabh ;  
 'S a cheannsuich tric an daoibho lear.  
 Tharruing é 'n sheann lann a truail,  
 Leise 'm buinigde buaidh gach blair ;  
 Leig é leis a bhuille chruaidh  
 'Orrainn nan cuach air an traigh.

S cuir an deannal—sheas an Thiamn ;  
 'Tuille sri cha d' rinn nam fear.  
 'Theich feachd Lochlann go 'm barca  
 'Sa siuil arda thog gu muir.  
 Bu duthach an tuireadh 's an eighmh,  
 Bu deirich a fonn 's a screud.  
 'Chaill iad Orrainn ceann nan Armunn,  
 'S iomad mìle math na leith.

Thiolaig sinn é air an traigh,  
 Dh' ardaich sinn a chlach 's a leac :  
 'S chluinte le Caoireall donn  
 Fonn a chliu air feadh nam feac.

“Dé thug Orrainn an taobhse ?  
 Dé thug an Laoch do Mhor-bheinn ?  
 Com na thuit thu 'n toiseach t eiri,  
 'Com na threig thu 'n treun do neart ?

Co bha Lochlann cho treun ris ?  
 'Co bu gheur a dhiamdh lot ?  
 'Co bu mhaiseach a misg cheudan ?  
 Iorghuileach, eiti san troid !  
 'Thuit san Araich an Laoch ladair  
 'Thuit an t Armunn, calma, fearail !  
 Bu gharbh Gara—bu mhor Stairne,  
 Ach cha b' fhearr iad sud na Orrainn

Chunnaig mi sa mhadain cheutuinn,  
 Craobh 'si 'g eiri dosrach, ard ;  
 Thainig a samhradh, 's chad' dh' uireach,  
 Thuit i buileach—shearg a bláth.  
 Sheid an doinionn—dhuth na speuran ;  
 Phrannadh a geugan le spaírn ;  
 Bhrist a Mullach—chrion an duileach,  
 Spionadh a bun as an lár.  
 Mar sin dhaingeadh 'meadhain euc'  
 Orrainn treu'ach, leumnach, og :  
 Och ! mo thruaigh ! 's truagh an oiteag,  
 Chuir gu clos an Cuirí mor !

Chunnaic mi 'n si bheinn air graoidh,  
 Damh cabrach eutrom nan cnoc ;  
 'S e gu croiceach, ùroil, ard,  
 Saor bho chradh, gun leon, gun lot :  
 Gheigmh an fbaoghaid—ghluais an gaothar ;  
 Le guin ruith saighead o'n t shreang ;  
 Bhuail i chríodh'—lub a ghluinean ;  
 Thuit gun lùths, is chrom a cheann.  
 B' ard mar sin a leumadh Orrain,  
 Gu morghalach, meanmpaceach, bras ;  
 B' ard a chit' a chlogad crua'ach,  
 B' fhuaimneach iomairt a chas.  
 Cia ait' an diudh 'bheil mais' an Ridh,  
 Bu tiamhaidh air cheann nam Flath ?  
 Cia ait' am bheil a Spionadh treun,  
 Chuireadh air na ceudan cath ?  
 Sinnte raoir air caiseal cró,  
 Do dhimeach Anam gu ceo.  
 'N duigh na laidh 'n tigh neo-aoibhinn  
 Cha neil neart na chré, na treoir !  
 Mile marbhaisg air an t shaoghil,  
 Caochlaidich dhreach, 'sa dhealbh ;  
 Caochlaidich iomard is aogas,  
 'S lionmhor laoch air 'n dean é leoin.  
 Com 'bidh cogadh eidir Armunn ?  
 Com 'bidh Ardan an a Maitheamh ?  
 Com 'bidh fuil cho tric ga dortadh ?  
 Gus gu seargd' an oige flathail ?  
 Och ! mo thruaigh ! struadh an eigin,  
 Chuir an Theinn gu saoi a scath—  
 Cruaidh an cunnart—mor an gabhadh,  
 'Dh ardaich, 's a bhoirbneach an cath.



Ach co sud na 'n culaidh chruai'  
 Co na seoid tha sud fo sprochd ?  
 S' iad sud na laoich thig na 'r deagh,  
 'S iad fo eislean air do chnoc.

'Si seo leac Orrainn nam mor bheum  
 Co bu treun' gu liodart cheann ?  
 Mili tiamhaidh 'n tús na h iorghuill,  
 B' fhia'ach, gabhaidh, fuaime a lann.  
 Chom é córag ri Mac Morna  
 Chom é gaoil gu leor sa ghreis ;  
 Thuair é urram mor is cliu  
 Thug an Theinn dha n' churri mis.

'Nuair thig fear siumhal nan tonn  
 'S a sheasas e ri bonn do lic ;  
 'Seo leac Orrainn nan cuach,  
 Bha san ionnad uaimhreach tric.  
 Co sheoladh an Cuan cho luath ?  
 Na chuireadh stuadhan mor is beag ?  
 Co bu tapidh stuiridh long,  
 'Sa Shneadhaidh cho lom a chreag ?

Caidil Orrainn, caidil samhach,  
 Ge d' gheara' do laithin og ;  
 Ge d' gheara' tu 'n toisich t eirigh,  
 Na biodh ort a' d cheo.  
 Thuit thu le Iullainn nan geur-lann,  
 'Treun gu buill' is casgairt dhorn.  
 Thuit thu fo Iullainn le urram,  
 Na lig mulad na do chòir.

'S mor an cliu dhuit sud a laoich ;  
 Cia na dh' aodadh seasamh ris ?  
 Co b' fhurrinn Mac Morna bhualadh,  
 Na bhuin' geadh le buaigh air mias ?  
 Fear Cogaidh buadhach nam Feinne,  
 Laoch uallach aobhi mór.

Mili currannta ceutach,  
 'Gaisgeach eutrom, truin an treoir."

Mar seo sheinn Caorreall am bard,  
 Caismeac ard ar cliu 'n fhir mhóir,  
 Chuir cruaidh air chrith sliabh Innse-crot,  
 Le iorghuil ghoirt, is neart, is treoir.

Do ghluais sinn a sin nam bheinn  
 Buidheann eutrom na'n ceum lúth ;  
 Bhogha, 's a shaighead, 'sa chloidheamh,  
 Aig gach daoine a bhann, 's a chú ;  
 A sciath uaine bheiridh buaidh ;

'S a lann chruaidh gu bristeadh cheann ;  
 'S ge d' shiubhladh tu 'n domhain ma seach,  
 Cha'n fhaice tu neach mar a Fhiann,  
 Ge d' shiumhla' tu 'n domhain ma seach  
 Cha 'n fhaice tu neach mar a Fhiann  
 Air mhid, air fhinnead, 's air aille,  
 Cha deacha, lámh as an cionn,  
 "Leanadh buidheann an tore,"

Arsa Fionn, se labhairt mìn,  
 "S buidheann eile feidh nan cnoc ;  
 Biodh air cuilm a nochd gun díth."  
 Sgaoil sin uile na coin :  
 Bu lionmhor an sear is siar,  
 Gair challain o chnochd gu enochd,  
 Ri dusgadh thore agus fhiadh.  
 Bha feidh is gaohair na 'n cabhaig,  
 Ri stairereach is tartair mor :  
 Cho fhreagridh creagan is fireach,  
 Thug iad crith air uisg' an lóin.

Mharbh gach haon diu sin da' fhiadh  
 Seal ma 'n deach an iall air aird ;  
 'S mharbh Bran is e na chuilean,  
 Da fhiadh is urrad ri cach.

Cosan bui bhiodh aig Bran,  
 Da thaobh dhuth' is tar geal,  
 Dhruim uain' air suidhe na sealg',  
 'S a cluasan corrach cró-dearg.

Dá cheud cú le sla' rui ùr,  
 Do thuit tra neoin le 'n ceud tore ;  
 Smòr an caull bha sud dha 'n Theinn,  
 'S mòr an diomhail thainig orr'.

'S nuair mharbh sinn na toire,  
 A roin na h oile air a leirg ;  
 Mur biodh air lámh 's air coin,  
 Cha deana' mid fhair air an t' sheilg.  
 B' ioma' laoch fuileachdach fial,  
 Na shuidh air sliabh Innse-crot ;  
 'S gun ach iall a choin na laimh,  
 'S e tilleadh bho fhaire nan tore.  
 Shuidh Fionn fein agus Bran,  
 Air an traigh a bha fo 'n t shliabh,  
 Bho san agam fein 'tha 'mbeachd  
 Sealg mar sin cha 'n fhachd mi riabh.  
 "Sgaoilibh" arsa Fionn, "a chuilm,  
 Biodh gach aon gu suilbhear ait ;

Na biodh greann air gruaidh fir mhor  
Cuirte 'n t shlige choir ma seach"

Shuidh sinn uile na bha ann ;  
Bu gheanail neoghann air cuilm :  
'Sa mhacaidh na' feachda tu 'n t àm,  
B' aluin a ghrian as air cinn !

## DAN

## NA H INGHEAN.

La dha ro 'n Fheinn is Fionn  
Air sliabh Seal-math na sruth dian,  
Chunnacas a teachd an sa mhaodh  
Inghean 'si 'g imeachd na h aonar.  
An Inghean bu ghlaine snuadh,  
Bu ghile, 's bu dheirge gruaidh,  
Bha da rosg aillidh na ceann,  
'S i gamhaire falachidh na tiomchioll  
Da Shuil ghorma gun smal,  
Gu soiller glan, air dhreach na greine  
Da chich chorrach air uchd grinn  
Geal is mìn mar chanach sleibhe  
Air dhath an oir a bha falt,  
Bu gile na gach sneachd a deud,  
Bu deirge na caoran am beoil  
'S bu bhinne ceol na gach teud.  
Bha eideadh ùr dhè stu a b' fhearr,  
Ma cneas gradhach caoin curaidh,  
'S cha b' shurrin Bard air mid aigh,  
Trian dhe h ailleachd a chunntas.  
Bha boinne cùrr mar dhruic a n t shramhri  
Sileadh teann bho shuil na h oigh ;  
'S chluinte h osn' air sciath na gaith,  
Mar fhuaim ciail san iomard bhroin.

Do sheas sinn uile air a raoin,  
Na flaithean caoin is mi fein ;  
Gus an d' thanig an Inghean na'r coir,  
'S gu n' bheannuich i gu foil da 'n Fheinn  
"Mo chomruich oirbh Thianna mhath  
Eudar Mac Ridh is ard Fhlath."  
Ceist gach fir mhaitheamh Fhinn,  
San uairsin thugadh dha 'n Inghean.



Gun fhreagair Fionngheal gu grinn,  
 “Ainnir bhinn a’s aille dealbh,  
 Bheil aon tórachd air do lorg,  
 A Rioghann og na ’m bosan geal?  
 Na cia eile fath do chaoi’,  
 ’N e d’ leannan gaoil nach eil beo?  
 Na bheil do cheile laoch treun,  
 An teugbhail na ’n cunnart ga leoin?  
 Brith do thurrais air gach ròd  
 Aithris dhuin, is ciod é tainm.  
 ’N shurrin gorm lanna ga ’d dhion,  
 Na faodair t fhurtachd le Fionn?”

“Mise ’n Inghean Ridh nan gleann  
 Laoch greanmhor, math go seilg;  
 Insin dhuibh gu erruinn mo sceul,  
 Mala-chaol a ghaoirir dhìom.  
 Cha neil mo leannan gu ’n bhi beo;  
 Nì mo tha tórachd orm gu teith,  
 Triath a’s mor gaoil air mo lorg—  
 Iullaidh aillidh an airm gheur,  
 Mac uaireach garg Ridh na h Irsamil  
 Ghabh e gaol orm : ghìar mar mhnaoi;  
 Dhuilt mi ghaoil, is theich bho ghuin.  
 Do chuir mi geasa na cheann,  
 Gu ’m beireadh an Fheinn mi air sál,  
 ’S nach bithinn aige mar mhnaoi,  
 Dhuilt mi ghaoil, is theich bho ghuin.  
 Do chuir mi geasa na cheann,  
 Gu ’m beireadh an Fheinn mi air sál,  
 ’S nach bithinn aige mar mhnaoi,  
 Ge mor leis a ghnìomh is àgh.

Mu chomraich a rist air Fionn  
 ’S air uil’ mhaitheamh treun man Thiann  
 Do bhri air morachd ’s air buaidh,  
 Gabhibh mo chomraich le dian.”

Sin labhair Oscar le cainnt mhir,  
 A Laoch sin a chaisgeadh gach Ridh;  
 “Ge d’ nach cuireadh tu riamh é fo gheas  
 Nì reachadh tu leis mar mhnaoi—  
 Nach cuirimid enoic is glinn  
 Air chrith fo iorghuil a chath;  
 ’S nach tuitim fein ma’s treiginn thu,  
 A gheug úr a’s aille dreach.”

Gheirich ceathrair mac Fhinn gu baoth  
 Caoirreal agus Raoidhne geal,

Faolan agus Ferghus óg,  
 'S dharduich iad an guth gun stad.  
 "C' ait' am bheil é n ear na'n iar,  
 C' ait' am bheil san domhain uile,  
 Nach cailleadh eanchainn a chinn  
 Mu 'm beoinneadh é leis thu, Inghean?"  
 "S mor m' eagalls' Fhianna threun  
 Dhé air liodart is mor dhorainn.  
 Tha fear mor' mileanta, geur,  
 Fiuranta, mear, bras san teugbhail."

"Suidh thusa seo fo scail ur sciath  
 Inghean og is maiseach comhradh,  
 'S cha bhoinn a fear mor thu leis  
 Ge mor do dhochas as fheobhas."

Chunn'cas a tighinn o n' chuan  
 Fear 's a mhid thár gach fear ;  
 'Tarruing a dhuth Loingeas gu tír,  
 'S e tabhairt g' ur 'n ionnsui le ainmheinn  
 Mar ilbheinn elbheinn chreige,  
 Mar stuadhan aimheasach chugainn  
 Mar chaorabh teinnteach o chladach  
 Be sud coslas gaisgeant' a mhili.

Thainig e air steud, leumnach, bhrais,  
 Marcachd gu forumach, dian ;  
 'S chluinte<sup>1</sup> fada fuaim nan creag,  
 Fregairt dha no chaiream eiti.  
 Be sin fear mor gun bhi mall,  
 Mar stuaidh dhireach cas an gleann ;  
 'S e tiachd chugainn le bhearta uchda,  
 Le chorr' chlogad 's le chuaille  
 Cloidheamh mor froiseach neimhneach  
 Cruaidh, cosgara 's co dhireach ,  
 'S ciath innealt or-bhui, le 'mbriste blath  
 Air dorn toisgeal a mhili.

Bho thoinn tra thainig se gu tír  
 Do labhair a Ridh bu mhath cliu :  
 "An Aithneachadh tu fein a bhean,  
 'N e sud a fear a deir thu?"

"Aithneachas e Fhinn na' mbuadh,  
 'S mor am pughar dhuibh gur hé ;  
 Tairgidh se mise bhuaibh leis,  
 Ge mor air treise san Theinn."

<sup>1</sup> Al. A Luireach mhor iursach uallach,  
 Sa dha shleagh na 'n cuilg ri ghuallainn.

“Na diansa beachd a aon fhear,”  
 ‘Se thubhairt Cairreall an Airm gheur,  
 “Ge d’ shiubhladh e ‘n domhain uil’,  
 Gheibht’ san Fheinn fear cho treun.”

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
<sup>1</sup> Cha b’ fhuireach air Curri na sciath  
 Na aon Laoch treun ga ro ann ;  
 Dh’osgail é rathad ro ‘n Theinn,  
 Gus an d’ rainig é fein Inghean.  
 ‘S air teachd da ‘n oig-fhear bu mhath dreach  
 Chugainn le neart, feachd is feirg,  
 Gu’n fhuadaich é leis an Oigh,  
 Dhain-deoin na laoch ga gleidh.  
 Thionndaigh mo mhacs’ air a leirg,  
 An t’ Oscar ‘s é lán do throm fheirg :  
 ‘S thug e aire gu dúrr, dána  
 Air an Og-laoch mhòr a thainig.  
 Chraosach dhearg o laimh chlith,  
 Thilg é na dheigh le neart :  
 Buaileadair leis steud an fhir,  
 Is thuit é chlisc air a leirg.  
 Mar pheathair an gleann scur-Eilde  
 ‘N uair chluinntir tairnean le frois,  
 Thilgeas creag le fuaimneach eiti,  
 Síos fead ionnad tamh nan torc.  
 Mar sin leum as a laimh chearr  
 A Chraosich dhearg le srann ro ‘n athar,  
 ‘S nuair chinneach le Oscar an tùrn,  
 Chluinntte fada cliu nam fear.

Be sud, Oscair ! toiseach ‘t euchd,  
 ‘S ioma laoch a rinn thu seath ;  
 ‘S mar biodh Mac Morn’ san gheur-chath  
 Dh’ aodadh gu leaga tu Flath.  
 ‘N tra thuit a steud air a leirg,  
 Thionndaigh é le feirg is fraoch.  
 Dh’ ogair é ge mor an taom  
 Comhrag air ur caogad Laoch.

‘N taobh a mudh dhiom fein ‘s do Fhionn  
 Chaidh caogad treun Laoch na dhail ;

<sup>1</sup> Al. Ni ‘n dh’ iach e lann na sciath,  
 Do Laoch na Triath dha ro ann ;  
 Gus an droinu e tair air an Fheinn  
 ‘S an d’ ranuig é fein an Inghean.



Ge b' mhor an aignidh 's neart a lann  
A gheall é 'n caisgairt 'sa milleadh.

Thug e ruathar fir forthuinn  
'S bu luaith é na galla mhuilinn ;  
Chiti fada dears' a lann  
'S chluinnte fuaimneach sran a shleadh.  
B' ioma cruth a chaochail greann,  
Is coirp ath-chumta le cruadhas lann ;  
Iomadh lann ann is leith chos.  
Leagadh naogh naonair gu luath,  
San iorghuil chruaidh mu'n do seuir,  
Ceangal guineach na 'n tri caol,  
Air gach Laoch dhiu sin do chuir.

Clanna Morna, cruaidh an càs,  
Thuair cuit diubh bás—bu truagh an sceul  
Cha ro h aon dhiu thainig as,  
Gun an cneas fo iomadh creuchd.  
Bliadhna dhaibh gun airm an aigh  
Aig Fionn a Seallmath na sleagh ;  
Na luidh fo choimrin, le leoin,  
Ga leithis an talla nam fleadh.  
Is ge d' bhiodh ur caogad slán,  
Air aillinn na 'n arm gu dias ;  
Bhiodh siad fo chomhair a smachd,  
Agus bheiridh se 'n oighean leis ;  
Gus 'n deacha Goll an aignidh mhoir,  
Chórag an fhir san chaol ród,  
Is ge bé chi'adh iad a sìn  
B' fhiadhaich an gaoil is an doigh.

Do ghluais Goll na chula chruaidh,  
An am fianuis a mhoir shluaigh,  
Bu tiamhidh seirc' gnuis an fhir,  
Ri dol ann an tús na h iorghuil.  
Bha goirm' is glaise na ghnuis :  
Bha near(t) is tabhachd san laoch—  
Coilianta, mordhalach, deas.

Be sin an córag ro chreuchdach,  
Bha fuileachdach, feumannach,  
Agus bos-luath, beumannach ;  
Ard agus leumannach, gabhaidh !  
Scolta sciath is briste lann—  
Gu feardhàna, calma, cruaidh.  
Mar choin ladair, ghuineach, dhisgir,  
'S gach aon diubh cho ciochcrach gu buaidh.  
Mar amhainn a ruith le beinn,

Bha scrios a faladh gu teann.

Mar chaoiribh dearga bho theallach,

Torran nan laoch námhadach.

Thilg Mac Moirn an urchair gheur,

Gu cruaidh geur an uchd an fhir ;

Bointin cha d' rinn dha chré,

'S gu 'n d' rinn i dhe sceith do bhloids.

Tharruing Iullainn a lann sholuis,

Fa'da chiti dearsadh' oinn—

Buaileadair leis sior mu n' bhrollach

Cruaidh chruinnbheart dhainginn 'Ic Morn'.

Bhuail gun bheud—ach bhris an stailuinn ;

'S cloidheamh Ghoill chaidh teann na chorp.

Dh'aom a ghluin ; is thuit gu chúl.

Sin dhimeach anam fo sproc.

Aon ghair aoibhinn rinn an Fhiann,

Nach d' rinneadh leo roimhe riamh ;

'Nuair a chunnaig iad Goll crodh 'n uachdar

Air Iullainn, meannneach, mor, uaibhreach.

'S mor am beud a chinnich linn,

'Nuair chlaoidh sinn am fear o'n chuan.

'S gur meirg gus an d' thainig an Inghean,

Bu chaoireach ris an ghreadhan chruaidh.

Chaill thu Iullainn inghean àluin,

Chaill thu neart is lùths do dhorn.

Cha 'n eirich thu tuilleadh bho 'n talamh

Chunbhail stri ri cuirri mhor.

Cia iorgolt' a bhais' do shealladh !

Milleadh mais' is lagairt treoir !

B' uaimhreach a raoir Iullainn

Tha é 'nochd an tigh am bhroin !

Mar sud chaill òg Chormaic a rìdhinn,

Bu mhlise 's bu bhoich a dealbh—

Eamhair àluin, chas-fholt, bhuidh

Bhuinig mi san teinn le m' neart.

Chunnaig thusa Mhala-mhín

Deirigh soilse na reul glan ;

Ge' b' ionadh linn cruth na hoigh,

Bu bhoich an a' snuadh 's an dreach

S muladach mise na deigh !

S muladach mi 'n deigh a Mic !

A coinnichi sinn thabhast 's na speuran,

Bhar bheil Trathul treun nam feac.

## D A N ;

## AIR MAR MHARADH LAMH FHAD.

Chaidh Fionn, is Oscar, is Mac Morn',  
 'S móran do mhaitheamh nam Fiann,  
 'Lochlann le cuireadh o Iarcum,  
 Gu cairdeas is gaol a choimhead—  
 Gu sìth am bannamh gun cheilg,  
 Cheangal gu dian 's gu deangann.

Tiaruinte dh' imeach na h armuin  
 Gun chumart gun ghabhadh gu calla,  
 Choinneach slioc Lochlann air traigh riu,  
 'S an t ard Rìgh dh' altuich am beatha.

Seac la agus oich' gun sri,  
 Rì ceol 's rì iomaird 's rì aighear ;  
 Bha Fionn is Iarcum nan long  
 'S a laoich gu fonnar ga chaithibh.

Ach 's mealta gun fhuras a saoghal  
 Ge broscalach faoilteal a shealladh ;  
 Chi' thu é dìreadh 'sa tearnadh ;  
 'S tric é na scaileadh mar fhaileas.

Tha Ghrian sa mhadain ag soilseadh,  
 'S e geiri gun nial air adhar  
 Le mòr-theas togaidh é 'n driuchd ;  
 Gu suilbhirr seallaidh gach fearainn.  
 Ach duthaidh gu h'alamh nan Speuran,  
 Iathaidh neoil thiudh air na beannamh,  
 Chitir an dealan a dearsadh,  
 'S cluintir an tairnean le forum.  
 Silidh an t uisge gu nuath'alt,  
 Doirtidh é nuas oirn na mheallan ;  
 Croicidh an tuil o'n a bheinn,  
 'S a 'n earbag teachaidh ga falach.  
 Mar sin caochlaidh ur dochus  
 I(s) dolas leannuidh fo ghruaim ;  
 'N diudh tha thu aoibhneach gun dóruinn  
 'S labhruidh le solas do bheul :  
 Treigidh a màraich do bharrail,  
 Thig norr'uinn faireas le fuaim ;  
 Gun fhios thig cho guinneach,  
 'S tuislidh le turraig do cheum.

Rinn Iarum fleudhachas mhor,  
 Bha Fionn 's mhaitheamh fo ghean,



San dochas gu m' chairid an Ridh,  
Is sioth nach bristeadh é tuillidh.  
Ach mealta bha fhocall 's a ghníomh,  
Ceilg rinn é shníomh gus a milleadh.  
A ghuin 's a neimhdeas dha 'n Theinn,  
Cheil e fo dhuthar nam faolladh.

Bha Lamhfhad gu borb aig a chuilm,  
Mac baoth na Muirirdeach ruaidh ;  
'S b' ionmhuinn le Iarcum an Laoch  
Ge b' aognaidh aogus 's a gabhail.

Scian-Orbhui, chlocharra, cheannngheal,  
Riabh ris nach d' dhealaich Mac Chu'aill ;  
Groim thuair Lamhfhad le feall orr,  
'S b' aill leis dha fein gu 'n gleidh.  
Ach ghlachd Mac Morn' i na laimh,  
Is Lamhfhad ge d' dh' iar cha 'n fhaidh.  
Tus na h iorghuil 's na dourainn ;  
Gu truagh se Iarcum chaoireach.

Dh' eirich greann is fearg a laoich ;  
Ach Goll cha chaochladh am bharail :  
Cha d' thugadh é seachad gun sri  
Scian bhuadhar an Ridh 's i aig',

“ Com am bheil thu dusgadh iorghuil ?  
Com bheil thu 'g iarui dosguin ?  
Do dh' Fhionngheal boinidh a scian,  
'S do Lamhfhad a chaoidh cha tabhair.  
Suidh fhirmhoir 's na mill a chuilm ;  
Na bachd toilintin na cuideachd ;  
Na brist snaim deangann na sioth,  
Rinn bhur Righri treun an cheangal.”  
Cha d' dh' eist an t umpaidh an laoich ;  
Cha d' gheill é le sioth da chomhairl.  
Dh' arduich é ghuth fiadhaich cruaidh  
'S chluinte fada fuaim a mhuineal.

“ 'S tric 'Ic Morn' a rinn thu beud.  
Air maitheamh is tréun-fir Lochlann ;  
Cha till thu tuilleadh air sál,  
G(u) brath cha tarruing thu cloidheamh.”  
Tharruing é 'r dorn le laimh chearr ;  
Mac Morna ghearr é gu fuilteach ;  
Thuit é fein alabh na dheigh,  
Bho lár cha d' dh' eirich é tuilleadh.  
Sparr Goll a scian orbhui na thaobh,  
Chraobh fuil a choim as a dèadh ;

‘Ghlaidh é gu cruaidh—chaill é chlith,  
 Cha b’ fhurrinn Iarcum ga chobhair.  
 “ Glac’ mid, ars’ Iarcum bhur ’n airm,  
 Suas eirimh uile shliochd Lochlann.  
 Doirtidh fuil nam Fiantidh gu lár,  
 Na teichidh aon-aonan duibh dhachaidh ;  
 ‘Tuiteadh iad le ’r faobhair chruaidh,  
 ‘S biodh aoibhneas air mna’n ’n fhearuin,  
 Tullidh cha chaill oighean an gaoil,  
 ‘S mac cha bhi mathair a tuireadh.  
 Bidh Morbheinn ’s a feidh aig Laoich,  
 Nach stríochd a dh’ iorghuil na dh’ eagall.  
 Fionngheal ’s a ghaisgeach san uir,  
 Cha dhuisgir tuillidh dhuin cogadh.”

Bha ’n Theinn gun clogad gun sceith,  
 Gun cheilg, cha d’ smuainteach air cogadh ;  
 Gun duil ri suasaid na sri,  
 Gu sìothoil na suidh ma ’n t shligeadh.  
 Ach alamh ghlachd iad an Airm ;  
 ‘S ge d’ thionail na ceudan Curri,  
 Dhion iad an Cuideachd gu treun,  
 ‘S a ’n ceum a gluasad gu loingeas.  
 Rheubadh lamh Oscair an aigh  
 Le geur lann guineach Rìgh Lochlann ;  
 Ach scaradh eisin gu teann,  
 ‘S bu tiomhaidh builleann nan gaisgeach.  
 Bha forrum a sciath san t shuasaid,  
 Mar fhuainneach thartarrach chreige,  
 Nuair bhuailis dealan i ’m fuathas  
 Ga blòidhidh na caoban le ghlaoidhir.  
 Mar sin chluinte fuaim an sciath,  
 Gu mor uaibhreach anns a chath,  
 ‘S dh’ arduich air gach taobh an iorghuil,  
 Aig ’n d’ rainig an traigh na maitheamh.

Bhiodh Iarcum na Oscar ’n uair sin  
 Na sineadh gu luath gun anam,  
 Mar brist’ a sleaghan na cheile.  
 ‘S gu n’ dh’ eighmh Mac Chu’aill air Oscar,  
 “ A mhic mo mhic, Oscair aigh,  
 Bachd do lamh is fag an t aineol ;  
 Tha ghaoth na deannamh gu Mor-bheinn  
 ‘S air siul bhána ard ri ’n crannaibh.  
 Chaill Iarcum urram dé laoich :  
 Bhuinig thu cliu air san deannal,  
 Nach d’ choisinn sinn buaidh na h àraich

Rinn feum mar b' abhaist dhe 'r lannamh  
 Sheas an iorghuil—scur an t shri,  
 Sheol laoich nam Fiann bho n' chala.  
 Is chluinte neimhdean nan deidh,  
 Ri glaidhaich eildol gun aighear.

Deach agus fiachad fear mor,  
 Gu fuilteach leoineadh le'r lannibh,  
 'S a dha dheug eile 'sa naoidh,  
 Sin thuit air an raoin gun anam.

Chaill sinne Faoilte gun ghruaim,  
 Is Luath-chas dhireadh nam bealach :  
 Dithis bu shuthach aig cuilm,  
 'S nach tiuntadh an cúl san deannal—  
 Thog Fionn leis an Coirp ar sál,  
 Air Ardbheinn chaireach san talamh.  
 Bha mnaoi fad bliadhna ga 'n caonidh,  
 Is Righinn tuireadh an caulla.

## D A N

### NA MUIRIRDEACH

La dha 'n Theinn air tullach Turra,  
 'G amhaire Eirinn uil' ma tiomchioll ;  
 Chunn'cas cian air bharabh thonn,  
 Adhaidh chatha, chaola, dhurrghant'.  
 'Se b' ainm a ghaoirte dhe 'n Duaichrich,  
 Mhuirirteach ghruamach gun Aighear :  
 'S i teachd bho Lochlann le sloigh,  
 Gu córag ri maitheamh nam Feinne.  
 Bha cloidheamh meirgeach air a crios,  
 Le bhárr a sliobadh air talamh ;  
 Is da shleagh chuaileol gu cath,  
 Traist air taobh<sup>1</sup> tuaithuil no mna'adh.  
 Bha aodann du'ghorm air dhath an ghuaile,  
 Aig an Deid charbadaich, chruaidh,  
 'S da shuil<sup>2</sup> ghollach na ceann  
 Bu luaithe na nu runni gheamhrui.  
 Mar chraoibh chas ine bha ceann,  
 Mar chaoille chrin asaid chrithinn.  
 Bha clogad cruadhach 's a sciath,  
 Aig gaisgeach ri cliabh ga 'n gleidh.

<sup>1</sup> Al. eile.

<sup>2</sup> Al. theine.



Do bhrigh a mire 's a neart,  
 Gu n' tharladh lea gean gun chomain,  
 'S i gluasad gu durrann air traigh,  
 Le Braitichan ard ri crannamh.

Naon'ar fear curranta, mor,  
 A maitheamh brollach air sloigh,  
 Dh' imeach le furran na co'ail,  
 Dh' fheorach ciod a gnothach 'dh' Eirinn?

Naon'ar sin mharbh i le fraoch,  
 'S mor gharbh ghaire na garbh chraos.  
 Naon'ar eile ge d' bhiodh ann,  
 Cha tigeadh beo as an lamhan.

Cia na Laoich a 's fearr na sud,  
 Se labhair a Mhuirirdeach aimsgi—  
 Thugamh umhlachd dho gu luath.  
 'Neo córag cruaidh curranna.

Dh' imeach Fearghus mo bhrathair fein  
 Na chula chath' 's na neart treun,  
 Bha da cheud Laoch le 'n airm nochd  
 Gu fuaimneach teann air a cheum.  
 Gu foilli, glic, labhair é,  
 "Bhean de do gnothach a dh' Eirinn?  
 Com nu mhàragh leat bhur laoich,  
 'S gu 'n smuaintean air olc nam beac?  
 Gu 'n tugadh Mac Chu'aill sud dhuit,  
 Tri fiachad cù air coilear eilleadh:  
 Tri fiachad long le 'n cuid seol—  
 'S deachnar Oighean le 'n og eideadh,  
 Ma thilleas tu dhachaidh gun sri.  
 Gun tuilleadh milleadh do Lochlann."

"Buaidh nam Feinn' ge d' dh' uighinn uile  
 Le feidh, 's le 'm beanntaidh, 's le luingeas  
 Cha ghabhinn iad raoghain a fuil,  
 Na muintir le 'n mhurtadh mo mhac.  
 'S tuiti fo staillinn mo lann,  
 Ceann Oscair, is Fhinn, is Ghoill;  
 Mas till mi dhachaidh gun sri,  
 Gun tuille milleadh do Lochlann."

Dheirich a sin colg na mnai;  
 Cha b' aoibhinn forrum an lann:  
 Bhuaill i 'm beum sceithe gu cath,  
 'S ghlachd i sleagh fhada na laimh.  
 Leag air a claiginn a clogad,  
 Ga cheangal le lub'chinn teann.

Air chrith chaidh an talamh mu 'n cuairt  
 Do ghluais neoil thiugha na speur,  
 Threagair na creagan do scairteachd ;  
 'S dh' aom o'n a chladach an tonn :  
 Theich as na gleannamh an t shealg  
 Gu mullach na 'm beanntui fuara.  
 Dhonnail na coin air an Learg,  
 Le cagall is gairsgin ro h iolach ;  
 'S a Bheann iargolt bailceas fiadhaich  
 'g iarrui le caise gu córag.

Labhair a sin Conan crosta,  
 Mac ud Morn bha riabh ri olc ;  
 Giolla nach b' airi air cliu  
 Is duibhi maitheamh nam flath.

"Dona sin a Ghoill mo bhraithir,  
 'N uair tharladh an t olc s' a d' dheidh !  
 Is dona sin Fhinn 'ic Chu'aill,  
 Cha duthach leat caull nam Feinn' !  
 Ge d' thuit iad uile san iorghuil,  
 Cha chluintir thusa ga 'n caoidh ;  
 Cha chluintir thu caoi nam buineach  
 Air 'n tric chuir du mhusaic dìth !  
 Ligte mise 'n coir na mnai,  
 'S gu 'n eighmh i fhathast nus goirt :  
 Bristidh mi cloidheamh 'sa sciath ;  
 Scaradh gu fiadhaich a Coirp.  
 Cha 'n aill leat an dhuaichni cumha !  
 Ge neo chui dhuinn' a theirgsin ;  
 Ach caille tu dos do chinn chrìn,  
 Rinn linn dhuit Mac Oissein iaruidh.  
 Tuille cha till thu air sál ;  
 Caille tu 'n diugh Armuinn Lochlann.  
 Fuaim an caoill cha chluinn gu brath ;  
 Cha 'n fhaic gu brath 'mnaoi na Leannan."

Ach chaisg Conan dhe mhi cheill ;  
 'S ge beig a choisinn e mhathas ;  
 'S tánadh a chaise gun fheum,  
 'S gheill è gun imeachd gu aileas.

Ge d' bhaca tu 'nuairse Chonain  
 Bho ruith le d' mhollac gu t aileas ;  
 B' iomadh de laoch is Curri,  
 Thuit fo throm bhuillean gun eiri !  
 'S b' iomadh ann colla gun anam,  
 Is maitheamh a gearain an creucan ;

'N uair dh'eirich an Iorghuil aig Turra,  
'S chluinte na mullaich a g eighmheach

. . . . .  
. . . . .

'N uair chunnaig sinn colg na mnai,  
'S i teachd cho eiti ga'r 'n ionsi,  
'S nach gabhadh i cumh'nanna sìoth,  
Ach còrag aognaidh is suasaid :  
Ghlachd sinn gu grad Airm an Aigh,  
Leis an buinigte buadh gach blàir ;  
'So 'n tuiteadh gu fuileachdach air naimh  
'S le 'n diant bhur daimhean bho lochd.  
Do dh'eirich no laoich a b' aille,  
'S n gaisgeach a b' fhearr a bh' againn ;  
Dh'eirich iad

Soiller, luath, le neart dha 'n chath.  
Diarmad Mac Duimhn' 's Faolan donn,  
Is Caoilte, Caoireall, is Oscar ;  
Is Oissein, Fearghus, is Morlach,  
Is Culduth, Tuathuil, 's Mac Leith.  
Dh'eirich sin is Goll Mac Morn'  
'S Glaissen nan srol le dha shleagh.  
B' ard a bhratach ; geal an lann,  
Mar dhealan teann gu reubadh chorp.  
Triur Mac a Rìgh chlar'a dhoinn,  
'Le m' ghna bhi 'n Iùnis nan torc ;  
Dh'eirich sin is dìon nam Buineach,  
'Ce anntort nam Feinne Mac Chu'aill.  
Len ceudan dh' imeach bhur laoich  
'Chòrag an daoì sa bhealach ;  
'S ge d' thionnail iad teann sa' chuairt  
Bha cuid dhiu gu luath fo cosan.  
Bha cuid dhiu tuiteam gu brónach  
'Cuid eile crònaich fo totan ;  
'S bhean gu bastalich fiadhaich,  
Giarui 'sa caitheamh a chath.  
Mar thonn a dh'eiris gu hard,  
'S bhrìstis le gáir ma chreig ;  
N' uair sheidis an doinnionn gu dian,  
'S a bhrucas an t shìon le treis ;  
B' ionnan sin is colg na mnai,  
'N uair eiti tharruing i lann,  
Màradh mu 'n cuairt di bhur laoich,  
'Ge b' aognaidh 'm builleann 's an greann.  
'Ge b' mhor a spionnadh, cruaidh 'm beun



Ghlachd an t eug iad—threig an neart ;  
 Thuit iad anns' an Araich eiti,  
 Fo iomadh creuchd gun trein, gun treis !  
 Thuit Glaisein 'sa bhrathair gun eiri,  
 'S mor an teuc a chinnich leo ;  
 Thuit air gach taobh duibh na 'n torran,  
 Coirp gun anam' 's fo leoin.

Mar dha chraoibh gheughais an caoil,  
 Dh' eirich calma na laoich dhias ;  
 Ach sheid cruaidh dhoinnionn an fhasaich  
 Theachd am blath is dhalbh a mias ;  
 A meanglain fuaimneach a gluasaid,  
 Theach an luths is bhruchd an ceann ;  
 Chlaoin iad uile gu tuitim,  
 'S chluinte 'n tartar sa ghleann.  
 Mar sin thuit Glaisein 's Ruri graidh,  
 B' uaimhreach ceum am blár nan sleagh  
 Le cheile dh' eirich iad og,  
 A' mais' mhor, a' neart san dreach,  
 Le cheil' air feadh nam beanntui fuara,  
 Thuiteadh luath les feidh is boc.  
 'N uair bhuailte 'm beum s'ceith' gu córag,  
 Cólamh ruith iad teann dha n' chath,  
 San Cólamh thuit iad gun eirigh,  
 'S leum le cheile dh Innis-Flath—

Thuit cuideac san iorghuil fo chreucan  
 Calm'fhear treun a Innis-torc  
 Thuit é 'n teis meadhon a chliu,  
 'S ghearradh dluth a chruth 'sa chorp.

Mar uilleam toinneadh air traidh moil,  
 'S e brucadh le fuaimneach eiti ;  
 'Nuair bhios dealan, gaillinn is gaoth,  
 Ri saothair air barramh an tshleibh ;  
 'S a dh' atas a muir na stuadhan,  
 Ard suas gu mullach nam beann,  
 Sioladh a rist gu h alamh,  
 Na copraich bhan ann an gleann,  
 Mar sin le cloidheamh na dorn,  
 'S a sciath gu doigheal air laogh  
 Bhrist i ro bhróllach an t-shloidh,  
 Breac rathad stroiceal san mhaogh,

Ach thachair Caoilte Mac Reath,  
 Airleos 'sa bhean laimh air laimh.  
 Bu lionmhor am buillin 's bu bhlath,  
 Gus 'n sharuich Mac Reath an Daoi

Bhas taobh an Colla ri ghuin,  
 Bha cuid dhé fuil air nam fraochamh ;  
 'S cuid dhi no dealt air an shleagh,  
 Ga sradaidh air fear an Aonich.  
 Gu n' thuit an Daoi leis an Laoch,  
 'S ma thuit, cha bu thuitim mín ;  
 B' fhiadhaich iorgolt an guin,  
 'S b' fhuilteach a caitheamh san shri.  
 Mar thuitis ghlas Dharrach sa 'm bheinn  
 'N uair sheidis an doinnion gu dian,  
 Ga spionadh gu turr as a reamh  
 'S ga tilgeadh na cloaich san chaoill.  
 Gluaisi na mullaich le fuaim,  
 Na fuar ghlinn faireadh an t shri.  
 Co fhreigridh na creagan ; is teachaidh  
 Na féidh le cabhag o 'n t shìn.  
 Mar sin thuit anns an Araich ;  
 Lan chratach fo bhuillean an Ri  
 A Mhuirirdeach ruadh gun aighear,  
 Le tartar an Coinneamh a taoibh.  
 B' aoilteol fuaimneach a h armachd,  
 A clogad cruaidh cru'ach, 'sa sciath,  
 Le trost thug ràn air an talamh,  
 Chlisg is chrithneach a sliabh.  
 A bhean ge b' duachnai bha t aogus .  
 Ge b' mhiostach do thurras dha 'n Theinn,  
 Dh' iar Fionn air buidhean do chàradh  
 San láraich nam bhagair thu leagadh—  
 Ri taobh tullach Turr' tha thu sinnte,  
 Gu h iosil fo dhuthar nan creag.  
 Cha shoilseach grian air do chothnich,  
 Cha chaon na h oighean ar d' lic,  
 'S co arson a bhean gun cheill,  
 Dheanadh oighean Eirinn gal ?  
 Ciod 'm biodh Innisfail fo bhróin,  
 Ge d' sheacadh fo n' fhod do chorp ?  
 A Laoich oge, scairteol, threin,  
 Leugadh fo bheum geur do ghuin !  
 Thigidh taibhse ghaisgeach fhiadhaich,  
 'Siar air neoil gu d' leabaidh fhuair ;  
 Deanadh san Ghailleann fo thuath,  
 Seanachas cruaidh ri t anam goirt.  
 Ach Oighean Innisfail nan stuadh,  
 Is slioc uasal Beann nam Flath ;  
 Cha tig a tuireadh gu t uaigh ;

Ach silidh deoir ri caoi nam fear.  
 An athair, an leannain 's an ceile  
 Thuit le d' leums' aig Tullach Turr'.  
 Bu tapaidh ladair do bheum,  
 'S tu tarruing sleagh mhor san mhaodh  
 Bu mhor cunhachd cruaidh do chré  
 A aimsge brein bha t anam crost.  
 Mar chloich do chridh 'n uisge rót'  
 Rag gu dobheart, 's teann an guin  
 Mar Iarrunn geur gu reubadh feoladh,  
 'S geur gu dortadh fuil nam fial.

Thiolaic sinn Glaisein 's a bhrathair  
 Le Calmfhear bàn a Innis toirr :  
 I(s) clachin thogadh san aite  
 Nach gluaiseadh gu brath nam Fir  
 A's treise do shliochd nan Daormann  
 Ge d' chruinncheadh umpa dhui graoidh  
 Clach aig an ceann 's aig am bonn ;  
 'S da chloich ri 'n tom air an chnoc.  
 Cha ghluais iad norruirn a gheamhrai  
 Cha chairich an doinionn an treis ;  
 'S chitir iad fad air an fhaireadh  
 Na seasamh air áirde na beinne—

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

Thill sinn dbachaidh gu Taura,  
 Tigh mor gun drandan nam fleudh ;  
 Far 'n tric ro maitheamh gu ceolar  
 Le Fionn fo sholas aig cuilm.  
 Ach an duidh nan thorran luathadh,  
 Gun daoine gluasad san ionad—  
 Cha chluintir ann torman nan clár,  
 Fa fuaim nam bard seach fo ghean !  
 Na bhraiclaich aig Earb an fhasaich,  
 'S aig minnein gu tamh gun ghiorrag ;  
 Far faod iad luidh agus eirigh !  
 Is teachadh o bheud 's na bealaich

Thainig baird le caiream na 'r có'aill  
 Gu ceolar ag iomaird air cruiteann ;  
 Suntach bha n t shlige san t óran  
 Is sugradh oighean is maceamh.  
 Bha sioth is aighear san chuairt,  
 'S b' fheumnach Luinneag nan teud.

Ach labhair Mac Chuail an aigh  
 Dha 'm ghna bhi carthannach ceart :



Seuir fuaim nan oran 's nan teud,  
 Is gh' eist iad uile ri ghuth.  
 "Ge suthaich 'nochd air 'n orain,  
 Ge ceolar sheinnis a chruit ;  
 'S ge d' chinuich linn buaidh aig Turra  
 Far 'n bhasaich a Mhuirirdeach oile.  
 Tha duilideas tha'ast air m' intin,  
 Chaill sinn Mac Rìgh Innis Toirr !  
 Chaill sinn Glaisen sa bhrathair !  
 Le 'm b' aighearaich sabhailt sinne.  
 Bha 'n gaisgeach taitneach na 'r lathair,  
 Bu ladair maiseach an rùn :  
 Le loingeas ruith iad ga 'r 'n ionnsuidh,  
 Cha dhiultadh iad córag nam Flath.  
 Chaoirreal, fhir aithris na sceul,  
 O 's binn liun bhi g' eisteachd do ghuth ;  
 Na caidleadh na laoch gun oran  
 Na cumt' iad a Innis nam Flath.  
 Na cumt' iad le Taibhse gun dui  
 Fo mhulad air neoil gun fhois."

Sin dh' fhosgail Caoireall am bheul  
 Fuaim nan teud gu n' dh' eirich leis,  
 Shil Fionn is Oissen an deoir,  
 Gruaim is brón air gnais gach Fir.

"Cia taitneach 'Ghlaisen bha taogus,  
 Siobhalt bha ceanntort nam Flath,  
 Meanmna le spionadh na d' chré,  
 Bu treubhach thu meadhan a chath.  
 Bu dhearbhan an curri ge b' chaon thu,  
 A chaoidh cha chaillir do chliu.  
 Fìli earacoil, ceutach,  
 Feili, fostineach, ciuin !  
 Bu chruaidh trom bhuillean do staillinn,  
 Geur do lann gu deanamh lot ;  
 'S tric chuir thu giorrag air namhaid,  
 'S a gheill e dhuit cratach goirt.  
 Cia gabhaidh leis iomaird an laoich,  
 Bu tiamhaidh air ceann nam Flath ;  
 Leumadh scrios far bàr a shleagh,  
 'N uair ghlaodht' am brosnachadh cath !  
 Ach tuilleadh cha'n fhaicir a dearsadh,  
 Sàr chloidheamh làdair a churri,  
 'S e scapadh fuathas san àraich,  
 Cuir eighean Armuinn an Cunnard !  
 Cha 'n fhaicir tuilleadh do bharca

Le siuil arda ri crannamh !

'S i gearradh uallach na stuadhan

Na ruith le mor shluadh gu calla.

Tha Lochlannaich suthach fo aoibhneas

Caoidh cha chluinn iad fuaim do ghuth.

Cha 'n fhaic tuilleadh struth do mheanmna

Leagadh cheann a mire chath !

Guileamh uile mhnai is Oighean

Guileamh brònach, leointe, goirt !

Ghalbh bhur sciath is dideann chruidh,

Och mo thruaigh ! bhur dian, 's bhur neart !

Biodh mulad oirbhs' ghaisgeach mhora,

Nochd gur brònach tigh an laoich !

Gu bheil duthach, druit deurach,

Tuilleadh eislen 's beud na bhun !

Mu thruaigh ! 'm beum a leag gun eirigh,

Glaissen uaibhreach eutrom glioc,

Meadhon oige ghlachd am bas é,

Chaidh an t Armunn tra fo lichd.

S ann tha e iosil an caradh,

'S a bhraithir laidir ann mar ris

A bhraithir curranta beumnach,

Mor chrigheach, geur chuisseach, geanoil

Aoidheal mar Ghlaisen is cairdeal,

Armunn crodh, calm' agus fearoil ;

Uaibhreach an caise na h iorghuil,

Cia tìamhaidh a cheuman smearoil.

Ach co sud chidh mi sileadh dheoir,

'S a guth bròn 'teachd san ghaoi ;

A h aodann duthach 's a h uchd gluaisneach ;

'S a falt dualach luath air scaoil ;

S e sud Grudearg searg na h oige,

Caoidh an Oig fhear 'sa cré goirt ;

Chaill i Mili na gheur bheum,

Och ! s mor a h eislen 's a lot !

Mar dhithean dosrach na ceutuin

Dh' asas aoibhin 'n tus a' bhlais ;

Dearsadh ear treise gu sudhor,

'S boladh curr a measg nan craobh :

Ach cruinn' chidh norruin na' speur

Seididh doinionn chruidh nam beann :

Duthaidh aodan, dh' albh a bhoichead,

Bhrist e bronach 's lub a cheann ;

Mar sin tha is' searg na h oige,

Mulad 's brón ga curr ri làr,

Dh' eirich cònadh fuileachdeach beumnach,  
Thuit an ceil' an tias am bhlair.

Ach thuit é le urram san 'Araich.  
'S dhian an t Armunn a sciath;  
Mar sholus shoilseach an Curri,  
Mairidh feasta cliu an Triath.

Leisi sin scuirse dhe d' mhigheann,  
Scur dhe d' chaoi nach treoirich nith;  
Nis àraich faiclich Mac Ruri,  
Tog e suas an luths gun dith.  
Eiùigh é thabhaist mar Athair  
Flathail ann an neart 'sa utreun;  
'S tuitidh sliochd Lochlann gu crátach,  
Fo stailinn ládair a lann geur,  
Tuitidh dhiu no miltin curri,  
Gu fuilteach a thorradh a bheum  
A chaireach san talamh an t Armunn  
Ga chuir tra fo bhrath an Eug.  
S ann maille ribhse na shineadh,  
Tha laoch nach strìochdadh do dh' eugall  
'S a 's tric a chunn'cas san Iorghuil  
Tabhairt serio' le ballechrith air Lochlann  
An Calm flear thainig air Sal libh  
Mac aliunn Rìgh Innse Toirr;  
Nach d' dhùin riabh dorras ro 'n fheumach,  
'S an eigin nach treigadh a chairid.  
Bu mhath le gaohair sa ghleann thu  
'S daimh chabrach nam beann ga leagadh,  
'N u'air chluint an fhaoghid aig eighmhac!  
'S Mac Stalla na deigh ga freagaird,  
Tuillidh cha chluintir linn fhaoghid,  
'Choin 's a shluagh cha ghluais san chaoill.  
'Choin fo b(hr)òn cha siumhail aonach  
'S cha ghlaodh an guth cruaidh san ghaoith.  
Gealchas na sìneadh sa sta(irs)each  
Fo lan airteal caoi' 'n fhir mhoir.  
Cha 'n fhaicir lea teachd an gaisgeach  
'S truadh a' donnal dh' albh an treun!  
'S muladach t' athair 's do mhathair,  
'S gu brath nach faic iad thu beo!

'S            h

Sir amhaire o maradh fo bhròn  
Ach        cha 'n fhaic i do bharc,  
'S            ard (ai)r bhàrr nan tonn;  
Na gearr d(        ) stuadhan na deannamh,



Leum le (n)u muir lóm  
 Tha ( )hala cuideachd fo mhigheann  
 Ri Calmfh(ear ) a 'n fhaoilteach a crìodh !  
 Cha chluin( )bhach a mhìli  
 'S e tilleadh ( )halt o shliabh !  
 Cha chad( )r san oiche  
 Aoibhr(each e)irich sa mhdain—

## DAN AN DEIRG.

Treis air cairim an fhir mhoir  
 Thanig o' lear le dè bhuaidh  
 Treun laoch bha lán do ghaoill—  
 'S gu 'm bé 'n Dearg dàna mac Drui' bheil  
 Gu teachd no Fiann bu mhor fiadh  
 Gu n' ghluais an Dearg Mac Drui 'bheil  
 A near o thir no fear fionn—  
 Gu crìoch thabhairt air fearamh no Feinnidh—

Briathribh gu 'n d' thug a laoch lán,  
 Na chiad là dol air sàl :  
 Gu 'n d' thogadh é geill amach,  
 Fthar gach Feinne ge feo'is.

Air teachd da 'n fhear, a laoch lonn,  
 Seal ma n' iomraidh é comhrag,  
 Do ghluais an Dearg deud-gheal aluin,  
 Gu crom-leai<sup>1</sup> na mor shluadh

Bha 'n dithis laoch nach d' fhulaig taire  
 'G amhaire a chuain chabhair bhan,  
 Ryno nu Roid glan Mac Fhionn,  
 Is an Caol cro' Mac Chreibhin.  
 Tra choimhid an dithis ud an cuan,  
 Tuitidh iad na sirim suain,  
 Gus no ghabh barca 'n fhir mhoir,  
 Call' air an traigh na 'n ceart choir,  
 Do leum an Laoch a b' fhear tlachd  
 Air tìr an crannamh a chraos' ;  
 Tharruing é bharc a air no lunnan,  
 Air an traigh gheal gheanchadh—

Bha fhalt fionn-bhui mar or,  
 Os cionn a dha mhalaidh nach duth, agus gruaidhearg  
 Bha dha dheare shuil dhorma mar ghlainnedh,

<sup>1</sup> Crom-leac? “Bein-eudain” deleted and “Crom-leai” or “Crom-leac” written over it.

Anna 'n geal ghnuis a mhili.  
 Bha dha shleadh cheamh reamhir chath,  
 Ann a laimh mhic an Ard Fhlath—  
 Bha sciath oir air a ghualain chlith,  
 Air mac uasal an Ard ri—  
 Bha làn neimhe ri leigadh chorp,  
 Air an laoch gun eagall córag—  
 Neal cuimdi clochara coir,  
 Air a Mhili shochara shùil-ghorm—  
 Geill ghaisgeach an doimhin toir,  
 Gu n' choisin an Dearg Mac Drui' bheil  
 Air mhid, air dhealbh is air neart,  
 Air chòrag cheart is air cheatidh.<sup>1</sup>

Dh' eirich Ryno nu Roid 's nior thiom  
 Is an Caol ciad bhineach cro' calma,  
 Trogaidir an Airm na laimh,  
 Agus rithidir na chun-bhail<sup>2</sup>

“Innis sceul dhuin fhir mhoir,  
 Oirn tha coimhead a chuain,  
 Da mhac Righ le sar uil sin'r  
 Dh' fhiantidh lan uasal na Feinne”—

“'S 'n triath o 'n d thainig mi nist,  
 Cha 'n iomadh ann neach dhe n' leithid.  
 'S mi 'n Dearg mac Righ nu n' Druidhn  
 'G iaruidh go ard Rioghachd Eirin.”  
 Dh' fhianachd Ryno 'n aignidh mhir,  
 “Gu de Ri é 'n Dearg Mac Druibheil,  
 Tagradh geill o fhearamh Fail?  
 Cum faidh tus é laoch iomlan?”

“Ge borb sibhs' dhithis laoch,  
 Bhri air farmaid agus fraoch,  
 Gu dé bhacadh dhìomse gabhail  
 A glacadh an iomghabhail?”

“Na 'n Aireamhs dhuts' mo chaithin  
 A Dheirg a mhic an Ard Fhlath;  
 S lionmhor an Teamhra laoch lonn  
 Dh' eiridh ruits' ga d' chòrag.”

“Cia chuile neach dhui sin,  
 Do dh' fhianachd an Dearg mac Drui' bheil,  
 'S gu fiachadh mide ri cheile,  
 Mar fhiachan is mar an fhiachan.”

“Mo bhriathra ge borb do roin,”  
 Do fhreigir a laol ciadmhineach, crò calma,

<sup>1</sup> Doubtful.<sup>2</sup> cho'aill.

“Gu rachins’ ga d’ chlaoidh  
 A laoich sin thainig fairis.”  
 Air a chaol, chro a b’ ear dreach,  
 Ga n’ leum an Dearg gu das’ nich—  
 Le fearg mhor agus le fraoch,  
 ’S meirg air ’m buaileadh an treun laoch,  
 ’Dheanadh an Dearg córag cruaidh,  
 Is an Caol cro le mor uail.  
 Is bheiridh iad torran teth dian  
 Ri scoltadh sciath agus ghathan—  
 ’S gu ’m bé iomraper nu deasagh  
 Anns’ iorghuil—is nior thar ris  
 Gu n’ chainglidh leis an Dearg ro ghlan  
 An Caol cro’ san chórag.  
 Dh’ eirich Ryno an aignidh mhir  
 An deigh s an Caol cro’ ud a chriplin,  
 Mac Ri no Feinne gun tair’  
 An coinamh an treun fhir is na chun-bhail  
 B’ iongadach na cleasamh cruaidh’  
 S in bha eistir’ ans’ an dion bhristeadh—  
 Gus nu cheaugladh le cruaidh bheum,  
 Ryno no Rod is no luath bheumanan—  
 “S mor gníomh agus an treun  
 Dhuits’ na air dithis sin a chriplin—  
 Scaol do chuireach a laoch shlain,  
 Is thabhair leat sin fad do thiomchall  
 Scaolidh an Dearg sin trid fiach  
 Cairidh nu Deisi de laoch,  
 Is ghlachd e briathran fargach neach  
 Nach togadh iad ainu na adhaidh—  
 Glaisadir a sin gu Teamhra,  
 Gu Cormic a mhor thiollich  
 Mac Druibheil nu ’n geur-lan buadhach—  
 Gu triath Teamhra gu mor uallach.  
 Gu n’ dh’ eirich Triath Ri Teamhra,  
 Fir mhor, dhireach, dheas, dhealbhach,  
 Bu lionmhor brat donn dhe ’n shrol,  
 Mu ghuaillin chormaic an ciad uair—  
 Labhair Triath Theamhra gun tair—  
 “Suidhamhs’, chliar, chalma, churranta—  
 ’S ni fuathach daoidh Tearg an fhir,  
 ’S na trogimhs’ ainn na adhaidh”—  
 Shuidh treun fhir Innis-fail—  
 ’N deidh a cheile do chun-bhail—



Go 'n d' thainig uchde gu dàna  
Fear foisteanach fìor mhall.

Air eachtruidh nu feachdadh dho,  
Do Mhachd Drui' bheill nu mor seleo  
Dha 'n Og fhinnalt chuimseach,  
Thainig 's na roidibh riadhaltach—

Shuidh an Dearg 's nìor thiom,  
Is gun d' fhianachd ard-ri Eirin,  
“Bhri do thurris gu Teamhra,  
Innis e laoch mhor mheanmnich.”

“Se beachd mo thurris dhuit  
Mhichd Airt, chuin, churranta, Chormaic;  
Greis' do dh' Eirinn bu mhath leum,  
Air neo fras bheumanan mu tiomchall”

“Geill Eirin thabhairt air muir,<sup>1</sup>  
S' meirg a dhìarachd i' gun fhir,  
Is bhiodh mid' fò gu brath,  
Na 'n taridh i aon oglach”—

“Mar faidh mise 'uatsa, Chormaic  
Eirin uile gun doirionn,  
Còrag ceud 'uats' dh' fhearamh Curranta,  
Mhic Airt chuin churranta.”

Sin 'nuair chuir Cormaic ceud,  
A chlaoidh an Deirg dhè mhuintir—

(Blank in MS.)

Gu n' thuit ann Connan Machd a Leigh,  
Gu 'n thuit 's in 's gu leor na dheidh—  
Is gun' thuit le laimh gun lochd,  
Ceud fear faobhair nochd—

Gu 'n d' thainig uchd' 'n dara mharich  
Fionn Machd Chu' aill gu mordhalach,  
Le naoidh mìle gaisgeach glan,  
Nach tilleadh tarcuis na scainnir—  
Clogad stailin ma chean gach fir  
Do chuideachd Fhinn a Alabain—  
Sciath dhuth le iomlin òir,  
Le earidh caol do sheamh shrol—  
'S gu 'm iomrapadh Mhic Rìgh nam Feinn,  
Nam tigheachd 's tigh na 'r pobuill—  
Thog è naoidh mìle cleas luth,  
'S gu mu mhor an t' aobhar iomrùn,  
Fir agus Cormaic gun tiom—  
Dol chuir failt air Fionn a Alabain,

<sup>1</sup> Al. Sàl.

'S gu 'n d' thuair sloigh Mhic Chu' aill threun,  
 Pog is cuilm an Tigh Teamhra—  
 Is gu n' bheannuich Mac Chu' aill fialaidh,  
 Dha no phobull na cheud na cheud leum,  
 Is gu n' bheannuich è dha 'n Dearg,  
 Dha 'n og ionnalt ionàrd.  
 Bheannuich Mac Chu' aill gun tair.  
 Is fhreagair an Dearg dreachor dha,  
 "Is gun dh' iarr è cumhe gu luath,  
 Air Mac Chu' aill air neo Corag"—  
 "O nu 's math do lamh fhir,"  
 Do labhair fath Fheinn a Alabain,  
 "Toirbhadar a theirgin dhuit,  
 A Dheirg air eagall comhradh,"  
 "Ma s' shann ugams' a thriall sibh,  
 Laoich le 'r n' armabh comhrag,  
 Combrag ceud a dh' fhearamh curranta,  
 Uatsa mhic Chu'aill tha m'g iarrui"—  
 Sin 'n uair chuir Fionn ceud,  
 A chlaoidh an Deirg dhé mhnintir,  
 Is da cheud eile ge d' bhiodh ann,  
 Thuiteadh sin le aon laimh.  
 Dh' eirich Faolan le feirg mhoir,  
 Is gu n' glachd é mheirg shaori-shroil,  
 'S gun bhrosnach è chib chath  
 Ge cosnadh mhic an Ard-Fhlath—  
 Gi' falladh, gi' cailceadh cruaidh,  
 Bhiodh dhe sciathain san uair,  
 Agus gi' teinn' gu neali'  
 Bhiodh lannamh no Mili'.  
 Go n' thaisgidir an lannamh,  
 Air an corpamh Caomha geal—  
 Is gun glachd iad comhair a cheile,  
 'N deidh an Urlin Aidmhail—  
 Mhichd Moirn' nach meata' gnìomh,  
 Mhion crodh' nu calmachd,  
 Caisg dhin' comhrag an laoich shlain,  
 A cheann gaisgeadh a mhoir shloigh,  
 'S leat fein air thus dalach,  
 Da thrìan cumhe agus faodalach,  
 Deich ceud soigh<sup>1</sup> an or ghrinn  
 Uams' dhuts' aghus o'n Ard-Rìgh  
 "Ge d' chlaoidhte sinne 'san teann-ruith,  
 Chlannamh Morna nu 'n ceann buidh,

<sup>1</sup> The "s" doubtful.—A. C.

Bheirinsa mo chònadh dhuit,  
 A Rìgh no Feinne ga d' fhurtachd"—  
 Gluaisidir a sud Mac Morn',  
 Na chullaidh chath chruidh choraig,  
 A chas comhrag an Laoich shlain,  
 'S meirg a bhrosnaich na cho' aill  
 Is togidir a sin an fhollachd  
 Eidir an dithis Mhili ro ghlan,  
 Ri snaidh chlogad is cheann.  
 Eidir Mac Druì' bheil is Iullainn—  
 Is togaidir is deantair an cleas,  
 Aig an dreinidir a mor chleas,  
 Gu n' thost fhir Thein is Eirin uile,  
 Ri fras bheumanan nu h iorghuil.  
 Seachd oich' agus seachd là  
 Bu tuirseach mi chd agus mnai',  
 Go n' chaoidheadh an Dearg aindir,  
 Le Mac Morn' nu 'm beumanan :  
     La is Bliadhn' fo cho' bhair Fhinn,  
 'N deidh comhrag an laoich luinn,  
 Bha Mac Morn le fios,  
 An tigh Teamhra ga leithis—  
     Mise Fearghus Fìli binn  
 Le'n tric a sheinneadh cliu na Fiann,  
 Air teachd dha 'n treun 'ear air tuinn  
 Is trian dhe dhaisgeadh cha d' dhinnis—

### CUID DO DHAN

#### — AN FHIR MHOIR —

Dh' eirich a sin colg an Laoich,  
 'S cha b' aoibhinn forum a lann :  
 Bhuail E 'm beum seithe gu cath  
 'S ghlac E sleagh fhada na laimh.  
 Bu tiamhaidh a sin gnuis a mhili  
 B' iargolta chlogad mu cheann :  
 Air chrith chaidh an talamh mu 'n cuart,  
 Is ghluais neoil thuagha nu 'm beann.  
 Fhreagair nu creagan da 'n Scairteachd,  
 'S dh' aom o n' chladach an tonn :  
 ('S) theach as nu gleannamh an t shealg  
 Gu mullach nam beantui fuar.  
 Dhonnail nu coin air an Leirg,



Le gairsgin is eagall ro'n iolach ;  
 'S a Fear mór ri bailceas fhiadhaich  
 'G 'iaruidh le caise nu h' iorghuil

Gu 'n labhair a sin Conan crosta  
 'Mac a'd Morn' bha riabh re olc ;  
 Giolla nach b' airidh air cliu,  
 Diubhaidh na maitheamh 's na flath.

"Dona sin a Ghoill mu Bh(r)aithear,  
 'N uair thárlagh an t' olcs' a'd dheigh !  
 Is dona sin Fhionn 'ic chu'aill  
 Cha duthach leat caull nu Feinn !  
 Ligte mise 'n carr an Thir mhoir  
 Ge eolach a chrathas E shleagh,  
 Tolaidh mo stailliunn a chré,  
 'S reubaidh mo chloidheamh a chorp."

Chaisgeadh Conan dhe mhi cheill  
 'S 'Ge beig a rinn E dh' euchd na mhat',  
 Stanadh a chaise gun fheum,  
 'S ni 'n dh' eirich E chórag nam flath.

Ach dh' eirich na Laoich a b' aille,  
 'S na gaisgeach a b' fhearr a bh' aguinn ;  
 Dh' eirich iad 's meirg na laimh,  
 Soiller, teann, le neart dha'n chath.  
 Diarmad Mac Duimhn' is Faolan donn,  
 Is Caolte, Caoirreall is Oscar ;  
 Is Oisein, Fearghus is Morlach,  
 Is Culduth, Tuaitheal is Mac Leith.  
 De' eirich sin is Goll Mac Morn',  
 'S Glaisen nan Srol le dha shleagh.  
 B' ard a bhratach— geal a lann  
 Mar dhealan teann gu reubadh chorp.  
 'S truir mac a Rìgh chlar-ù dhoinn,  
 Le 'm gnath bhi 'n Innis nan tore ;  
 Dh' eirich sin is dion nam buighneadh,  
 Ceanntard nam Fianna Mac Chu' aill.

'S gu 'n dhimeach iad le 'n ceudan Laoich  
 A chomhrag an daoì sa ghleann ;  
 'S 'nuair thionail iad teann 's a chuairt,  
 B' aognaidh <sup>1</sup> fuaimneach a lann.  
 Bha mìle tol <sup>2</sup> re crónaich thruagh  
 'S a fuil ruagh air feagh a fhraoich  
 'S lean mìle bás an ceum sa bhlár  
 Is b' ard a chluinte gair na fear  
 Mar bheum sleibhe ruith bho 'n aonach,

<sup>1</sup> Al. eiti.      <sup>2</sup> doubtful.

'S Norruinn faoileach cas na dheigh  
 Na mar thairneanach sa chaoille.  
 'S Dealan soiller luasgadh dh' eug.  
 Ghluais an Daoi<sup>1</sup> san uair le forum  
 Gu buatharra baist' lach treun,  
 Mar neal dorchu ruith san ádhar,  
 'S clachan mealain luath na leum,<sup>2</sup>  
 Na mar thonn a dh' eiris ard  
 'S a bhristeas le gair mu chreig ;  
 'N uair sheideas an doinionn (gu) dian  
 'S a bhruchdas an t' shion<sup>3</sup> le fead  
 B' ionnan sin a's fraoch<sup>4</sup> a lann  
 'Mar'adh air gach taobh na 'n treun fhir  
 Ge b' eite an iomairt 'sa 'n greann.

Thuit Glaisen is Cúlduth treun  
 'S iomadh euchd e chinneach leó ;  
 'S thuit air gach taobh dhui na 'n torran  
 Cuirp na Naimh fo iomadh león.

Mar chraobhan giuthais fo bhath  
 (Dh') eirich calma na Laoich dheas :  
 (Ach) sheid cruaidh dhionionn an fhasaich,  
 Shearg am blath, is dh' albh a meas :  
 A meanglain le spairn am fuaimneach  
 Theich a luths is lub an ceann :  
 Thuit iad buileach le farum\*  
 'S chluinte 'n tartar sa ghleann.  
 Mar sin thuit Glaisen 's Cúlduth graidh,  
 A b' uaimhreach ceum am blár uan sleagh.  
 'S bu mhor chuisseach tiamhaidh an snuagh<sup>5</sup>  
 Air air ceann ant shloigh sa 'n tigh nam fleagh.  
 Le cheile dh' eirich iad og.  
 A Maise mhor, aneart, sa 'n dealbh  
 'S le cheil air feadh nam beantuidh fuara  
 Thuiteadh luath leo feidh is earb.  
 'N uair bhualte 'm beum-sgeith gu comhrig,  
 Cólámh 'ruitheadh teann do 'n chath,  
 'S ann cólámh thuit iad gun èirigh,  
 'S leum le cheile dh' Innis flath.  
 'S gu 'n thuit re 'n taobh<sup>6</sup> fo iomadh creuchd

\* [Al.] Dh' aom iad uile gu tuiteam.

\* Al. Mar otha chraoibh ghiuthais an caoill.  
 (The \* in the text apparently torn away).

<sup>1</sup> Al. nan uihd. Last word doubtful.

<sup>2</sup> Doubtful. <sup>3</sup> Al. le scread. Al. le treis. <sup>4</sup> Al. caoch.

<sup>5</sup> Al. doigh. <sup>6</sup> Al. 'S bu mhor am beud.

An Curri treun bho Innis toir  
 Triath bu mhor meas aig Fionn  
 'S bu mhor clui—ni 'n d' rinn E lochd.  
 Mar shrulleam toinneadh air traigh moil  
 'S e bruchdadh chloch le fuaimneach eiti  
 'N uair bhios dealan, Gaillionn is gaoth,  
 Re saothair air barramh an t' shleibhe  
 Mar sin le chloidheamh na dhorn,  
 'Sa sgiath mhor gu seolt' air lagh  
 Bhris E roimh bhrollach an t sloigh,  
 Breachd rathad stroiceal sa mhaogh.

Ach thachair Caoilte Mac Reath  
 Airlìos 's fear laimh air laimh,  
 Bu lionmhor am builleam 's bu theith,  
 Gus n' sharuich Mac Reath an Daoidh.  
 Bha taobh a cholla re ghuin,  
 'S bha cuid dhe fhuil air na fraochamh  
 Is cuid dhith 'na dealt air an shleagh  
 Ga stradadh air feadh an aonaich.  
 Gu 'n thuit an Daoidh leis an Laoch  
 'S ma thuit cha bu thuitim mìn,  
 B' fhiadhaich iargalt' an ghuin,  
 'S b' fhuilteach an chaitheamh san strì  
 Mar thuiteas ghlas dharrach an fhasaich,  
 'Nuair sheidis an Doinionn gu dean,  
 Ga spioneadh gu turr as a reamhaich,  
 'S ga tilgeadh na cloaich sa chaoill.  
 Gluaisidh na mullaich le forum,

(Incomplete).

#### LAOIGH NAOIS.

Beir soiridh gu h Albain uam  
 Gu fraorag a cuain 's a gleann  
 Ma re Clann Oisnich air seilg  
 Fri 'ar<sup>1</sup> bu ghlan seilbh is seanachas  
 La gu 'n robh fir Alba 'g òl  
 Is Cleann Oisnichin bu mhor cìon<sup>2</sup>  
 Inghean Draosach dhun Freoir  
 Gu 'n d' thug Naois dhi pog gun fhios  
 Gun 'gheall e dhi allaich aoin  
 Agh gheallaigh is laogh na chois

<sup>1</sup> So in MS. ; correctly "Triar."

<sup>2</sup> love, respect.



'Gheall e nuar philleadh e chuart  
 O Amharc air sluadh <sup>1</sup> Eanarnis  
 Thng e bhean sin o dhuin Treòir  
 Briathran 's a maidh mhear  
 'Gus an rachadh Naois a dh' eug  
 Nach racha si fein do dh fhear  
 Ochain nair chuala mise sin  
 Lianar mo cheann brist dh' eudach  
 Tilgidear mo churag thair teuim  
 Bu chom leam beo na <sup>2</sup> eughmhas  
 Chuir iadsan uchd ris an t snamh  
 Aill bhidh 's ard ni 'n ghna bhrèugan  
 Togadar Naois leo steach  
 An dithis a chuireadh cath air ceudan  
 Thig Naois am briar gu ceart  
 'S e laidh fo bhreith bhuàra arm  
 Nach cuireadh ormsa gruaim  
 Gu 's an reachamad air sluagh na marbh  
 'S beag iona cion a bhi agam  
 Air chrich Allabin bu breagh rodain  
 Nuar bha mo cheilidh na measg  
 Bu leam an seirc is an òr  
 Beir soiridh go h Albain uam

## CEARDACH MHIC LOIN.

La dhuin air Luachar leobhar  
 Mar da chearar chrodha do 'n bhuighinn  
 Mi fein is Oscar is Daorghlas  
 Bha Fionn fèin an is b' e mac Cuthail  
     Chonacas 'tighinn o n mhagh  
 An t oglach mor is e air aon chois  
 Le chochal dubh ciar 'ubh criacin  
 Le <sup>3</sup> cheann-bheart lachdain 's i rugh mheirg  
     Bu ghrada <sup>4</sup> coslas an olaich  
 Bu ghranda sin is be duainidh  
 Le chlogaid ceann mhor ceatach  
 Mar mhaol èidi dh' fhas duaini  
 S in labhair Fionn is e sa mhunadh  
 Mar dhuine 'bhi a do[l] seachad  
 Ge hi <sup>5</sup> an tir am bheil do thuinidh  
 Iola le do chulaidh chraicin

<sup>1</sup> So in MS.<sup>2</sup> marbh.<sup>3</sup> le churag.<sup>4</sup> gabhail.<sup>5</sup> chi (?) A. C.

Lon mac Libhin b' e m' ainm ceart  
 Na biodh agaibse beachd sgeul orm  
 Gu' m' bighinn re umhlach gobhainn  
 Aig Rìgh Lochlain ann 's an<sup>1</sup> speilbhi  
 Thainig mi gu 'r cur fo gheasabh  
 On as luchd sibh freasdal Ceardaich  
 Sibh gam leantuinn buighinn<sup>2</sup> shoghra  
 Siar go dorsabh mo Cheardaich  
 Cait a thrì am bheil do Cheardaich?  
 Na 'm feairde sinn ga faicsin  
 Faice sibhse ma dh' fhaodas  
 Ach ma dh' fhaodas mise chan fhaiceadh  
 Sin nuar chuaidh iad na 'n suibhal  
 Air cuige Mugha na luim dhearg  
 Air sliabh buigh mar bhei thir<sup>3</sup>  
 Gun robh sin nar ceathar buininn  
 Bu bhuighinn diuth sin 'a Gobhain  
 'S bu bhuighinn eile dhiu Daorghlas  
 Bha Fionn n'aonar<sup>4</sup> 'sin uair sin  
 Is beagan a dh' uaislin na Feine  
 Cha deanadh a Gobhain ach aon cheum  
 Thair gach glannan faon an robh fasach  
 Cha ruigheadh oirn ach air eigin  
 Cearb d' ar 'n aodach shuas ar màsabh  
 Teanna gu ceigse a choire  
 Dire re bealach na saoire  
 Fosa beg ort arsa a' Gobhain  
 Druidse romham arsa Daorghlas  
 'S ni fàg mi 'n doras do Cheardach  
 An aite teann is mi 'm aonar  
 Fhuaras an sin builg ga 'n seide  
 Fhuaras an eigin chardach  
 Fhuaras an ceithair Ghoibhinin  
 Do dhaoine doiridh mi dhealbhach  
<sup>5</sup>Nuair 'chuir iad teanchair re teallach  
 Gun lambhair fear do na Goibhinin  
 Gu grimeach agus gu gruamach  
 Ciod a thainig 'm fear caol gun timeadh  
 Mhill òrm 'm thinnen cruadhach  
 Dhubhairt Fionn fear fuasgla na' ceiste  
 An lamh nach tagamh sin fhiaghach  
 Cha bhi 'n t ainm sin sgaoilte

<sup>1</sup> (So in MS.).      <sup>2</sup> o char.<sup>3</sup> A letter either deleted or is illegible.      <sup>4</sup> nar deigh..<sup>5</sup> This line is deleted in MS.

Bha Daorghlas air gus an uair so  
 Bha seachd lamhan air<sup>1</sup> a Ghobhain  
 Agus seachd tiannachair leobhar aotram  
 Na (s)eachd uird' bha gu spreige  
 Cha bu mhise fhreagra Caoilt  
 Caoilt fear dh' fhaire na ceardach  
 Sgeul deirbhte gun troid e  
 Gu'm bu deirge nan gual daraich  
 'S nuagh thoradh na h oibhreadh  
 Fhuaras an sin na 'n sineadh  
 A dh' armabh dìreach daite  
 'S an coliana air an deanabh  
 Do dh' armabh sinte na faiche  
 Fèid agus faobhar agus faodal<sup>2</sup>  
 'S a Chonlach nic na Ceardach  
 'S an lann fhad' a bh' aig Diarmid  
 'S ioma corp riamh a ghearr i  
 Agum fèin bha geire na 'n colag  
 Bu mhor faram a truide  
 'S Mac an Loin a bh' aig Mac Cuthail  
 Nach dh' fhàg fuighil a fheoil daoine  
 Gun a ghabh sin ma shuibhal  
 Ghabhail sgeul do rìgh Shasgan  
 Sin nuar lambhair an rìgh uasal  
 Le neart suairce mar bu chumh  
 Ch'a tugamid air an eagal  
 Sgeul do sheisar do air buighinn  
 Gun 'thag sin suas air sleaghan  
 'S gum b'ann an aighaidh nam bratach  
 Bha iadsan an na seachd cathan  
 Cha do smuanich flath re teiche  
 Ach air lar na foide finneadh  
 Cha robh sinne ann ach seisir  
 Bu dithis deth sin<sup>3</sup> mis' is Caoilt  
 'S bu tri-ubh dhiu Faolan feall  
 Bu chearar dhiu Fionn air thoiseach  
 Is bu chuigear dhiu an Oscar calma  
 Be theisair Goll Mac Morna  
 Nach d' fhuiling tair re 'm chuime<sup>4</sup>  
 Togadh mi tuile dheth 'n aireamh  
 On a chuaidh an Fhionn gu sodra

<sup>1</sup> "gach" deleted.      <sup>2</sup> fasdal (?)

<sup>3</sup> "n" deleted apparently, the word having been written "sinn."

<sup>4</sup> For "chuine."



Bu mhath mi la na teann ruith  
 Ann an Ceardach lonach Libhinn  
 'S 'n ochd 's annaghar mi mo sgeul  
 An dèis a bhi 'g air' na buighinna

## DUN LAOMANN.

'S ciann o sin a thulach àrd  
 Gu 'm facas air do bhàr crann shuas  
 A bhuigheann nach diulta roimh neachd  
 Ge 'd tha me 'nochd gun teachd gun tuar  
     Biodh orrasan Laomann mor  
 Mac Rìgh nuaidh nach duilta roimh neach  
 Am fear a chuir Alba fui' chain  
 Le spionadh a lamh is a threis  
     Thighadh thugain an ceud uair  
 Dh' aindeòin sluagh agus riogh  
 Cruineachd Alba is a feol  
 A h' airgiod 'sa h' or 's a ni  
     Noir bheagaich sin bheag ga muirn  
 A thulach ghuirm bu ghlaine nail  
 Gus an d' roin caireal an Fhian  
 Mac Rìgh Albin nan sgia nais<sup>1</sup>  
     'S e bith a mar ann 'n cath mor thiom  
 Nach do phill riamh 'ghabha cruaidh  
 Gun easbhaidh faobhar na rinn  
 Ga mor a bha air ar cinn do sluaigh  
     Bha Diarmad agus Caoilte cruaidh  
 Fui 'n bhrataich eachdaich arm ruidh  
 Lin cathabh miltich gun dàil  
 Bu dearg sochair an imir bhaì  
     Thainig an ceathramh cath dar Feinn  
 Curaidh bu mhath fèum air thòs  
 An laoch nach tugadh briar tais  
 Iolunn bràs mac Morna mor  
     Naoidh mhac fhichid Morna moir  
 Thainig thugain an sianan mear  
 Le naoidh fichid sgiath le Goll  
 Dheanga ceud gach aon fhear  
     Thainig thugain Faolan fial  
 Deich ceud sgiath is cloidheamh glas

<sup>1</sup> oir.

Gaisridh do mhaithibh na Fian  
 Gu Dun Laomain nan ciabh cas  
     Gluaiseir conachdach nan tonn  
 Choncas an cath trom aig teachd  
 Fa choinidh Feine flathail Fiann  
 Gu Dun Laomain nan ciabh cas  
     Thainig thugain an dùs noin  
 Cath Fhinn mhic Cuthail mhic Threimhor  
 Gum b' e sid an t oirreann ghreanach  
 Fionn fein is a làn thealghlach  
     Bha fear roimhpa bu caoine gloir  
 Le chuinsear gasta an mòr  
 Thuighe thionaileadh an Fhian  
 As gach sliabh an Ear san Iar  
     Bu lionmhor sin bhioth' mar ann  
 Luareach agus Lann is fear  
 Coir agus mile bare  
 Dh iath mar ma Dhun nan dòs  
 Rainic sin tulach nam blà  
 Ghabh sin tur' is tamh is fois  
     Chuaith sin fo 'n ghil ghreine  
 Seachd cath nan gnà Fheine  
 Faoi 'n chrann chuil bu mhaith buaigh  
 Faoi 'n reilín daite' arm ruaidh  
     Dh eirigh Laomann gu deas  
 Air teachd oirn greis don la  
 'S iomad lamh agus cos  
 Theasgra agus ceann  
     'S iomid sleagh a chorcradh leis  
 'S lionmhor enead 's na chuir e lann  
 Bu lionmhor Draosaich nar measg  
 A b' aoiste<sup>1</sup> creachan fo laimh  
     Dh' eirigh Oscar an aigne mhor  
 A chasga' n fhir bha 'n gara dha  
 Dhàsan comhrag caogad laoch  
 Nior dh' eitich an saoi sa chles  
     An t Oscar mor brais bhuileach  
 Fear a reuba gach cath  
 An t suilmhor gharbh gasta  
 Ur mbac an ard fhilath  
     'S mo Mhaesa bhuinig an cnoc  
 Le Oscair a thuit an t ao<sup>2</sup>  
 'S ioma rèuba bha na chorp  
 'S ioma lot thuig' leis na thaobh

<sup>1</sup> aoilteil.<sup>2</sup> saoi.

'S mise Oisiain deadh mhac Fhinn  
 'S ann lainn leag è ruinn  
 An la sin bu mhor mo rath  
 Bha mi dara cath air thus

## TROD CHLANN MORN AGUS CHLANN BAOIS

Thog sinn a mach dreing re dreing slatach  
 Re h aghaidh nam beann dìreach deadh dhaite  
 Bha' bog thlaidi<sup>1</sup> caoilte caol  
 Eidir Albain agus Eirin  
 Bha sinn sireadh a chèile  
 Air gach tuilaich is ard chnocan sleibhte  
 Cha bu tus ratha dhuinne  
 Bhi ga shire 's ga iarraidh  
 Dh' fhàs an dobhar<sup>2</sup> eidirinne  
 Dh' fhàs an abhuin na leuinne bras  
 Bha sinn' 'g eisteachd re gaoth na 'm beann  
 Dh' fheuchain an tragha an abhuin  
 Gluais iad pobal Fhinn a mach  
 Gu 'm 'ann thugain an taon mharcaich  
 An teach buighe baobhal bras  
 A tidhinn fo shleisnibh solais  
 Thug e spor na bharrann bhlàir  
 Am bior chluasach blar baran bras  
 Uch(d) leathain saor solais  
 Marcach an eich chuanda<sup>3</sup> chuin  
 Chaidh e nao uairin romhain  
 Is mharbh leis an donn<sup>4</sup> fhiogh ainm  
 Naonar mhac rìgh na h-aon slighe  
 Thug e uamsa mo sgia laghach  
 Is rinn e mu 'm cheann dì bloighin  
 'S ma ri mo chlogad cruaghach  
 Gun caillin mo cheann leanmhuinn

## FIONN

Dithe do bheatha mhic O Phàil  
 A laoch churanda gun sca  
 'S àghar chuire do ghreis  
 Ma thaineadar uaithe thairis  
 Ge d' e 'n sluagh 'fhuar thu thall  
 An tir mhich Mhorna na n ghorm lann

<sup>1</sup> àite. camhag.<sup>2</sup> abhuin.<sup>3</sup> na meall.<sup>4</sup> cuaite. cuaile?



'Chualas ann sluaigh ciallach tuigseach  
 Bha tura tiomadh neo mhisgach  
 'S mar e do ghràsan Fhinn  
 'Cha tigeansa slain uatha thairis

## LAOGH PHADRIC.

A Phadraic a chanas na sailm  
 Air leumsa gur bà do chial  
 Nach eisd thu tamal ri m' sgeul  
 Air an Fhein nach cual thu riamh  
 A Mèud do chumhsa mhic Fhinn  
 Ga binn leat bhi tighinn air t Fheinn  
 Tha guth na 'n sailm air feadh mo bheòl  
 'Gur e sud bu cheol leam fèin  
 Na 'm bu comhart do shailm  
 Re Fiann Eirinn nan arm nochd  
 A Chleirich s lan ionad leam  
 Nach scarainn do cheann o d' chorp  
 'Gabhamaid do chiomrich fhir mhoir  
 Laoidh do bheol bu bhinn leum fein  
 Agus treis a thoirt air Fionn  
 'O bu mhian leat bhi na Fheinn  
     Na 'biodh thusa Chleirich aigh  
 Air an tràigh siar fo dheas  
 Air uisge Loire nan struth seamh  
 Air a Fheinn bu mhor do mheas  
     La dhuinn' re fiaghach na<sup>1</sup> leirg  
 'Cha do chasadh sealg nar car  
 Chunnacas na mile Barc  
 A teachd air an traigh air lèar  
     Labhair Mac Cuthail gun chleith  
 Gun tugaidh e breith is buaigh  
 Na 'm biodh aon fhear aige 'san Fheinn  
 Rachadh a ghabhail sgeul' an t sluagh  
     Gun labhair Conan a risd  
 'Co a righ a b' àil luibh 'dhol ann  
 Ach Feargus fir ghlic do mac  
 O 's e chleachd bhi dol na ceann  
     Scaradh ort a Chonain mhiol  
 Labhair Feargus bu chaoin cruth  
 Rachain a ghabhail a sgeul  
 Don Fheinn 's cha b' ann air do ghuth

<sup>1</sup> "na" apparently deleted.

Dh imich Feargus armach òg  
 An rod an coinidh nam fear  
 Dh' fharaid e chomhra fhòil  
 Co na sloigh thanig air lear  
 Manus fuileach corrach fiol  
 Mac Rìgh Beatha nan sgia (dearg)  
 Ard Rìgh Lochlan cean nan cliar  
 Giol le mor fhraoch is feirg  
 Ciod a ghluas a bhuaghinn borb  
 O crìoch Lochain nan colg sean  
 Mas ann a chuideach<sup>1</sup> na Feine  
 S ait leinn 'ur trial air lèar  
 Air do laimhse Fheargus fhial  
 As an Fheinn ga mor do mhuirn  
 Cumh cha ghabh sinn' g(un) Bhràn  
 'S gun a bhean a thoirt o Fhionn  
 As an Fheinn ga bheil mo dhoidh  
 As mo ghloir gu bheil mo mhuirn  
 A mheud 's a thainig sibh air lear  
 Cha tuga sibh Brann air tuin  
 Bheirigh an Fheinn comhrag cruaidh  
 Do d' sluaigh man luibhrcadh iad Bran  
 Bheiridh Fionn comhraig treun  
 Dhut fein man luibhradh e bhean  
 Gluais Feargus ma bhraithair fein  
 'S bu shamhuilt do 'n ghrain a chruth  
 Bhual e air airis a sgeul  
 'S gum b' osgara treun a guth  
 Tha Rìgh Lachlain 'sid air an traigh  
 Gu de fath dhuinn bhi ga chleth  
 'S ail leo comhrag na 's leor dluth  
 Na do bhean 's do chu fo bhreith  
 Ach cha tugainse mo bhean  
 Do dhaon neach tha fo 'n ghrein  
 Ni mo bheirinn Bran gu brath  
 Gus an deid am bàs am bheul  
 Labhair Mac Cuthail re Goll  
 'S mor an clos dhuinn bhi nar tosd  
 Nach tuga maid comhrag laidair garg  
 Dh'ard Rìgh Lochlain nan arm<sup>2</sup> nochd  
 Iarla Mugha 'mor i<sup>3</sup> sonn  
 Lambhair Diarmad donn na' con  
 Caisgi me sid a rìgh  
 Neo biodh mo bais air a shon

chomra.

<sup>2</sup> lean.<sup>3</sup> "s" deleted in "is," leaving "i."

Seachd altramain Lochuibh Lain  
 Labhair Mac Morna gun cheilg  
 Ge 'h iadsan is mò sloigh  
 Caisnidh sinne buaigh na reit <sup>1</sup>  
 Thuirt an t Oscar bu mhor bri  
 Leig thugain Rìgh Inse Torc  
 A chlann is a dha chomharlach dheug  
 Leig eidir mi fein is an cosg  
 Beul re beannagha beul re buaigh  
 Arsa Mac Cuthail nan gruighin aigh  
 Manus air thoseach an t-sluaigh  
 Caisgidh gruaigh ga mor fhearg  
 An oidhiche mar sin dhoibh gu là <sup>2</sup>  
 Cha bu mhaire <sup>3</sup> leo bhi gun cheol  
 Fian ga losga agus cèir  
 Bha sud aig an Fheinn 's an òl  
 Chunacadar an ceann treis lo  
 Na sloigh 'tighinn air an gaurt <sup>4</sup>  
 'S meirg Rìgh Lochlain an aigh  
 Ga thoghbhail on traigh nar n' uachd  
 Togar leo ghrèin re crann  
 Bratach Fhinn s bu gharbh a treis  
 Air a ceangal le clochabh òir  
 Again 's bu mhor a meas  
 B' ioma cotan b' ioma sgia  
 B' ioma luireach liath is ghorm  
 B' ioma Foiseach <sup>5</sup> 's mac Rìgh  
 'S cha robh a haon riamh gun arm  
 B' ioma cloidh' dorn Chran òir  
 Agus sròl ga chuir re <sup>6</sup> gaoith  
 An cath fuileach Fionn nam fleadh  
 B' iomadach sleagh os air ceann  
 Cromadar air ceann sa cath  
 Rinn gach flath mar a gheall  
 Leige Manus air an traigh  
 Am fianais chaich air an raon  
 An uair a chasadh Manus nan cuach  
 'S mac Cuthail nan gruaigh dearg  
 Le cheile air thoiseach an t sluaigh  
 Air luinne gum bu cruaidh <sup>7</sup> an cas  
 Clachan agus talamh trom  
 Ga fhosgala fo bonn an cas  
 Cait an robh e n Ear nan Iar  
 Ga mor an sgeul re chuir an clos

<sup>1</sup> Last word doubtful.<sup>2</sup> là ?<sup>3</sup> ghnà.<sup>4</sup> gart.<sup>5</sup> Toiseach. "F" for "T" by mistake.<sup>6</sup> crann.<sup>7</sup> dail.



Tilgidir uatha 'n airm uile  
 Chaidh an spairn an dà laoch  
 Am fear sin ga nach b' onair righ  
 Chuiris ceangal nan trì chaoil  
 Shud nuar labhar Conn a ris  
 Mac Morna bha riamh re h' olc  
 Leig thugam Manus nan larn  
 'S gu 'n scarain a cheann re chorp  
 'S beg mo chairdeas na mo chaomh  
 Rutsa 'Chonnain mhaoil gun fholt  
 On' tharla mi 'n lamhan Fhinn  
 'S 's ansa leam na bhi fo d' smachd

Cha 'n imrid <sup>1</sup> trèun air flath  
 Anagla mi thu on 'n Fheinn  
 A lamh threun a chur' mor chath  
 Gheibh thu do roghainn a risd  
 N' uar tharlas tu do 'd thir fèin  
 Cleamhnas is connunn <sup>2</sup> is pairt  
 Na do lan a thoirt o 'm Fheinn  
 Am fad s' a bhios mi beo  
 Na bhios an deo ann mo chorp  
 Dh' uits' bheir me mo lamh  
 Nach toir me aon bhuile t agaidh Fheinn  
 'S aireach leam na roinn me ort  
 Cha b' ann ormsa a rionn  
 Ach ort fein a rionn thu 'n cron  
 Mar deach fear dhiu <sup>3</sup> sa Greig  
 Na air chùil na grèin air lear  
 Cha 'n fhaca duine a thir fein  
 Don' a thainig do d' dheigh a mach

#### DUAN GHARBH MHIC STAIRN.

Eirigh a Chuth Teamhrai  
 Chi me luingis do labhraidh  
 Lom làn nan cuan clanach  
 Do luingeabh nan Almharach  
 'S mealt thu dhorsair gu mua  
 'S mealt u 'n diu 's gach aon uair  
 'S iad th' ann luingeas mor na magh  
 Teachd thugain gar cobhair

<sup>1</sup> inarid ?<sup>2</sup> "connunn," a mistake for "comunn."<sup>3</sup> dhia (?)

Tha aon laoch an doras Teamhraidh  
 Am pors <sup>1</sup> an Rìgh gu ro mheanmnich  
 Aig 'ra gu 'n gabhar leis gun fheall  
 'S gu 'n gabhadh e geil air fhearabh Eirin  
 Thainig mise arsa Cuth Raogha  
 Far aon agus O Conochair  
 Fear dian taobh ghill  
 Is Fraoch fial mac fluidh  
 Na d' tig air sin a Chuth Raogha  
 Na caiteadh air combhra gun chli  
 Cha chomhraighear nis <sup>2</sup> gun fheall  
 Air ard Rìoghachd na h Eirin  
 Chomad mis' cuig cath cath deug  
 Dh' amhrag ni 'n canam brèug  
 Breth ghairbh as tir shoir  
 A meud ghallan nan comhrag  
 Sin nuair thubairt Meagha thall a stigh  
 Inghean Ochaidh fhilath na Feinne  
 Na leigibh oglach nan cath  
 Do thigh Teamhraidh nan rìgh flath  
 Sin nar thuirt Connal gu còir  
 Dheadh mhac àluin Eidir sgeoil  
 Cha bhi e ro' raite a bhean  
 Gun diult sinn' riomh aon fhear  
 Leigibh a stigh am fear more  
 Na drip am fianuis an t sloigh  
 'S iomad tri cheud a stigh  
 Reitichibh dhosan stri' sin  
 Thog Cuthuillin an sin a sgia  
 Air a mbagh slim libharra liath  
 Sheall 's nios air a dha shleagh  
 Is ghlac Connal a chlaidh  
 Thug iad a stigh pronnadh cheud  
 Do bhiadh is do dhibhe gun fhuineach  
 Gu chaitheamh gus an fhear mhor  
 A thainig as an Easraidh  
 An uair bu shathach am fear mor  
 Agus thug e treis air òl  
 Thug e sealltuin orra nunn  
 Air caogad Mac Rìogh ma thimchiol  
 Do bheathsan fhir mhor  
 A thainig as an Easraidh  
 Na 'm biodh ni bu leithe stigh  
 Gheibhe tu fiagh is failt

<sup>1</sup> port.      <sup>2</sup> ris ?

Ni 'n tairis leam air failt  
 Gus an gia<sup>1</sup> me mà m braidibh  
 Gus an cuirinn ann am luing  
 Baigh' nin Mac Rìgh na h' Eirin  
 Sin nar thuirt Briciaìn gu muadh  
 Mac mhic Chairbre fo 'n chraoibh ruaigh  
 Fhear is failt dhuit gun fheall  
 Am fiannis fearabh na 'h Eirin  
 Macanachd Eirin uile dhuitse  
 Namsa Bhriciaìn bhar bhuigh  
 Fad sa bhios mis' am riogh gu teann  
 Air ard rioghachd na h-Eirin  
 Bhrathairnse na bradain  
 Ann am faighetu na fhaghaint in<sup>2</sup>  
 Buin leat Lugha Chuth-riogh  
 Agus Fiamhaid Mac Ghoraidh  
 Fear-dian taobh-ghil  
 Agus Fraoch fial Mac Fiughaidh  
 Aog Mac Ghairidh a Ghlun g'il  
 Agus Caoilt geal Mac Roineain  
 Lugham is Diarmad am blaodh  
 Dèadh mhac riogh Leithin Lubaidh  
 Cormac ann luingeas gu luath  
 Mac mhic Chairbre fo 'n chraobh ruaigh  
 Buine borb laoch is borb a stigh  
 Is buin leat gu luath Faoi' Fhearghas  
 Ghabh a' sin na mhic riogh  
 Ann an tigh<sup>3</sup> Feamhrac gu fìor  
 Agus chuireadh iad a muigh  
 Do 'n trèun fhear na fhiannis  
 Sin nuair thubhart Briciaìn gu muath  
 Ma(c) mhic Chairbre on chraobh ruaigh  
 Ciad sorigh dhuit dol na luing  
 Is thu gun gheil o Chuth chuillin<sup>4</sup>  
 Am bheil aig Cuth cuillin mac  
 Na inghean is gile glaic  
 No daltan a b' aineamh bragad  
 No mac dilis dèadh mhathair?  
 Ni 'm bheil aig Cuchuillin mac  
 Na inghean is gile glaic  
 Ach b' ionsa leis Snaois an aigh  
 Brathair Oilbhin is Ardain

<sup>1</sup> iadh. "Cuirrinn" deleted in MS. before "gia."

<sup>2</sup> raigh'ntin.

<sup>3</sup> So in MS.

<sup>4</sup> chuillir.



Freagair a Chuthchullin chaoin  
 A mhic sheidridh so ailte  
 Taibheirt Snaois air a cheann  
 Air do chuid do dh'fhearabh Eirin  
 Ni 'm fearr mise na Snaois  
 Ni 'm fearr laoch a chomh-aois  
 Ach deangaidh re h' uair  
 Cuid do gach curaidh ann comhla <sup>1</sup>  
 Bheirinsa briathr 'riogh ann  
 Fhearabh àille na h' Eirin  
 Nach teid mi fein am luingis  
 'S mi gun gheil o Chuchallainn  
 Bheirirse briathar riogh eile  
 'So labhair an t ard Chuth-armuin  
 Nach toir thu mo dhilse air muir  
 'S mi fein ann am bheatha  
 Sin nuair dh'eirigh an da thriath  
 Le neart cliodh agus sgia  
 Thogadar an talamh teath  
 Le 'n traidheamh sin uair sin  
 Biomad buile o bhil sgia  
 Is fuaim clisneach re cliar  
 Fuaim lainn aig gaoth nan gleann  
 Bha sgleo nan curaidh cho teann  
 An ceann an t seachdamh lo  
 Thug Cuthchuillinn beum dho  
 Is sguilt e o bhun gu bar  
 An sgia eangach orradh  
 A Cuth chuillir aithnich Triath  
 Agamsa cha mhair mo sgia  
 Ach aon cheum an Ear na 'n Iar  
 Cha tug mi riamh 's mi 'm beatha  
 Bheirimse riogh ann  
 'S e labhair an t ard Chuth-Armunn  
 Aon cheum teichi 'n Ear na' Iar  
 Nac(h) fhaighead e chead a thabhart  
 Thilg Cuthchuillinn uaith a sgia  
 Air an fhaiche 'n Ear na 'n Iar  
 Ga b' ainich sud b' ols <sup>2</sup> an fhiall  
 Ach thug Cuthchuillinn beum eile  
 Le meud a mhainme 's a sgeaneadh  
 Thog e lamh leis an lann  
 Is scàr e 'n ceann on cholainn

<sup>1</sup> comhrag.      <sup>2</sup> Doubtful.

Macanachd Eirin uile dhut  
 Uamsa arsa Conal  
 Is an ceud chorn gun fheall  
 Am fiannis feara Eirin

### LAOIGH FHRAOICH.

Osna caraid air cuan <sup>1</sup> Fhraoich  
 Osna laoich air Caisail <sup>2</sup> chro  
 Osna 'on bu tuirseach fear  
 'S om bu trom ghalach bean og  
     Gur trom 's gur tosdach do tamh  
 Eilian ailli' is uaine dos  
 Fhir thug buai' anns gach cas  
 A ghradh nam ban o Chruachan Soir  
     Sud e siar an carn fo 'm bheil  
 Fraoch ma(c) Feadhaich <sup>3</sup> an fhuilt mhaoth  
 Fear a rinn buigheas Meabh  
 'S air an sloinnear an carn Fraoch  
     Gaol na' ban o 'n chruachan tuir  
 'S cruaidh am fath man ghuil a bhean  
 Gur e leig an osna throm  
 Fhraoch mac Feathaich nan colg sean  
 'S i 'n ainnir a ni 'n gul  
 Tighinn gar fios o chluain Mèabh  
 Donn airaidh an fhuilt chaisil <sup>4</sup>  
 Aon inghean Meabh gam biodh na laoch  
 Aon inghean Chorrail <sup>5</sup> is gruine falt  
 Bhios taobh re taobh an ochd re Fraoch  
     Ga iomad fear thug dhi gràdh  
 Ni 'n ghradhaich i dh' fhear ach Fraoch  
 Nar fhuair Meabh am muigh e  
 Cairdas an laoch bu ghlaine gne  
 'S e aobhar muna rèub i chorp  
 Chionn gun lochd a dheanamh lè'  
     Chuir i e 'n gàbha bhàis  
 An taobh re mnio <sup>6</sup> nach ceilidh lochd  
 'S tuirseach a thuitim le feirg  
 Dh' innsin duibh a ceilg a nos  
     Caorann do bhi air loch Meabh  
 Air an traigh ud siar fo dheas

<sup>1</sup> cluan.      <sup>2</sup> castail.

<sup>3</sup> Meaghaich.      <sup>4</sup> chas feile.      <sup>5</sup> Orrail.      <sup>6</sup> grein.

Gach aon ràì' 's gach aon mhios  
 Toradh gum bi is biadh air<sup>1</sup>  
 Gun robh bri sa chaorann sin  
 Gum a mhilse na mhil bhla  
 Gun cumadh<sup>2</sup> an caoran dearg  
 Do neach mar bhiadh càr nàò trā  
 Ach aig a bhun bha na thamh  
 A Bheithir ghàrg is measa nimh  
 Co 'n laoch a rach a 'n dail  
 Ans namhaid is air bith

(Pages 41-42 amissing).

Glaiste na criodh sin bhi cruaidh  
 'S ni 'm faoid e leithe bhi buan na dheigh  
 Och a chean mo ghaoil 's doacair  
 Nis 's me fein nar deigh  
 'S ionmhuin Tigherna na slòigh  
 'S ionmhuin gruaigh air 'dhreach an rois  
 'S ionmhuin bèul nach earadh daimh  
 Gha 'm b(i) mnai toibhairt phòg  
 Baird a shleaghan na crann siùl  
 Bu bhinne na teud chiul a ghuth  
 Aon snamhaich b' fhearr na Fraoch  
 Cha do shin a thaobh re struth  
 Bu mhor spionadh a dhà dhorn  
 Bu ro mhath coel a dha chos  
 Chaidh t aigne thair riogh  
 Roimh churaidh riamh ni 'n d' fhiar fios  
 Bu treas thu no comhlan sgia  
 Ge ioma triath bha ri 'n cùl  
 'G amhrag do luingeas is do lann  
 Bu lithne chalb na clar luinge  
 Bu duibh na m fitheach t fhalt  
 Bu deirge na fuil laogh do leac  
 Bu chaiseadh nan caiseadh t fhalt  
 Bu ghuirm d' rosg na eiric-leac  
 Bu deirge na 'n corcair do bheul  
 Bu ghile do dheud na chaile  
 Fara mhineadh nan cobhar struth  
 Bu gille na sneachd corp Fraoch  
 Gu 'm bi sud an t uabhar mna  
 'S mo chonnacas air mo dho rose  
 Fraoch chuir a bhuain a chrionn  
 An deigh a chaoran a bhi bhos

<sup>1</sup> mheas.    <sup>2</sup> fodhnadh.



Air a chluain thug a t ainm  
 Loch Fhraoch a raite ris an Loch  
 'S 'm biodh a bheist 's gach uair  
 'S a craos suas ris an dos  
 Togadar leo air chuan Meabh <sup>1</sup>  
 Corp an laoich air caisil <sup>2</sup> chrō  
 Ona bhas ud fhuar am fhear  
 'S mairg is mairriann na dheidh beo

### LOSG BRUTH FARBUIRN

La gun deach Fionn lia fhiannabh  
 Air struaibh gorm Inse Fial  
 Chuir e mach a leoghair <sup>3</sup> ghasa  
 Feadh na 'm beann a b' fhaisge dhoibh <sup>4</sup>  
 Dh' fhag iad Feo-'ais nan corn buaghach  
 Mac Rìgh Fithill non cuach carn  
 Chruin churaigh sheinn gu ro mhath <sup>5</sup>  
 Seid chiuil air choraibh a crann  
 Ceud seachdae ceud ceanna bheirt cora ghlas <sup>6</sup>  
 Ceud luireach is ceud clogad  
 Ceud srian thairgneach nan each ard  
 Ceud bratach caoil uaine dhathadh  
 Thoga gaoth re gathaibh chrann  
 Ceud Macan re bhroilleach side <sup>7</sup>  
 Ceud oigh bu ghrinne mèur  
 Ceud bean nam muirne na Mhacan  
 Thuair uram an teach nan trian <sup>8</sup>  
 Ceud cuilian 's ceud coilleir airgid  
 Bha 'n Teo-'ais fad fo linn  
 Ceud laoch nach druide roimh theann ruith  
 Ceud saor bhean bhàn d' bantrach Fhinn  
 Dh' fhag sin sud an teach nan geur lann  
 'S iuma neach a gheabh eugmhar <sup>9</sup> ann  
 Gu na laigh Gairidh Mor mac Morna  
 Re taobh talla air leabai uir  
 Gun' laigh Gairidh mac Morna

leoghain (?)      <sup>4</sup> dha.      <sup>1</sup> Fhraoch.      <sup>2</sup> chaistil.  
                                  <sup>5</sup> organ      cruain chiuil.      <sup>6</sup> luirich.      <sup>7</sup> shithid.  
                                  <sup>8</sup> triath.      <sup>9</sup> air aisegann

## CONN MAC AN DEIRG

- 1 Aithris dhùine Oisain nàraich  
Mhic Fhinn uasail thoghradhaich  
Sgeulachd air Conn feargach<sup>1</sup> fearail  
An sonn calma caoin ceanail<sup>2</sup>
- 2 Sgeulachd air Conn Mac an Deirg  
Air a liana le trom fheirg  
Dh'l a dhioladh athar gun fheall  
Air uaisle is air maithibh na Feinne
- 3 Cia bu mhò Conn no 'n Dearg mor  
Oisain na 'm briara binn bheol  
Na 'm b'ionan dealbh dha is dreach  
'S do 'n Dearg mhor mhear mheanmnich

## OISAIN

- 4 Bu' mho Conn gu' mor mor  
Teachd an garadh air sloigh  
A tarruing a luingeas a steach  
An cumhag cuain agus caolais
- 5 Shuigh e air an tulaich gar còir  
Am<sup>3</sup> fluidh curanda garbh mor  
Mar thragha màra re treun thuinn  
Aig ro mheud folachd an t suinn
- 6 Shuaidh e am frithleanibh na 'n neul  
Os air ceann 's an ath mheud  
Is ghabhadh e do chleasa gaisga  
Siar am bailcibh na h' iormailt
- 7 A mhac samhuil cha 'n fhacas riamh  
Ag imeachd magh na mor shliabh  
'S cha b' àille neach fo 'n ghrein  
Na Conn nan 'n arm faobhar ghèur
- 8 Gruaidh chorcair mar iubhar chaor<sup>4</sup>  
'Rosg ghorm na mala cam a chaol  
Falt ur òrbhuidh amalach grinn  
Air an og mheanmuich fhearail aoibhin
- 9 Coig nimh gu liodart chorp  
Aig laoch aghmhor na 'n trom lot  
Bha chloidh' air scà a sgeithe  
Air an laoch gun eagal aimh-ràidh
- 10 Buaigh 's baille 'h robh e riamh  
Air gaisge 's mor air<sup>5</sup> ghnìomh

<sup>1</sup> feara.      <sup>2</sup> caoin ghionald—a fair be gotten.<sup>3</sup> Corrected from Gillies' edition.      <sup>4</sup> caon.<sup>5</sup> So in MS., but "air" should be before "mor." A. C.

'S gam b' ioma laoch bha gun sgios  
Tabhairt do gheil is mor chios

## CONAN

- 11 Labhair Conan maol mac Morna  
Leigir thuige an ceud uair mi  
'S gu am buinin an ceann amach  
Do Chonn di-measach uaibhreach "

## OSCAR

- 12 Marbhaisg ort a Chonain mhioal  
Nach seuir thu do d' lonan a chaoidh  
Cha bhuine tu 'n ceann do chonn  
Do' radh<sup>1</sup> Oscar na mor long  
13 Gluais Conan na mi cheile  
A dh' ain doin na Feinne gu leir  
An coinidh Chuinn bhuaighich bhrais  
Be sin car tuathal aimh leas  
14 Nuar chionnaic Conn bu chaoine dealbh  
Conan dol andail airm  
Rug e le sithe air an Daoith  
Is e teiche gu luath uaith  
15 B' iomadh scread is iolach cruaidh  
O bheul Chonnain nan diom buaigh  
Bu lùigh na fuaime tuinne re teachd  
'S an Fheinn uile ga èisteachd  
16 B' ioma pluc is garbh mheall  
Bha 'g eirigh air a dhroch ceann  
Air maoil Chonnain reambar  
'S na cuig caoil 's an aon cheangal  
17 Beannachd ag an laimh a rinn sin"  
'S e labhair Fionn a chruth ghil  
Is sheall iad an sin air a cheile  
Moran do mhaithibh na Feine  
18 Gur i comhairle chinn doibh  
Sar mhac Fhinn bu chaoine gleo<sup>2</sup>  
Chuir 'ghabhail sgèul do 'n Fhear mor  
Cia fath a thurais do 'n Fheinn  
19 Ghluais Feargus muirnich bà  
Mac na Mor Ghael  
A uchd athar mar bu choir  
Ghabhail sgeul do 'n fhear dhocharach

<sup>1</sup> thubhairt.      <sup>2</sup> leo (?)



## FEARGHUS

- 20 “ A Chuinn mhoir bhuaigheach bhrais  
 “ Fhir shughaich ait aoibhin  
 “ Ghabhail sgèul a thainig mi  
 “ Ciod e fa do thuras do 'n tir
- 21 “ Mhic an Deirg dhiomasaich theath  
 “ Chruinn dhealbhaich an dèud ghil  
 “ Thainis a ghabhail do dh' Fhionn  
 “ Ga hì<sup>1</sup> fa do thug an talamh

## CONN.

- 22 “ Briaran 'bheir mise dhuit  
 “ Fhearghus agus buan leat e  
 “ Eiric m' athar 's aill leam uaith  
 “ O'r maithibh is o'r mor uaislibh
- 23 “ Ceann Ghuill is 'dha mhac mhòr  
 “ Ceann Fhinn flath 'n t sloigh  
 “ Cinn chloinn Morna uile  
 “ 'Dh' fhaotain an eiric aon duine
- \*24 Cormic mac Art agus Fionn  
 Agus na bheil leo dhfearabh na Fèine
- 25 An tir uile o thuin gu tuinn  
 Dh' gheileachdain do 'm aon chuing  
 Na còmhrag cuig ceud do 'r fineadh  
 Fhaotin air madain a marich
- 26 An sin labhair cuig ceud do air fineadh  
 Casgaidh sinn a luath mhi rialdh  
 Cha robh sud dhiobh a radh  
 Ri dol san imear bhuaigh
- 27 Thug e mach cloidh an deirg mhoir  
 Le onfath catha' sa cheud uair  
 Thug e tromhabh na ghràin  
 Mar sheobhag a measg ealta mhin èun

## FIONN.

- 28 A Choirebhin agus a Choirebhin  
 Na tig air comhra cho cli sin  
 Cha tugadh tu an ceann do Chonn  
 Gun dà thriann na bheil san Fheinn
- 29 B' iomad cruth a chaochail greann  
 Is cuirp ath chuimte le cruas lann  
 Iomad lamh is leth chos  
 Iomad claigeann thall 's a bhos

<sup>1</sup> chi (?) A. C.

\* Two lines wanting in 24 stanza.

- 30 Urad eile ge d' bhiodh iad ann  
<sup>1</sup> Gu 'n tuiteadh sin air aon bhall  
 Is Conn 'cailceadh a sgia  
 'G iarraidh comhrag 's ga 'm b' <sup>2</sup> aimh riar
- 31 Thog sinn seachd fichid fear mor  
 Do mhaithibh teaghlach air sloigh  
 Thoir a chinn do dha mhac an Deirg  
 Is dh' fhainich sin Fionn fo throm fheirg
- 32 Chaidh air seachd fichid na dhàil  
 Is an orra thainig an diobhàil  
 Thug e rùar fir forthuinn  
 Bu luath e na roth Galla-mhuillin
- 33 Thuit ar seachd fichid fear mor  
 B' aobhar tuirse is do bhròn <sup>3</sup>  
 Gun leig an Fheinn gaoire cruaidh  
 Ri diothachadh a mhor sluaigh

## FIONN.

- 34 "'Ghuill mhic Morna na mhor ghnìomh  
 " Fhir a chleachd air cobhair riamh  
 " A mhian suil gach Mnio <sup>4</sup>  
 " A laoi ch laidir na <sup>5</sup> teugmhille
- 35 " S dana leams Conn a bhagra ort  
 " Is air Choinn <sup>6</sup> Morna uile  
 " Nach buine tu ceann deth <sup>7</sup>  
 " Mar rinn thu deth athair roimh"
- 36 " Dheanainse sin dhuitse Fhinn  
 " Fhir nam briara bla bheoil bhinn  
 " Cuirimid fuath is folachd air chùl  
 Biomad uile dh' aon rùn
- 37 " Ge d' thuit te <sup>8</sup> t aiteam uile <sup>9</sup>  
 Ceann chlaoinn Morna na mungabhachd
- 38 Ge d' mharbhta an Fheinn uile  
 Ga diothacha an aon duine  
 Bhithin fèin is mo threin leat  
 A riogh na Feine gu d' chobhair"
- 39 Ghluais Goll na chulaidh chruidh <sup>10</sup>  
 An fiathnuis a mor shluaigh  
 Bu gheal is dearg gnuis an fhir  
 Re do(l) an tùs na h' iorghuile
- 40 Dh' eirigh frigh is fraoch  
 Air da mhal' an da mhor laoi ch

<sup>1</sup> Gheabta sin timchiol air Conn.<sup>2</sup> So in MS.<sup>3</sup> dubh bhron.<sup>4</sup> Baile in Gillies' collection.<sup>5</sup> So in MS.—A. C.<sup>6</sup> So in MS.—A. C.<sup>7</sup> gu fearail in Gillies<sup>8</sup> le (?) A. C.<sup>9</sup> Two lines missing.<sup>10</sup> So in MS.

- An da churaidh bu gharbh cèth  
 Chuir iad an tulaich air bhall-chrith  
 41 Le 'm beumanabh muin air muin  
 Cuineacha na mor fholachd  
 Seith teine <sup>1</sup> ga n arma nochd  
 Seith folla gun creachdan goirt  
 42 Seith caile a borraibh 'n sgia'  
 'Si dol uatha an sna fiarbhaile  
 43 Seachd la agus tra'  
 Gu 'm bu tursaich mic is mnai  
 Gus na thuit le Goll nam beumanan  
 An sonn mòr air cheart eigin  
 44 Gair aobhain a rin an Fhionn  
 Nach d' rinneadh riamh roimh  
 Ri faicin a Ghuill chrodha 'n uachdar  
 Air a Chonn mheanmnich mhor uabhreach  
 45 Fhuasgail Conan a sàs <sup>2</sup> cruaidh  
 An dèis sarach air mor shluagh  
 Seachd blina bha Goll an aidh  
 Gun leigheas man robh e slain  
 Pronnadh òir fo thromadh daimh  
 'G òl fion dh' oidheche is dh' là  
 Is ceòl a ghnà ma thiomchìol.

## DAN

## IARCUM NAN LONG.

## A CHEUD CHUID.

'S muladach mise, 's mi m aonar,  
 Re caoidh nan laithean a dh' fhalbh !—  
 Dh' fhalbh iad mar ghathan na grèine,  
 'Nuair 'thig fras 'nan dèigh o'n fhireach ;  
 Gu tiamhaidh duthaith an iarmailt,  
 Luithidh neoil air uchd nam beann  
 Gidheadh scapaidh an doilleir  
 Gu soilleir soillsidh a ghrian—  
 Ach dhomhsa gu brath cha 'n èirich,  
 A solus a b' aoibhinn do m-anam !  
 Cha 'n fhaic mi tuille na laoich,  
 'S tric a chuir aognachd air maitheamh ;

<sup>1</sup> o 'n      <sup>2</sup> fias. A. C.



'Nuair bhuailte beum-sgeithe gu comhrag  
'Sa lasaadh colc-chath bhur cuid lann.

Ge d' bu duilich mi là beinn Eudainn.

'Nuair chuir sinn treubhach an cath ;

'Smi faicinn Oscair do bhèudsa

Do chrèuchdan gèur is do loit :

'S ann is duilich mi 'nochd 's mi m-aonar,

Gun thusa ghaoil a bhi agam,

'Chum aoibhneis do m-anam mar b-aibhist

Chum àigh is aighear do t-athair.

Cha 'n fhaic mi tuilleadh mo laoch

Le chraosaich 'g iomain a chatha,

'S cha chluinn mi tuilleadh a' scairteachd,

A' scapadh trom eagal 'san laraich.

Druidt' an tigh cumhang a d' shìneadh,

Cha 'n eirich thu chaoidh 'g am fhreagairt :

'S fuaim na h-iorghuil cha chluinn thu,

Cha chluinn mo ghuthsa ga d' thuireadh !

Tha 'n earbag a nis gun churam,

Gu sìubhlach a' ruith feadh nan cnoc :

Faodaidh i luidhe is èirigh,

Cha lèum do shaighead le lot !

Tha fiadh air uilinn beinn-Eiti,<sup>1</sup>

'S làn-shocair a chèum gun chabhag,

Gun eagal gu 'n cluinn e do ghaothar,

Cha 'n fhairich e t-fhaoghaid 'sa ghleann !

Tuirling Oscair le d' Thaibhse,

Tuirling le d' thaibhse gu t athair,

'N aisling taisbein thu fein dha,

'Tabhairt nuaigheachd thig aoibhinn d' a anam,

Gu ruig e aithghearr an còmhlan,

Fionn Mac Chu'aill is Diarmid,

Geal-Rino, Caoilt, agus Glaisein,

Fearghus fili nan gèur-lann—

Is Faolan Connal is Goll :

Buidhean bu treine 'sa b-èucail,

'S air 'n èireadh deagh chaithream 'nam fonn—

Gur truagh nach mise bha còlamh,

Re còmhlan maitheamh an t sluaigh !

'S an ionad 'm bheil Thaibhse gu subhach,

Neo-dhuthach le Trathul nam buadh !

Ach thig iad fathast ga m-iarruidh,

Oir cian cha 'n fheud mi bheo ;

Dh' fhalbh na bu threise 's bu threine,

<sup>1</sup> Eudainn.

'S treigidh mo chèumsa gun deò,  
 Cha d' chum an spionnadh na 'n àilleachd,  
 Na laoiach a b' àille bha aguinne,  
 Tha Fionn is Tréunmhor le cheile,  
 Is Oscar 'nan deigh cha mhairean !

Treigidh gach ni tha 'san t-saoghal,  
 Cha 'n fhuirich h-aon diubh gun chaitheamh,  
 Eadar talamh, creagan, is moinnteach,  
 Uisg' is ceò, agus beannaibh —  
 'Treigidh is thig iad gu crìch,  
 O'n daormunn is crìne, gu Maitheamh  
 O ard-gheal shoillse na grèine,  
 Gu fann-lag bhuigeadh an teine.  
 Leis a' sin seinneamsa m-òran  
 Fuidh bhron ge d' bhi mi car tamuill,  
 Tha Taibhse mo Shinnsear 's mo chairdean,  
 Gu h-ard 'san Talla 'm bheil aighear—  
 Chluinnte fada guth a' sgèula,  
 Nuair thachair trom-bheud dhuinn 'san deannal,  
 Ge d' cheannuich sinn Iarcum le Armuinn,  
 'S na millte barca 'gar coimhead.

Nuair a thuit a Mhuireardeach 'san àraich,  
 'Sa tharladh a corp 'san talamh ;  
 Chuala Rìgh Lochlann 's bu chraiteach,  
 Leis caradh is diùmhail na mnatha.  
 A crios thog Gobha nan Cuan leis,  
 'Sa bharcas 'san d' thainig iad thairis :  
 'S làn folla sheall è do 'n Ard-Rìgh,  
 'Rànaich "gun d' mharbhadh a' bhean."

## IARCUM

" 'S na mbarbhadh mo Mhuirdeardach ruadh,  
 Cha d' tharladh do neart 'nan lamhan  
 Na leagadh gun fheall i 'san àraich,  
 Le sleagh, le strèip, na le claidheamh ;  
 Mar do shluig i talamh-toll,  
 Mar do bhàth muir sleamhain lom,  
 Cha 'n aithne dhomh dhaoine 'sa chruinne,  
 Na bhuidhneadh air mo Mhuime buaidh."

## GOBHA

" Cha do shluig i talamh toll,  
 Cha do bhàth muir shleamhain lom,  
 Is aithne dhuit daoine 'sa chruinne,  
 A fhuair air do Mhuimse buaidh.

Cha 'n e mharbh i ach an Fhèinn  
 Buidhean leis nach gabhta Fiamh :  
 'S b' fhiadhaich an coslas 'san strì,  
 Nuair thuit an trèun laoiach fuidh 'n lannaibh."

## IARCUM

"C'aite Ghobha 'n robh 'n Fhèinn  
 'Nuair thachair leò 'm beud gun ghainne ?  
 'N d' fhuair sibh iad seapt' ann a' Morbheinn,  
 Na cruinn le cheile 'gar feitheamh ?  
 'M fac thu Deo-Ghreine re crànn,  
 Le slabhruichean òr-bhuidh aiste ?  
 'N do thàrladh dhoibh cogadh re namhaid,  
 Na 'n robh iad ruith seilge 's na beannaibh ?"

## GOBHA

"'S ann bha iad a' comhrag an Eirinn ;  
 Re seoid a dh' eirich 'nan aghaidh ;  
 'Bagairt mor-Chormac an t-àrd-Rìgh,  
 Thilgeadh le tàire o chathair.  
 Ach cheannsuich an Fhiann am buirbe,  
 Le eigin strìochd iad d' an cumhachd,  
 'S bha Eirinn uil' ann an siothchaimh,  
 'Nuair dh' imich ar loingeis gu Calla."

## IARCUM

"Do bheireams' mo bhriathra Rìgh,  
 Ma mharbhadh mo Mhuirdeardeach ruadh,  
 Grad sgrios gu 'n d' thig air an Fhèinn—  
 Nach caisg Mac Chu'aill na shluadh,  
 A' Mòr-bheinn cha 'n fhag mi aon chlach,  
 An Ault, an abhain na 'm fireach,  
 'S bheir mi breibannaich air Muir,  
 Ga tarruing uil' as a tighean."

## GOBHA.

Nach mor a spleadh a' loingeis bàn,  
 Dh' aindeoin na tharladh le chumbachd,  
 Gun togadh iad Mor-bheinn air Sail leo,  
 'S Gaisgeich cho sar-mhath 'ga gleidheadh  
 Ni 'm facas do loingeis air Muir,  
 Na dheanadh do'n fheachd sin cogadh—  
 Ach b' fhearr leam gu 'n dioghalta mo bhean  
 Air Fionn Mac Chu'aill na Mor-bheinn"—



## IARCUM.

Teanalaibh mo theaghlach còir  
 Gach Ceannard Curranta le shlòigh,  
 Rìgh Sorchà treubhach nan gèur-lann,  
 'S Rìghrean Ifreòine 's nan Slinein  
 'N sin 's-ioghmadh leam mur diùmhail an Fhèinn,  
 Na rinn iad a bheud air Rìgh Lochlann :  
 'S ge duilich an gnìomh 's ge dàna,  
 Cha 'n fhag mi ceann Fhinn na Oscair."  
 'N sin dh' imich teachdairean uaith',  
 Gu luath 'gan teannal, le farum.  
 Ga ionnsuidh chruinnich iad mòr-shluagh ;  
 B'u mhorchuiseach, uaibhreach an sealladh,  
 Tri fichead is mìle long,  
 Do chruinnich an Rìgh 'san fheachd throm,  
 'S cha robh port na leth-phort ann,  
 Nach robh lán do 'n bhàrca bheannach.  
 'Meadhon nan loingeas bha'm bàrca  
 Do 'n aireamh a' b'airde 's bu mhotha ;  
 Is bratach Rìgh Lochlann air barr rith',  
 Gu h-àluinn a plapail 'san oiteig.  
 Air an tràigh chruinnich na h-armuinn,  
 'B' àirde 'sa b' innbhich san teanal,  
 'S an Rìgh d'an cuireadh d'a ionnsuidh,  
 Gu cuilm is comhairl' a ghabhail.  
 Shuidh air leth an cuid daoine,  
 Air gach taobh car treise fuireachd,  
 Fhuair iad do 'n chuilm an leoir,  
 Do 'n t-shluagh cha robh 'h-aon a' talach.  
 Dh' eirich 'nan teis-meidhein Iarcum ;  
 Chluinntè guth an Rìgh gu h-àrd :  
 'S labhair è 'm briathran baoth,  
 Re fir agus luoich nam feachd.  
 "Cia fada bhios sinne fuidh nàire,  
 Re caoidh na millte do'r fearaibh ;  
 A thuit eidear Eirinn is Mòrbheinn,  
 A' comhrag re maitheamh na 'm Fiann ?  
 Cia fada dh' fhuilgeas sinn tàirre,  
 Agus masladh gun diolt' o mhacaimh,  
 Le miannach sgrios thighean oirn còlamh  
 'S nach fearr na sinn ann a' maise ?  
 Nach feud thoirt urram gu brath oirn,  
 Air chalmachd, air chumhachd na thapadh  
 'M fuilg sinn so uile o'r namhaid,  
 'N a 'n dean sinn an ardan a bhacail."

Tha Lamhfhad fthabhas gun dioghailt,  
 Nach mor a michliu do Lochlan ?  
 Is thuit a mhathair gun tòrachd,  
 Nach mor a spìod air bhur gaisgeach ?”

Mar so labhair an t-Ard-Rìgh,  
 ’S chluinntè co-fhreagairt an t-sloigh.  
 Mar fhuaimneach doinionn sa bheinn,  
 ’Nuair lùbas a choill d’ a neart :  
 Na mar thartar tonnaibh air traigh,  
 ’Nam caochlaidh do ’n normuinn gu fois :

Mar sin bha monbhar an t-sluaigh,  
 Tabhairt cliuth do ’n labhair an Rìgh ;  
 ’Sa g-iarruidh e dh’ imeachd gun dàil.  
 Gu faigh e mbiann air an daoidh.

Ach diomhain bha ’m buirbe ’sa morchuis,  
 A’m boilich cha d’ bhuidhinn dhoibh buaidh ;  
 Bu tùirseach an tuireadh ’s bu bhrònach,  
 Gun Rìgh, gun Churraigh do ’n t-sluaadh—  
 A pilleadh o ionad na làraich,  
 ’S na chuireadh an deanal goirt ;  
 ’Nuair theich iad là Beinn-Eudain,  
 Fuidh iomad crèuchd agus lot.

An deigh dhoibh fleaghachas mòr,  
 Le beachd gu leòir as an gaisgeadh,  
 Thog iad siùil bhreac o’s an cinn,  
 Re ’n croinn ga ’n ceangal gu daingean,  
 ’N sin dh’ imich o ’n fhearann le ceòl  
 Gu mòralach ghluais o ’n chala ;  
 Bha coslas deagh thuruis ’s na neòil,  
 ’S bu stolda caitheadh na marra.  
 ’Siubhal gu suthach nan tonn,  
 Cha d’ choinnich doinionn a’ seideadh  
 A bhrosnuich eislein na eagal.  
 Gus ’n d’ rainig iad Calla nam mor-shruth  
 Cha d’ thruiseadh aon seòl o ’n chrann ;  
 Gach oidhch’ agus la cho aoibhinn,  
 B’ èutrom a bhuidhean neo-rhann.  
 Bha Fionn is Oisein an uair sin  
 Is Oscar buadhach mo Mhacsa ;  
 Le seachdnar eile do thrèun-laoich  
 Air Uillinn Beinn-Eudain gam faicinn  
 Car treise shuidh sinn gu samhach,  
 ’G-eisdeachd an gadruisg ’san tartair,  
 A’ teachd gu cladach o’m barcaibh  
 ’N an sgaothan làidir is barpoil.

Bu choslach an tartar 'san gàdruisg,  
 'Nuair bhruchd iad gu dàn air a chladach,  
 Re garrthaich eunlaith an coill,  
 Is clann a' creachadh an neudain—  
 Na re garrthaich sheillein re grèin,  
 'S a chetein an deireadh an earraich,  
 'Nuair ghluaiseas an sgaothan gu fèur,  
 Na leum a dh' ionnsuidh na meala.  
 Mar so 'nan iomada trèud,  
 'S nan buidhnichean eutrom beachdail,  
 Sgap iad uil' air an tràigh,  
 Gun riaghailt, gun eagal, gun fhaicill  
 Cha b' fhada shuidh sinn gu h-àrd,  
 'Nuair chunnaic sinn Armuinn g' ar coimhead,  
 'S a dh' imich da chaogad d' an àireamh  
 A dh' fheoraich a faigheadh iad nuaigheachd.  
 Aig bonn na beinne gu stòlda,  
 Dh' fhuirich an còmhlan neo-mheata—  
 'S gun d' thainig chugaín Oglach gabhoil,  
 'S e stàrachd le iomada bailceas.

## MORCHEANN.

“An d' thusa so Fhinn na Mòr-bheann?  
 Labhair gu gruamach a Curraigh,  
 Innis an d' thu Rìgh na Fèinne,  
 Na cia 'n t-ait am bheil e fuireach?”

## FIONN.

Gu'r mise so Fionn na Mòr-bheinn,  
 Ge b' e thu do shluadh an Tithean;  
 'S ma 's ann ruinne tha bhur n-iorghull  
 Cha 'n 'eil sinn ann ach naothnar nar fianuis,  
 Ach innis dhuinn fàth do thuruis,  
 'Churraigh cia 'n t-ait' as na dh' imich,  
 Na millte bàre ud air cladach?  
 An cairdeas na 'n cogadh is miann leibh?

## MORCHEAN.

'S meanbh bhur naothnarsa ro' 'n aodainn  
 'S a liughad ann caogad trèun-fhear;  
 'Thainig a mach le Rìgh Lochlainn,  
 'Chosnadh do Rìoghachd 'na h-èiric.—  
 'S mise Morcheann teachdair Iarcum  
 'Chuir e 'n so le feachd a d' chòmhail;  
 'Dh' fhaighneachd an gabhadh tu sìth  
 Na 'm b' ionumhuin leat mìrùn is coistri



'Si chomhairl' a chuir e do d' ionnsuidh,  
 A Mhuireardeach fhaotain dha ;  
 Gun lot, gun uthar, gun diùmhail,  
 Gun bhèud, gun bhuille 'sa bhlàr.  
 Neo Mòr bheinn uile, sa daoine,  
 Gach raon, is mullach, is gleann  
 Gach beathach 'tha 'g-ith innt' air aonach,  
 'S triòchdadh do 'n Rìgh air aon bhall.  
 Umhlachd do chumhachd na mìlidh ;  
 Grad-sgrìos le faobhar laun gèur,  
 Gabh-sa do roghaim Mhic Chu'aill,  
 Tha h-aon do'n dithis ad' dhèigh."

## FIONN.

" 'S ìoghnadh leam fhir mhòir do chainnt,  
 Cha 'n eòl dhuit ar neart 's ar treis :  
 Cha 'n eòl dhuit ar spionnadh neo-fhann  
 'S iomadh ceann a leagadh leis.  
 Air laimh t-athar è 's do shean-athair,  
 'S air dà shùil do leannan gràidh,  
 Cha d' thainig riamh suinn g' ar sireadh,  
 Air an cumadh-mid fada dail.—  
 Ach gleidhidh is cumaidh sinn cleachdadh  
 Nach do chaill dhuinn fathast buannachd,  
 'S innis do 'n Rìgh ma 's tu theachdair,  
 Gu faigh è cumha na comhrag uainne.  
 Ma 's fearr leis comhrag na cumha,  
 Cha chum an Fheinn air fada tàmh ;  
 Gu gairid tarruingidh iad claidheamh,  
 'S an drasda 's è bheatha gu cuilm.—  
 Ach cumha ma ghabhas gun diultadh,  
 Gu 'n toir Mac Chu'aill sud dha,  
 Tri fichead clogad, is caogad luireach,  
 Dà chuig bratach mìne daithte,  
 Cuig cèud saltair chaola chatha,  
 Is leth-chèud cloidheamh chinn airgid—  
 Na caogad Saoidh na 'm b' aille leat,  
 Le 'n caogad srian ghasd' agus dìolaid."

## MORCHEANN.

Cha diùbh le Rìgh Lochlann do chuilm,  
 'S do chumha gun diùltadh cha ghabh ;  
 Ach diùghlaidh Mòrbheinn 's an Fhèinn,  
 Ma 's a fheudar d' ar Laoich cath."

'N sin phill na teachdairean gu siubhlach,  
 'S gu 'n d' rinn iad d' an cùl an aghaidh ;

Is dh' innis do 'r Rìgh o Mhac-Chu'aill,  
 "Nach geilleadh d' a Chumbachd an Fheinn."

Chuir sinne 'mach teachdairean dileas,  
 Nach diobradh caonag 'sa chabhaig,  
 'S chualas feadh Mòrbheinn "gu'n d' thainig,  
 Na millte barca gu calla.—  
 Gu facas mòr-chuideachd air traigh ann,  
 Is dearsadh laidir d' an lannaibh :—  
 A' muidheadh maraon 'sa g-èigheach,  
 Gu'n d' thugadh iad leir-sgrios 's an fhearann."

Chruinnich an Fhiann mu 'n ceann-feadhna,  
 Dh' eirich iad uil' an co-thional—  
 Gu feardhanta stolda gu cladach ;  
 'S thogadh mar b' abhaist gu blàr leo,  
 Seachd brataichean aghmhor nan cathan.  
 Chuis sinn amach an Liadh-laoineach ;  
 Bratach Dhiarmid ghasd' 'ic Duimhne ;  
 'S 'nuair a ruith an Fhiann gu blàr amach  
 Bhiodh toiseach aig bratach 'ic Duimhne :  
 Ard mar nèulaibh bhalla bhreac,  
 Air mullach na giùsaich uaine :  
 Ioma-dhathach mar bhogh' nan spèur,  
 Is frasa ceutain air chluaineamh.—

'S mairg a choinnicheadh i mar namhaid,  
 'Nuair sgaoilte re bàr an Liadh-laoineach.  
 Diarmid<sup>1</sup> Ceannard nan Armunn,  
 Bu chinnteach dha casgairt na teugmhail—

Teann 'na deigh bha bhratach Chaolte,  
 Liath, luideagach, aobhach, annrach,  
 Leis an sgoilte cinn is muineil ;  
 'S leis an dòirte fuil gu aobrainn :  
 Bratach Chaolte na mòr-shluadh,  
 'S è b' ainm di 'n Tuinn-chasach ruadh,  
 A choisin le<sup>2</sup> cruadal di urram.

Thogadh an sin an Sguab-ghàbhaidh !  
 Bratach Oscair bhuadhaich laidir—  
 'S nuair a rachta 'n car nan cliar,  
 B' fhiadhuich<sup>3</sup> farrum Sguab-ghabhaidh !  
 Agam fein a bha i riamh  
 Gus an d-èirich gu euchd mo Mhac—

<sup>1</sup> Al. Mac Duimhne maiseach an t-armunn  
 Bu chinnteach Sleagh an caismeachd iorghuil

<sup>2</sup> Al. Thug Cluiteach air Lochlannich buaidh—

<sup>3</sup> Al. 'S b' fheumail duinne la Beinn-Eudain  
 Gu 'n robh Oscar treun an neart—

'S bu chailte <sup>1</sup> do dh' Iarcum nan long,  
 Gun robh trom an neart.  
 Meadhon nan Cathan bha Fionn,  
 Ceannard nam Feadhna 'sna Flath—  
 'S Gile-Greine chlochrach ard  
 Gu dìongmhalta bàn re crann—  
 Bha seachd slabhruidhean buidhe aist' sìos,  
 Do 'n òr bhuidh bu ghlainne sniomh;  
 'S laoch air gach slabhruidh dhiubh sin,  
 G' an cumail ris na sleathan.  
 O! b' aoibhinn an sealladh, 's bu tràun;  
 Riamh air Gil-ghrein cha d' luidh smal!  
 'S mar chliabhan a toinneadh gu tràigh,  
 Bhiodh i 'sa chliar chath gu h-iomain.

Chuir sinn a mach an d' Fhulang-dorrain  
 Bhratach Fhearghuis mhoir mo bhrathar  
 Nach d' thiunntaidh riamh cùl re caraid,  
 'Sa chumadh gèur-aghaidh re namhaid—  
 B' èiti 's bu tiamhaidh a sealladh,  
 Mar pheathair a' teach romh thairnein,  
 Cuiridh e crith air na creagan  
 'S air Fèidh biaidh eagal 's an fhàsach.

Thogadh 'suas mo bhratach fèin;  
 Mar dhearsadh Greine bha solus;  
 'Nuair theicheas neoil dhutha fàr aodain,  
 'S nach cruinnich tuillidh air doilleir.  
 'Nuair thug mi do dh' Oscar sgob-ghabhuidh  
 Bharig an Fheinn an Lann sholuis  
 Bu daingean a sheasamh i làrach,  
 Bu chràiteach le namhaid a coinneamh.

Air deireadh bha Bhrichtill Bhraoichill,  
 Bratach Ghoill mhoir 'ic Morn',  
 Nach pilleadh o'n chomhrag air h-ais  
 Gu'n teicheadh an talamh trom glas  
 Gur h-e b' aoibhneas do 'n t-sròl bhuidhe,  
 Toiseach teachd is deireadh falbh;  
 A cuideachd a chumail re builleam,  
 'S cuirp nan daoidh a scath re làr.  
 Bu choslach a cartheamh 'san àraich,  
 Re seobhag an ealta èun;  
 Na re iomghaoth laidir nan spèur,  
 A mhisgeas 'sa leagas an darraeh,  
 Mar so dh' imich ar cathan,  
 Mar lasair a dh' ionnsuidh na làraich;

<sup>1</sup> Cha b' fhiù iarruidh ach a Sguab-ghabhaidh



*Vide Smith*

'S ar Sròil a' dearsadh gu soilleir,  
 Ag iomain na doilleir air falbh—  
 Gach sranu a chluinntè 's an athar,  
 O chrathadh nan Sìòl gabhaidh—  
 Mhosgladh e 'n fhuil 'san anam,  
 Le sparradh a chum na h-àraich.  
 { Dh' èirich an fhuil cho bras,  
 { An cuislibh nan gaisgeach mòra,  
 { Re bèum sleibhe o 'n aonach,  
 { 'S gach aon diubh ag èighach còmhraig  
 { Chunn'cas feachd Lochlann am fradharc ;  
 Dh' èirich cath bhagraidh nam Fiann :  
 Bha fearg a' sèideadh 'nan sùilean,  
 Shuidh damhair air mullach an sgiath—  
 Ghluais am buirbe, ghluais an deithir,  
 Shoillsich lasair theith na h-àraich,  
 'S chruinnich mu dheas air an Rìgh,  
 Ceannardan fèilidh nan cathan.  
 'N sin dh' fhaoighneachd Mac Chu'aill gu fòil  
 Do mhaithreamh Laoich na Mòr-bheinn.  
 Co dh' fheachas Iarcum 'sa ghreis,  
 Mu 'n tabhair è leis sinn air sail."  
 'S math a fhreagair an sin Goll,  
 Laoch nach do chleach a bhi nall ;  
 " Mis' agus Iarcum 'sa ghreis,  
 Leigibh eadarunn 'sa chleas dhluth."

## FIONNGHAEL.

'S tric a rinneadh leat nì math,  
 A mhic Moirna bu mhath gnè ;  
 A lamh chalma, 'sa shuil chruidh,  
 'S ioma fear tha fuar fuidh d' bheum.  
 Oscar agus Diarmid dounn  
 Is Caoilte agus Fearghus mo mhac,  
 Is Oisèin le d' Ghara caomh fèin—  
 'S didinn iad ro threun is neart,  
 Togaidh iad cudthrom an t slòigh,  
 Ga d' dhìon gu'm b' usa dhuit cath—  
 Gu 'n coinnicheadh tu Iarcum nan lòn  
 Gu buidhneadh air an t-sounn sin rath—  
 Fuireaidh mise faisg aig làimh,  
 'Faicin co 'n cearn am bì feum ;  
 'S ma chitear aon laoch an tèinn,  
 Le meamna gheibh e 'thoirt as—  
 'S tuitidh sinn uile 'san àraich,  
 'Neo gheibh air an àireamh iad buaidh."

## OSCAR.

Ach fhreagair an sin Oscar àigh,  
 'Rì b' àluinn leam fein a chruth,  
 Fagaibh<sup>1</sup> agams an diugh Iarcum,  
 Gu faireadh è 'san strì neart,  
 O'm theich e oidhche nam feall,  
 'N uair bhrìst air sleaghan 'nam blaidh,  
 An oidche dhuthach gun aighear  
 [*Transcript stops*].

## DAN—EAS RUAGH

Lá do Fhionn air bheagan sluaigh,  
 Aig Eas-rua' nan eighe mall,  
 Chunncas a seoladh, o'n lear,  
 Curach ceo, is aon bhean ann.  
 B' e sin an curach bu<sup>2</sup> mhath leum  
 'Ruith<sup>3</sup> na steud air adhai cuain,  
 'S tamh cha d' rinn i na stad,  
 Gus an d' rainig i 'n t' eas-ruagh.  
 'Nuair ghabh i tìr aig an Eas,  
 Gu 'n dh'eirich aist' maise mnai :  
 B' ionann dearsadh<sup>4</sup> dhi 's da 'n Ghrein ;  
 Cia aoibhinn, ceutach a dealbh !  
 Bha fallt donn na iomadh dual  
 Luaithreach air a muineal caoin ;  
 'S a h uchd geal mar eiri' thonn,  
 Le fliuch osnaich throm a cleibh.  
 Do sheas sinn uil' air an raoin,  
 Bha ionadh air na bh' ann do Laoich ;  
 'S a 'n Ighean thainig an cein,  
 Bha sinn gu leir roimpe seimh.—  
 “'Gheug na maise, fo dhriuchd broin !”  
 'S e labhair gu foil mi fein :  
 “Mas' shurrin gorm lanna ga d' dhion  
 Tha ar cridhe nach clí da reir.  
 Innis dunn a Ribheann og,  
 Fa do bhroin 's do chuidrim tnú.  
 'S duilich leum do leon<sup>5</sup> 's do chragh,  
 Gu de 'n tait' o 'n d' thainig thu ?”

<sup>1</sup> MS. Fagaaibh.<sup>2</sup> Al. bu mhath gleus.<sup>3</sup> Al. Bean da raimh ri scolta thonn.<sup>4</sup> dealra.<sup>5</sup> Al. lot.

“ Mo chomraich ort ma's' tu Fionn,”  
 Fhreagair<sup>1</sup> le trom osn' an Oigh,<sup>2</sup>  
 Oir<sup>3</sup> 's Grian da 'n anrach do gnuis,  
 'S air cúl do sgeith tha neart is treoir.  
 Do Ridh Ealain nan creag,  
 Bha Fainte-soils' geal gun ghruaim ;  
 Bu deo-grein' i 'lianadh anam  
 Le gradh da ighean is luaidh.  
 'S lionmhor Laoch bha air mo thíth,  
 'S iomadh haon a thug dho' ceist :  
 'S tric fhreagair Crom leac le caoill,  
 Dh' osnaich caoi nan Curri treun.  
 Ach nist' luidh mulad air m' aogus<sup>4</sup>  
 Tha m' chom a searg le cuidrim broin,  
 'S gu de ni mi Fhinn an diugh,  
 Mar dion thu mi bho thuille leoin.  
 Tórachd ata orm air muir.  
 Laoch a's mor guin air mo lorg ;  
 Mac Ridh Sorch a nan sgiath dearg,  
 Triath da 'n ainm am Fear-borb.”

“ Glacam do chomraich, a bhean,  
 Seach aon fhear tha air do thí,  
 'Sa cheart ain-deoin an Fhir-bhuirb  
 Fo dhuthar mo sgeith gheibh thu dian.  
 Tha Ealain nan creag aig laimh,  
 Aite taimh clanna nan tonn :  
 Ach 's leoir fasgadh doinionn mo shleagh ;  
 Bha mo dhecir le deoir a tuirling.”

Chunneas<sup>5</sup> a tighin, mar thonn bán,  
 Mor long an Fhir bhuirb na ruith ;  
 B' ard a chruinn ; bu geal a shiul,  
 Bu mhire 'n tiul na gach struth.  
 Gu 'n chaith i 'n fhairge gu dian,  
 'S an taobh cheudn' a rinn a bhean ;  
 Gus n' ghabh i tír san chala gnath,  
 'N uair leum aist' an t og gun ghean.

Bha clogad duth teann ma cheann ;  
 B'ard a chiti barr<sup>6</sup> a shleagh ;  
 Sgiath dhrimneach dhearg nach<sup>7</sup> ro tais,  
 Seachad traist ri slìos a chleibh.

<sup>1</sup> Al. labhair.      <sup>2</sup> Al. Ighean.

<sup>3</sup> Al. 'S i do gnuis da 'n anrach a ghrian,  
 'S i do sgiath ceann uighe nam baigh.

<sup>4</sup> Al. aodann.

<sup>5</sup> Al. Gu facas a teachd.

<sup>6</sup> Al. crìonn.

<sup>7</sup> nach dreigh air 'nais.



Bha cloidheamh trom toirteal nach gann  
 Teannta ri crios an Fhis chró',  
 'S air mhíd, air thapadh, air ghoil,  
 Ni facas riabh fear bu mhó.  
 "Thig a mharcaich nan steud stuadhach"  
 Labhair ris gun stuaim mi fein,  
 "Gu cuirm Fhinn nach dibir pailteas,  
 'S iomadh gall da 'n rinn i feum."  
 Mar ghallan am bharraich uaine,  
 'Chrathas luath os cenn an Aonaich  
 Sheas an Ainnis—thainig saighead,  
 "'S math t amas, a Laoich, ach sbaoth thu."  
 Dheirich an sin cath nan sleagh;  
 Leagadh air an fhairce sonn;  
 Dhaingeadh lium am fear o 'n chuan,  
 'S bu chruaidh mo bhuaidh as a chionn.  
 Thiolaig sinn aig cois an eas,  
 An Curri bu mhor treis is gníomh:  
 'S chairidh anns an uaigh an Ighean,  
 Bu ghile na gach sneachd a taobh.

## TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

Fingal with a few of his people stood near the Banks of Eas rua, where its red foaming stream, rushing o'er a lofty rock, sends forth at times those slow and solemn sounds that announce (sic) the coming storm. They saw a boat, like a mist, sailing on the distant main: a woman was all it carried. Swift it cut the yielding waves. Its rapid course on the face of Ocean was like that of the bounding steed; nor did aught retard its way, till landing at the stream of Eas-rua it disclosed its lovely freight.

A fair one of transcendant beauty rose from it to our wondering view. The lustre of her face was bright as the beams of the sun: how pleasant, how delightful her form. Her dark brown hair, in many flowing locks, hung loosely on her tender; and her white bosom, wet with tears, heaved with the sighs of grief, like the swelling rise of waves, when they break in foaming spray.

We all admired the fair, and lost in sweet amaze stood in the field above. We return her mild salute; we welcome the beauteous stranger.—"Flower of beauty!" calm I said, "bright in the den of thy grief, if blue blades of steel can shield thee from harm, our hearts are thine and unite; they accord with the strength of our arms. Tell us lovely beam of youth! from what region art thou come? Whence arises thy sorrow? and whence is thy load of concern?"

"If thou art Fingal, king of heroes," with deep sighs the maid replaid, "it is to claim thy protection I come. For warm as the sun is thy face to cheer the disconsolate mind. Thy shield is the strength of the helpless; they fly to its shelter for succour. To the king of the Isle of rocks the youth of Fainesollis was bright: It was a sunbeam that warmed his heart with affection for the daughter of his love. Many chiefs admired my beauty; many wooed me for their bride: And often did Cromla with its woods reply to the sighs of mighty heroes pining in my love. But now dark sorrow overcasts my face; it wastes my feeble frame. And what, O Fingal! can I do, if thou dost not save me from further wounds. I am closely followed over the rolling waves: The chief who pursues me with wrath is implacable and dreadful. The King of Tora of red shields is the heroes' father; and his name is Borbar the fierce."

"No friend of thine, my fair, more cheerfully obeys thy will; with my soul I embrace thy cause; I promise the protection you claim. In defiance of Borbar the fierce, safe beneath the shadow of my shield thou canst securely rest. The Island of rocks is at hand, where dwell the children of the waves: But the tempest of our spears will afford thee sufficient shelter. I pitied the weeping fair; and my trickling tears descended with hers as she spoke."

Like a foaming wave afar we saw the ship of Borbar the fierce. High were his masts; while his sails swifter than the mountain stream his course. On either side the billows spread in foam, as the ship with speed advances. Pursuing in the tract the maiden took, it arrived in the same landing place. The young hero leaps on shore; gloomy anger frowns upon his brow. Dark on his head a dreadful helmit nods: high reared above his crest appear the points of his spears. He held on his side a red spotted shield, strong and firm in the combat. A ponderous massy sword hung fastened to the belt of the mighty. In size, deeds of valour, and wrath, none could exceed the hero. "Come thou rider of the stormy waves," I said accosting him with cheerful voice, "come to partake of Fingal's feast; it abounds in plenty; it often gladdens the stranger."

Like a green and tender twig shaken by the blast of the desert, the maid stood trembling by my side. An arrow whizzing came, she fell. "Unerring, hero, is thy aim, but cruel and rash thy deed." The combat of spears begins. The man from Ocean was laid low on the field; he was slain by my hand, and hard to win was the victory.

Close by the stream below the fall of Eas-rua, we buried the chief who was mighty. And there we reared the tomb of the maid whose side was whiter than snow.

The above Poem I took down from the recitation of Mrs Nicolson, Scorribreac, in the Parish of Portree in Sky, who says, that she gave it to Mr Macpherson, the translator of Ossian, when he travelled through Sky. The underwritten has met with many Editions of this Episode, but the above is the completest he procured.

(Signed)      ALEXR. CAMPBELL.

(Heading on last page)  
Baighre Borb  
Fingal III.  
Beautiful, but not accurate.



THE  
MACFARLANE OSSIANIC COLLECTION.\*

Poems† collected by Mr Peter M<sup>c</sup> Farlane (now of Perth) in Argyleshire, and transmitted to the H[ighland] S[ociety] by Mr Alex<sup>r</sup> Duff, Perth.

CO-CHRUINNEACHA'

DO

DH' EACHDRUI' NAM

FIANN

AN CLAR-INNSIDH.

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\* Dr Cameron was lucky enough to fall upon two copies of Peter Macfarlane's lost Collection, the one in the MacLagan MSS. (marked 9), which is here reproduced, and the other in a number of MSS. which must have once belonged to Rev. J. Stewart of Luss, the famous translator of the Scriptures into Gaelic. These we term the Stewart MSS.

† This description is from the Stewart MSS.; as often happens, there is no such information as to source in the MacLagan MSS.

## 'N Cath is tinn' a thug an Fhiann.

<sup>1</sup> Latha gan raibh Pàdric 'na Mhùr <sup>2</sup>  
 Cha raibh sailm air ùidh, ach ceol.  
 Chaidh è thigh Oissain Mhic Fhinn,  
 O sann leis bu bhinn a ghloir.

Failt ort fein, a shean-fhir shuaire,  
 Air chuairt thugad thainig mi,  
 A laoch mhòir mhlidh nach meat  
 Cha d' eur thu riamh neach mu d' ni.

Sgeul a b' ait leom fhaotainn uait  
 Odha Chuthaill is cruaidh colg,  
 An Cath is tinn' a thug an Fhiann  
 O na ghineadh tu riamh 'n an lorg.

Dh' innsin sin duitse gun dàil,  
 Dheagh Mhic Ailpein nan salm binn,  
 An Cath is tinn' a thug na fir  
 O'n a ghin iad Fiannaibh Fhinn.

Dearmad air fleadh <sup>3</sup> a rinn Fionn  
 Ann Albuinn ri h àm nan laoch,  
 Chuir pairt do'n Fheinn fui' struim dearg,  
 Dh' èirich orra fearg is fraoch.

Tre Chaoilte Mhic Rannachair mhoir,  
 'S Mac o Dòrain a bhi leinn,  
 Mar sud is Aillidh maith ùr  
 Thug breiteachd bliadhna ri Mùr Fhinn.

Ghluais an trithear a dh' Fhiannaibh Fhinn  
 Gu Rìgh Lochlann nan srian sliom,  
 Seirbheis blia'na thug iad dha  
 'N trithear a bha 'n ùidh ri h uail.

Ghabh Bann-rìgh Lochlann nan sgiath down  
 Trom ghaol trom, 's cha b' ann gu deas,  
 Air Aillidh greadhnach nan arm geur  
 Gus an d' èirich a cheilg leis.

<sup>1</sup> [This verse is deleted in the MS. It is intact in the Stewart MS.]

<sup>2</sup> "Lùth-chuirt."

<sup>3</sup> "cuirm, fèisd."

Ghluais i a leabuidh an Rìgh  
 An gnìomh mun do dhoirteadh an fhuil,  
 Gu h-Albuinn fhìlathail nam Fìann  
 Thugadar an triath th' air muir.

Bha Rìgh air Lochlann san uair  
 Leis am buinntè buaidh is blàr :  
 Earragan Mac Ainnir nan lonng,  
 A Rìgh bu mhaith a làmh 's a lann.

Chruinnich Rìgh Lochlann mòr shluagh  
 Cabhlach cruaidh a dh' fhàs gu treas :  
 Dh' èirich sud o'n àirde tuath  
 Naoi Rìghrin, 's an sluagh leis.

Sheol iad air an abhais àrd  
 O chòrs' Eirinn bu gharg gàir,  
 Gu h-Albuinn fhìlathail nam Fìann  
 Thogadar an triath th' air muir.

Teachdoireachd thainig thugainn gu luath,  
 Sgeula cruaidh chuir ruinn gu geur,  
 Còmhrag nam fear Innse-fàil  
 Fhaotainn air an tràigh mu dheas.

Thairig Fionn doibh cumha mhòr  
 Làn an tunna do 'n dearg or :  
 Do Rìgh Lochlann nan arm sean,  
 Araon, agus a bhean fein.

Lochlannaich a bhuithinn bhorb  
 Le meud an stoirm as an tèathachd,  
 Cha ghabh iad cumha fù 'n ghrein  
 Gun an Fheinn a bhi 'n an dèigh.

Comhairl' eil' a chinn aig Fionn,  
 S aig maithibh na Feinne gu leir ;  
 Nighean Rìgh na 'n gabht' è uadh,  
 Gun d' fhuair è sud, 's a bhean fein.

Chuir sinne 'ga fhios nighean Rìgh  
 Bu ghuirme sùil, 's bu ghrinne meur :  
 Chuir sinne ga coimhead ceud each  
 A b' fhearr ris an deachaidh srian,  
 Le 'n ceud marcaich air a' muin  
 Fui' chulaibh shròil le 'n laiste gnìomh.



Theirinn i 'n sud air an raon,  
 'S dh' fhàg i 'na dèigh na h eich,  
 Thug i ceum uighe d' an coir  
 'S da choinnleir òir 'na làimh dheis ;  
 Da choinneil air ghuaillnibh a guin  
 'S dealbh a chrùin o gheug nam port.

Do naigheachds' o phobull Fhinn  
 Innis dhuinn a bhri', 's a bheachd ?  
 Mo naigheachds' o phobull Fhinn  
 Gum faigheadh tu bhri' gu ceart.

Mu rinn do bhean ort beairt chli,  
 'S gun d' iomair i 'n gu cearr :  
 Thoir cairdeas is comunn do dh' Fhionn  
 'S gum faigheadh tu mi 'na geall.

Gheibhe tu sud is ciad seud,  
 Is ciad leug o 'n uirbhidh shaor :  
 Gheibhe tu ceud seothag suairc'  
 Air am bitheadh buaidh nan eun.

Gheibhe tu sud is ciad mias  
 Do chùrsa Rìgh bheath' an àidh,  
 'S ge b' è ghleidheadh iad r' a bheo  
 Chumadh iad duin' òg a ghnà.

Gheibhe tu sud is ciad greidh,  
 Is làn Glinne do chrodh bàn ;  
 'Sa mhacain mar gabh thu sin  
 Thoir leat do bhean, 's thoir dhuinne sith.

'Ta cha d' thugainn sith do neach  
 Do dh' Aillidh, no ghin d' ar Feinn,  
 Ach Fionn fein a thigh'n fui' m bhreith  
 Is a chreach a thoirt gu tràigh.

'Ta cha d' thug thu leat do neart  
 Na bheireadh a chreach gu tràigh :  
 Falbhai mis' is beannachd leat,  
 O 'n chaidh taithneachd bun os cionn.

Cha 'n fhalbh thus' a chiabh na 'n cleachd,  
 A Ribhinn fharust a bheoil bhinn  
 Gheibhe tu na seuda saor,  
 'S cheanglainn thu ri m' thaobh deas.

Cha 'n fhan mis' a cheann na 'n cliar,  
 O nach traogh mi t fhiamh, is t fhearg ;  
 'S o nach faighinn saor fui' m bhreith  
 Ceann na deise bu ghann ciall.

Cha 'n fhàg mi agaibh do theach  
 Do bheinn, no dh' amhuinn, no thulaich ;  
 Ach Albuinn a thogail leom  
 Na cròchcan glas ann am loinngeas.

Thionndaidh i ris a cùl,  
 'S mharcach i do 'n chùirt gu dian :  
 Bu lion'ar sròl 'ga thogail suas,  
 'S ann òrdugh gu luath chaidh an Fhiann.

Fhreagair Aillidh 'n còmhrag cruaidh,  
 Do 'n t sluagh a thainig ann geill.  
 Ceann Mhic Nì, Mhic Naomh, Mhic Near,  
 Leagadh leis air an treas beum.

Deich Ceannarda-fichead d' ar Feinn  
 'S ceann Aillidh fein air an tùs,  
 Thuit iad air laimh Earragainn mhoir  
 Man deachaidh na slòigh ann dlùths'.

'N sin chaidh Fionn fein air thùs,  
 Deagh Mhac Chuthaill a ghnuis ghil ;  
 'S deich Ceannard-fichead air a laimh dheis,  
 Do shiol Chuthaill na 'n cleas lùth.

Labhair Fionn flath na 'n cuach,  
 Ri maithibh uaislibh Innse-fàil ;  
 Co dh' iongas Earragainn sa ghreis  
 Man leigamaid leis ar tàir ?

'S ann bha fhreagradh sud aig Goll  
 An sonn a bha deach cuir a chlaoi.  
 D' iongaidh mi Earragainn sa ghreis,  
 'S bheir mi d' fheuchainn d' a chleas lùithe.

Mac an Luthaich, 's Diarmad donn,  
 An t Oscar mòr, is Mac an Lèig,  
 Ga d' dhion o shrith-bhuillean an laoich,  
 Cum dithis air gach taobh do d' sgèith.

Dolphinne Mac Mhalcain o 'n Ghrèig  
 Muime Earragainn,<sup>1</sup> 's cha bi bhreug,  
 'N àm sgathadh a chinn d' a dhaltadh  
 A Ri' mhoir bu do amhluidh iomairt :  
 'S mar bhithe mi 's Fionn nam fleadh  
 Gum buineadh è 'n ceann do 'n chearthar.

Seachd fichead 's mìle sonn  
 Thuit le Garadh, 's thuit le Goll :  
 Urdal le Oscar an àidh,  
 'S le Conall 's le Coireall cneas bhàn.

'S air a bhaiste thainig orm  
 A chleirich a chanas na sailm,  
 Thuit leam fein, 's le Fionn nam fleadh  
 A cheart choi'-lion ceann ris a chearthar.

'S mar duine chaidh as am beul airm,  
 No chaidh mar cheo do 'n ghrein ;  
 Do dh' àrm Rìgh Lochlann gu fìor  
 Cha 'n fhac' iad riamh an tìr fein.

Tuille mor is leith nam Fiann,  
 Thuit iad air an t sliabh mu dheas ;  
 'S ge d' thainig cuid dhinne as  
 Cha d' rinn sinn an lath' ud ar leas.

### Latha blàr na tràghad.

A Chleirich a chanas na Sailm  
 Air leom fhein gur baòth do chiall,  
 Nach èiste tamull sgeul  
 Air an Fheinn, nach cual thu riamh.

Air mo chuthainn a Mhic Fhinn  
 Ga binn leat bhi tighinn air t Fheinn ;  
 Gu nan salm air feadh mo bheoil,  
 Gur è sud is ceol domh fhein.

'N ann a coimeas do chuid salm  
 Ri Fiann Eirionn<sup>2</sup> nan arm nochdt :  
 A Chleirich àidh gur hainid leom  
 Na sgarthainn an ceann o d' chorp.

<sup>1</sup> Ge d' a tha ùghdar na heachdruì so a 'g radh gum b' è Dolphinne **Muime** Earragainn, tha 'n leughair r' a thuigsinn gur è Oide bha ann.

<sup>2</sup> "Albin" written above "Eirionn."



Gabham fui' d' chomraich fhir mhoir,  
Is guth do bheoil is toigh leom fein ;  
Togamaid suas altoir Fhinn,  
'S bu bhinn bhi tighinn air an Fheinn.

Latha dhuinn a fiathach learg  
Cha do tharla sealg 'n ar car,  
Chunnaic sinn iomad bàre  
A' tighinn chum na tràigh an ear.

Leig sinn ar gasruidh tre 'n choill,  
'S thogadar leinn ar n airm àidh,  
A dha shleadh air gualain gach fir mhoir,  
'S dh' imich sinn leo do 'n tràigh.

Chuir Fionn comhairle r' a Fheinn,  
Co rachadh a ghabhail sgeula do 'n t sloigh ?  
'S na bheireadh è leis gun chleith  
Gum faigheadh è breith is buaidh.

'N sin thuirt Conan a-ris,  
Co a Rìgh a b' àill leat a dhol ann ?  
Ach Fearthus fìor ghlic do mhac,  
O 'n 's è chleachd bhi dol 'n an ceann.

Mallachd dhuits' a Chonain mhaoil,  
'S è labhair Fearthas is caoin cruth ;  
Rachains' a dh' fhiosracha sgeul  
Do 'n Fheinn, 's cha b' ann air do ghuth.

Ghluais Fearthas gu h armach òg  
An ròd ann coinnimh nam fear,  
'S dh' fhiosraich è ann comhradh fòill,  
Cìod na slòigh ud thain' air lear ?

Manus fuileach, corrach fial,  
Mac Rìgh Bheathann nan sgiath dearg,  
'S è Ard-Rìgh Lochlann ceann n' an cliar,  
Giulladh bu mhòr fiach is fearg.

Cìod a ghluais a bhuithinn bhorb  
O chriocheibh Lochlann n' an calg sean ?  
No 'n ann a chuideacha le 'r Fiann  
A thainig bhur triath air lear ?

Air do laimhse Fhearthais àillidh,  
As an Fheinn ga mor do mhùirn ;  
Ga ghabh sinn cumha gun Bhràn,  
'S gun a Bhean a thoirt o Fhionn.

As do laimh ga mòr do dhoigh,  
 'S as do shlàigh ga mòr do mhuirn ;  
 Mheud 's a thainig sibh air lear,  
 Ni 'n d' thuga' sibh Bran th' air tuinn.

Gun d' thoir an Fhiann comhrag cruaidh  
 Do d' shluagh m' am faighe' tu Bran :  
 'S gun d' thoir Fionn comhrag trein  
 Dhuit fein m' am faighe' tu Bhean.

Ghluais Fearthas mo bhràthair fein,  
 'S b' amhluidh mar dheò-ghrein a chruth ;  
 'S dh' innseadh è sgeula gu fòill,  
 Ge b' oscarra mòr a ghuth.

Tha Rìgh Lochlann air an tràigh,  
 Ciod am fà' dhuinn bhi 'ga chleth :  
 Cha ghabh è gun chomhrag dlù,  
 No do Bhean, 's do chù f' a bhreith.

Cha d' thugainnse mo Bhean  
 Do dh' aon neach a sheall sa ghrein ;  
 'S ni mò bheir mi Bran gu brath,  
 Gus an d' theid am bàs 'na bheul.

Chuir Fionn comhairle ri Goll  
 Ciod am fonn dhuinn bhi 'n ar tosd ?  
 Nach d' thugamaid cath duirghiollach garbh  
 Do Rìgh Lochlann nan arm nochdt' ?

Seachd Altramain an Locha-làin  
 'S è labhair Goll gun atha ceilg,  
 Ga mor an doigh as an sluagh,  
 Buinidh mise buaidh a' m' fheirg.

Iarla mugha mòr nan lonng  
 Ar-sa Diarmad donn n' an cath,  
 Coisgidh mi ga mòr a thèachd,  
 No bithidh mi fhein air a shon.

Thuir an t Oscar bu mhòr prìs,  
 Coisgear leom Rìgh Innse-torc  
 Ceann a dha chomhairlich-dheug  
 Leig fa m' chomhair fein sa chath.

'S ann an sin a thuir mi fein,  
 Ged d' tha mi mar tha mi nochd ;  
 Rìgh Tearmunnn n' an comhrag dlù,  
 Gun sgarainn an ceann o chorp.

'Gheibh sibh beannachd, 's buidhnibh buaidh  
 Arsa Mac Chuthaill nan ruag àidh,  
 Manus Mac Athair an t-sloigh  
 D' iongaidh mis' è, ga mor fhearg.

'N oidhche sin duinne gun bhròn,  
 Cha bu dual duinn bhi gun cheol,  
 Ol is àileachd, fion is cèir,  
 Bha iad againn fhein ni 's leoir.

Aig ceann an naothadh lò  
 No slòigh a' togail ri gurt ;  
 Bha meirg Rìgh Lochlann an àidh  
 'G a thogail o thràigh 'n ar n uchd.

Thog sinn deo-ghreine ri crann,  
 Bratach Fheinn, 's bu gharbh a greus ;  
 I lom-a-lan do chlochaibh òir,  
 'S aig an Fheinn bu mhòr a meas.

'S iomad clogaid, 's iomad sgiath,  
 'S ioma' lùireach, is triath gharbh,  
 'S ioma' Mac Toisich, is Rìgh,  
 'S cha raibh aon fhear dhinn gun arm ;

'S ioma' cloidheamh dorn-chair òir,  
 Is sròl ga thogail ri crann ;  
 'S ge b' fhuileachdach Fionn nam fleadh,  
 Bu lionmhor sleadh bh' air a cheann.

Rìgh Feinne a chomraig chruidh  
 Leis an èireadh buaidh gach blàr.  
 Chrom sinn ar ceann ann sa chath  
 'S gun d' rinn flath mar a gheall.

Manus fuileachdach n' an cuach,  
 Is Mac Chuthail nan ruag àidh,  
 A dh' ionnsui chèil' an tiugh an t-sluaigh,  
 'S a Chleirich bu chruidh an sàs.

Sheas sinn uile, an da shlògh,  
 (Air leam fhein gum bu mhòr ar modh)  
 Gun aon duin' a dhol g' an còir,  
 Gu fiosraichte fòs gan dol.

Bhriseadh an sgiath air an leirg,  
 Thogadar am feirg, 's am fraoch,  
 Thilgeadar uath' an airm àidh,  
 'S chaidh ann sbairn, an da laoch



Bha clachan is talamh trom  
A mosgladh fui' bhonn ann cas,  
Croinn druighnich an ear san iar,  
Sann leinne bu chian an cath.

Ann am fianuis an da shloigh  
Leagadh Manus air an fhraoch,  
Dha-san ga nach b' onair Rìgh,  
Chuir Fionn ceangal nan trì chaol.

Sann an sin thuirte Conan mearachdach maol,  
(An laoch a bha riamh ri h'ole)  
Cumar rium Manus nan lann,  
'S gum buininn an ceann o chorp.

'S beag mo chairdeas, 's beag mo chaoimh  
Riuts' a Chonain mhaòil gun fhalt,  
O 'n tharla dhamh bhi 'n gràsaibh Fhinn,  
B' annsa leom na bhi fui' d' smachd.

O 'n thachair thu 'm ghràsan fein,  
Cna 'n iomaiream beud air flath;  
'S bheir mi tearuint thu o 'm fheinn  
A lamh threin a thug mòr chath.

Gheibh thu do raoghain a-ris  
'N uair tharlas tu d' thir fein,  
Cleamhnas is comunn is pairt,  
No do lann a thoirt do m' Fheinn.

Cha d' thugainnse mo lann  
'M fad sa bhios ceann air mo chorp;  
Ach bheir mi dhuit mòide phosda  
'M fad 'sa bhios an deo a' m' chorp,  
Nach d' thoir sinn buille tuill' a t aghai Fhinn;  
'S aireach leinn na rinneadh ort.

### [An t Athach Iodhna].

'S ann tamull beag ann diaigh latha Blàr na tràghad, a  
thachair an eachdruì so a leanas; a tha Oissain a' leantuinn air  
nnis' do 'n Chlèireach.

'S ann an tigh Chroma-ghlinn n' an clach  
Thainig oirn an t Athach ioghnadh:  
Aon chas fuithe nach raibh cli,  
'S aon sùil mhòr ann clàr a chinn;

Aon lamh uathasach as uchd,  
 'S i cho dubh ri gualach Gothainn :  
 Chomh-iaiche cuig meoir a throighe  
 Trian do dh' ùrlar an ruith' thighe.

Thog Conan an dorn gu dùr,  
 Gu h Athach mòr na h-aon sùl.  
 Fosadh air do chèill a Chonain, Arsa Fionn.  
 'S mòr an taobhar reachda leom  
 Teachdair Ri' Lochlann a bhualadh.

A nochd a thoiseach dhuit a' m' theach  
 Athaich ionadh ;  
 Fhir is mughadh aon sùil gun tlachd,  
 Innis dhuinne tath, is t iompaidh.

Thainig mise o'n tìr leathaich,  
 O'n chuideachda ghorm shleadaich ;  
 Sìndeag thug mi nach raibh mall,  
 Thainig mi o Rioghachd Lochlann.

Chuir Nighean Rìgh Lochlann (Blath-bhuig)  
 Teachdaireachd gu Fionn na Feinne,  
 A coinneacha seachduin o' màireach  
 Ann Carna-beireal ann Lochlann,  
 E fein 's a chuid Feinne air fad.

Chuir Fionn a mheur fui' dheud fios, 's fhuair è brath nach  
 raibh-se gu maith dha ; 's dh' iarr e orra an sgian folaich leo.

Bha seachd ciad fichead còta sròil  
 Aig Fionn Mac Chuthaill Mhic trein mhoir ;  
 Bha fraoch feirg air gach fear,  
 Agus trein laoch treatha gach trein-fhir :

Bha clogaid, is sgiath, is lùireach  
 Air gach laoch iorsach àrd ghlùineach ;  
 Is uldhach air gach fear do'n dream  
 Do luchd nan urchairibh innealta.

Dh' fhalbh sinn ann sin, 's cha deachai stad air ar cois, no lod  
 as ar bròig gus an d' rainig sinn Carna-beireal. Thachair Manus  
 oirn a mach, 's chuir è faillt' is furan oirn ; 's dh' iarr e oirn ar  
 n airm a chuir seachad ann an Tùr ; ghlais iad an Tùr, 's thug è  
 cuire dhuinn dol a stigh a dh' ionnsuidh ar dinnearach. 'N uair a  
 shuidh sinn suas mun bhòrd, shuidh fear do mhuinntir Mhanuis  
 air gach gualain do dh' fhear a mhuinntir Fhinn, 's bha fear cil' a'  
 fritheala dha. Thuirt Manus, Co mharbh lamh nam beud mo

mhac fein, Ciochnais nam buadh ? 's è labhair Goll ann san uair ; air an tràigh ud siar o thuath, far 'n do leagadh a' mòr shluagh. Co mharbh lamh nam beud mo mhac fein, Gorm-shùil n' an cath ? 'S mis' a mharbh Gorm-shùil n' an cath, 's è labhair an t Oscar armach ; cha raibh cionnta dhomh 'g a chionn o 'n a thuit è leom ann iriuill. Co mharbh lamh nam beud mo mhac fein, am Biugal-briagha ? 'S mis' a mharbh am Biugal-briagha, 's è labhair Diarmad o Duimhne ; 's nior raibh math agaibh gun a dhiola, ge do tha mi 'n teis-meadhon fearaibh Lochainn. Beiribh air an fhear bheag ud 's ceanglaibh è, ar-sa Manus. C' àit' a bheil na mionnan mòr a Mhanuis ? arsa Fionn. Dh' fhàgas far an d' fhuaras, ar-sa Manus.

Tharruing sinn ann sin (ars' Oissain) ar seachd-ciad-fichead sgian, leis an d' rinneadh a' mòr ghniomh. Mharbh sinn trithear mun fhear, man d' rainig sinn an dorus. Mharbh sinn an dorsair, 's bha sinn a mach air an fhaiche 'n ar dream aigeannaich uallaich. Bhris siun dorsan an Tùir, 's chrom sinn le dùrachd a steach ; 's thog sinn ùmhladh na caithreach ; 's riamh o sin amach bha cìs againn air fearaibh Lochlainn.

### Rann na h Ionmhuinn.<sup>1</sup>

Ach Oissain uasail Mhic Fhinn  
'S tu 'd shuidh air an tulaich èibhinn ;  
A laoi ch mhoir mhileant' nach meat  
Gum faic mise bròn air t inntin.

Dh' innsins' aobhar mo bhròin fein  
A Chleirich, nam b' àill leatsa eisd :  
Mi cuimhneachadh air Fionn nam Fiann  
Bhi air an tulaich so dh' aon rian.

Air on tulaich so bha sinn araon,  
'Ille Chleirich naomh nam breithe saor.  
Chunnaic mise Teaghlach Fhinn  
'S iad gu mear mòr meimneach eibhinn.

Air an tulaich so bha 'n Fhiann,  
'S bha sinn uil' ann a dh' rian :  
Chunnaic sinn bean ann sa mhadh,  
'S i teachd thugainn na h aonar.

'N ainnir ùr a b' àillidh snuadh,  
Bu gheal is bu dearg a gruaidh,  
Bu ghile na gach gath grèine  
A bragad, shuas fui' caomh leine.

<sup>1</sup> Nighean, Cailin, Gruagach.



Bha da rosg àluinn 'na ceann,  
 Bha earradh <sup>1</sup> àluinn mu timchioll,  
 Bha dùnadh do 'n òr mu bragad,  
 Bha slabhruidh òir f' a caoin àraidh ;  
 'S bha lèine do 'n t sròl a b'ùireadh  
 Leith r' a cneas gràdhach caomh cùraidh.

Thug sinn ar trom ghaol uile  
 Do theaghlach sin, Fhinn a h Albuinn ;  
 Gun aon fhear gaol da mhnaoi fein,  
 Thug sinn uil' ar gaol do 'n Ionmhuinn.

Chuir ise comaraich air Fionn,  
 'N Ribhinn, 'si gu bas-gheal binn.  
 Chuir ise comaraich air Goll  
 'S b' e sud laoch aluinn nan sonn ;  
 Air Oscar mac Oissain fhèill,  
 'S air Chaol chrotba Mac Ghruidhein.

Mo chomaraich oirbh Fhiannaibh matha  
 Eadar chlannaibh, Rìgh, is fhlaitha.  
 Co tha tòrachd air do lorg  
 Ainnir ùr is àillidh dealbh ?

Tha sin a' tòrachd orm fein  
 Fhir uasail is riomhaich Feinn,  
 An t Iolan mòr mìleanta mear  
 Oighre Rìgh na h Easpainte.<sup>2</sup>

'S eagal leamsa Fhiannaibh fial,  
 Bhi d' ar leadairt is d' ar dòruinn,  
 Leis an fhear mhòr mhìleanta threun,  
 Airm iuranta ranna gheur.

C' àit' an d' imich è 'n iar n' an ear,  
 No air cheithir àirdibh an domhain,  
 Nach fhaiceamaid eanachainn a chinn  
 Man leigeamaid leis thu Ionmhuinn.

A' gheug bhoinnegheal, bhas-gheal ghrinn,  
 'Nighean ùr n' an gorm rosg èibhinn,  
 Suidhidh sinne air do sgàth  
 'Nighean ga grannda do chomhra,  
 Man d' thoir am fear mòr thu leis,  
 Ga mòr leat do dhoigh as fheothas.

<sup>1</sup> " trusgan."      <sup>2</sup> " Spain."

Chunnaic sinn fear mòr uainn  
 A' caitheadh a chala sa chuan ;  
 'S è tarruing a loingheas gu tir,  
 'S è teachd thugainn le h ana-mèin.

Gum b' è sud am fear mòr màlta  
 'S è 'na stuaghadh alluidh allamarra,  
 'Na fhraoch feirge gu Fiannuibh Fhinn,  
 'S è teachd 'na chaoir theinntich thugainn.

Bha seachda do 'n òr mun fhear  
 Is ceangluichean sìoda ga cheangal :  
 Bha sgiath air mum bristeadh bladha  
 Ann dorn toisgeil a Mhìlidh :

Bha lùireach àrd iorsach uaibhreach,  
 Bha threin scapul breac buadhach,  
 Bha cheanna-bheairt chlocharra shèimh  
 Os cionn aghai shocair a ghaigich.

Le chlaideamh mòr froisneach neimhneach,  
 'S e gu cosgairne coi-dhireach  
 Le dha shleadh o 'm bun bu chruai' roinn,  
 'S iad 'n an cuilg a seasamh suas r' a ghualain,

Thug è ruathar fir gun chèill,  
 Cha do bheannuich è dh' Fhionn no 'n Fheinn ;  
 Mharbhte leis ciad do dh' Fhiannuibh Fhinn,  
 'S mharbhte leis an Ionmhuinn :

Cheangail è Faolan Mac Fhinn  
 'S tri naothnar d' a luchd-leanmhuinn,  
 Do 'n chinne mhòr mheimneach mhear ;  
 'S bha 'n t Iolan gu h armach eatrom.

Thionndai mo Mhacs' air an leirg,  
 Oscar 's è làn do throm fheirg ;  
 'S ann a dh' obair è còmhrag  
 As an fhear mhor bhaoisgeil mhi-nàrach.

Thionndai 'n t Iolan ri m' Mhac fein,  
 'S dheanta leo còmhrag treun ;  
 Os fear mor creitheach, ceann riathach  
 Bas-luath, bras-bheimneach àrd-leumnach, aineasach è.

Mar shrughadh amhuinn le gleann  
 Bha sgrios am fola cho teann ;  
 Mar chaoir theinntich teachd a teallaich  
 Bha toradh nan laoch nàmhach.

Thug Oscar beum fearra-ghas fear  
 Gu h Iolan armach deud-ghlan ;  
 'S ann a bhuin è leis a bheum ghrànnda  
 Ceann Mhic Rìgh na h Easpàinte.

Air an tulaich so tha leachd,  
 Dheadh Mhic Ailpein tha so fìor ;  
 'S tha leachd na mnai air an taobh eile,  
 A dheadh Mhic Ailpein a h Albuinn.

Air leinne gum bu mhaith iad,  
 'S cha raibh 'n aon neach dhiu ach seud.  
 Beannachd air an anam araon,  
 'S thugadh beannachd eil' air Oissain.

### Marbhrann Fhraoich.

Sud è thall an carn fui' m bheil  
 Fraoch Mac-Iubhaich an fhuilt mhaoth,  
 Giulla' dh' fhàg luidheachd gach magh,  
 Air 'na luidhe, tha corp Fhraoich.

Chinn easlainte throm throm  
 Air Nighean Bheothail n' an corn fial :  
 Chuireadh leatha fios air Fraoch,  
 'S dh' fhiosraich an laoch, Ciod è 'miann ?

Thuirt nach bitheadh i slàn  
 Gun làn a da laimh bhois mìn,  
 Do chaorran meal' an Lochain-luain,  
 Gun duine 'ga bhuain ach Fraoch.

Ghluais Fraoch, nach raibh tiom  
 A dhol a shnàmh air an linngidh bhuig ;  
 'S thug ultach leis do 'n chaorran dearg  
 Far an raibh Maoigh bu gheal cruth.  
 Cha 'n fhothain sin a laoich luain  
 Gun an t slat a bhuain o bun.

Ghluais Fraoch an earragain àidh  
 A dhol a shnàmh air an linn'gi' bhuig,  
 Cha 'n fhaod duine, ga mòr àdh  
 Tighinn o'n bhàs ann sam bi ghuin.



Fhuair e bhèist<sup>1</sup> 'na surram suain  
 'S a thùrladh suas ris an dos :  
 Rug è air chaorran air bharr,  
 'S leadair è 'n crann as a bhun.

'S è toirt a dha bhuinn o thìr,  
 Ann sin dh' fhairich a bhèist :  
 Rug i air 's è air an t snàmh  
 'S gun do leadair i làmh 'na beul

Rug i air 's è air an t snamh  
 'S gun do leadair i lamh 'na craos  
 Rug easan orrais air ghial  
 'S ochòin gur an sgian aig Fraoch.

Thainig Nighean an fhuilt fhionn bhui' fhial  
 Agus sgian aice do 'n òr ;  
 Cha b' è sud an còmhrag cearr  
 Thug è mach ann ceann 'na dhorn.

Thuit Fraoch agus a bhèist  
 Bonn ri bonn le meud an creuchd,  
 'S iad 'nan sìneadh air an tràigh  
 Taobh ri taobh, gun deo 'n an crè.

'N uair a chunnaic an Nighean è  
 Thuit i 'na neul air an tràigh ;  
 'San uair a dhùisg i as a suain  
 Rug i 'na laimh air a laimh bhuig.

Ge d' a tha thu 'n diu mar chlàir teach eùn  
 'S mòr an tèathachd a dheanta leat,  
 'N àm cuir cath tairbeartach garbh  
 Bu tu 'n Laoch bha dian san trod.

'S ionmhuinn tighearna nan sluagh,  
 'S ionmhuinn gruaidh is deirg nan ròs,  
 'S ionmhuinn beul nach diult ri daimh  
 Gam biodh na mnai a teireairt phòg

Maiseadh is caise bha 'na chùl,  
 'S guirmeadh a shùil na feur air leachd,  
 'S deirgeadh nam partan a bheul,  
 'S gileadh a dheud na blàth an fhiodh.

'S duighe' n' am fitheach bàrr fhuilt,  
 'S deirgeadh a leachd na fuil laogh,  
 'S gileadh è na comhannach nan sruth,  
 'S mìne' n' an canach corp Fhraoich.

<sup>1</sup> "Tore-nimhe."

'S co fada a làmh 's a lann,  
'S leathadh a chalg na barr a loinn,  
'S leatha' na gach còmhla' a sgiath,  
Sud an triath a bha 'na druim.

'S faideadh a shleadh na crann siùil,  
'S binne na teud chiùil a ghuth ;  
Snamhaich eil' a b' fhearr na Fraoch  
Cha do shìn a thaobh ri sruth.

'S truagh nach ann an còmhrag Laoch  
A thuiteadh Fraoch le'm prònta slòigh  
Ochòin do thuiteam le bèist,  
'S truagh a ghaoil nach mairthionn fòs.

### Creidamh Oissian.

Innis duinn a Chleirich  
Ann onoir do leughaidh,  
'Bheil Neamh gu h'àraid  
Aig maithibh Fiann na Feinne.

Dh'innis sin duitse  
Oissain n' an glond,  
Cha' n eil Neamh aig t Athair,  
Aig Oscar, no aig Goll.

'S olc an sgeuladh àraid  
Tha agad dhuinn a Chleirich ;  
Com am bitheannsa ri cràbhadh  
Mar eil Neamh aig maithibh Fiann na Feinne.

Oissain gur fada do shuain,  
Eirich suas is èisd na sailm :  
Chaill thu 'nis' do lùth, 's do rath,  
'S cha chuir thu cath ri la garbh.

Ma chaill mi mo lùth, 's mo rath,  
'S nach cuir mi cath ri la garbh ;  
Do d' ehlèirsneachd gur beig mo spèis,  
'S do cheòl èisdeachd cha 'n fhiach leam.

Cha chual thu co math mo cheòil  
O thùs an domhain mhòir gus a nochd :  
Tha thu aosda seana-ghlic liath,  
Fhir a dhiola cliar air enochd

'S tric a dhiol mi cliar air enochd  
 'Ille Phàdric<sup>1</sup> is olc rùn :  
 'S eùcair dhuit a chàin mo chruth,  
 O nach d' fhuair mi guth air thùs.

Bha da ghaothar-dheug aig Fionn,  
 'S leigeamaid iad ri Gleann smàil ;  
 'S bu bhinne leinn frosnaich ar con  
 Na do chluigs' a Clèirich àidh.

Smeorach bheag Ghlinne smàil  
 Is faothar nam barc ris an tonn,  
 Sheinneamaid-ne leo puirt,  
 'S bha sinn fein, 's ar cruit ro bhinn.

'S è sin a chuir as duibh riamh,  
 Nach do chreid sibh 'n DIA nan dùl ;  
 Cha mhairthean duine d' ar sliochd,  
 'S cha bheo ach riochd Oissain ùir.

Cha b' è sin bu choireach ruinn,  
 Ach turus Fhinn 'n uair chaidh è 'n Ròimh ;  
 Bhi cuir cath àraidh leinn fein  
 'S a claoi ar Feinne gu mòr.

Ach ciod a rinn Fionn air DIA ?  
 Rinn è rian, fhial, agus gol,  
 Thug è latha ri pronnadh òir,  
 'S an treas là' ri meothair chon.

Aig meud a ruithe ri meothair chon  
 'S ri dol an sgol gach aon là,  
 'S gun urram a thoirt do DHIA,  
 'Nis 'tha Fionn nam Fiann ann laimh.

'S olc a chreideas mi do sgeul  
 A Chlèirich le d' leabhar bàn,  
 Gum biodh Fionn MacChuthaill, na cho fial  
 Aig duine, no aig DIA ann laimh

Tha è 'n Ifrinn ann laimh  
 'M fear le 'n gnà bhi pronnadh òir ;  
 'S a thaobh a dhimeas air DIA  
 Chuir iad è 'n tigh pian fui' bhròn.

[<sup>1</sup> Phàdric deleted, and Chleirich written over it. Former only in Stewart MS.]



Nam biodh Clanna-Baoisge a steach,  
 Na Clanna-Moirne nam fear trein,  
 Bheireamaid-ne Fionn a mach,  
 No bhiodh an teach againn fein.

Cuignear a chonnaibh na Feinne air fad,  
 Leatsa ga mòr an teàthachd,  
 Cha d' thugadh sud Fionn a mach,  
 'S cha bhiodh an teach agaibh fein.

Is ciod è 'n tàit' Ifrinn fein  
 A Chlèirich a leughas an sgoil,  
 Nach bu cho maith ri Flaitheanas DE,  
 Nam faigheamaid feigh, is coin ?

'S beag a chùil chrònanaich  
 Is mònanan na grèine,  
 S' gun fhios do'n Rìgh mhòralach  
 Cha d' theid fui' bhàrr bhilibh a sgèithe.

Cha b' ionann is Fionn Mac Chuthaill  
 An rìgh bha againn air na Fiannaibh,  
 Dh' fhaoda fir an domhain  
 Dol d' a thallasan gun iarrui.

Na coimeas thusa duine ri DIA  
 'S a shean fhir leith na breithnich è ;  
 'S fad o thainig a reachd,  
 'S seasuidh a cheart gu la bhràth.

Choimeasain-se Fionn Mac Chuthaill  
 Ri aon neach a sheall sa ghrein ;  
 Cha d' iarr è riamh ni air neach,  
 'S cha mhò dh' <sup>1</sup> èar e neach mu nì.

Bha sinne latha air sliabh Boid,  
 'S bha Caoilte ann bu chruaidh lann,  
 Oscar, agus Goll nan sleadh,  
 Diarmad o 'n Mhoidh, is Fraoch o' n Ghleann :

Bha Fionn Mac Cuthaill ann bu mhor pris  
 'S bha è 'na rìgh os ar ceann,  
 'Sa Chlèirich nam bachull fial,  
 Cha leigeamaid DIA os ar cionn.

<sup>1</sup> "dhiult."

'S olc leam sin uait Oissain  
 Fhir nam briathra boile ;  
 'S gum b' fhearr DIA ri aon uair  
 Na Fiann na Feinne uile.

B' fhearr leamsa aon chath laidir  
 A chuireadh Fiann na Feinne  
 Na TIGHEARN' a chràidh sin  
 Agus d' thusa, a Chlèirich.

Eisd ri ràithe Rìgh nam bochd  
 Is iarr a nochd Neamh dhuit fein ;  
 'S o 'n tha crìoch a' tighinn air t aois  
 Tog do d' bhaoisg a shean fhir leith.

Comaraich an da Abstoil deug  
 Gabhaidh mi dhomh fhein a' nochd,  
 'S ma rinn mise peaca trom,  
 'Biodh è 'n loch, nan tom, n' an cloich.

### Duan Chlann Uisneachain. .

Turus gan deach iad th' air tuinn  
 Clann Uisneachain a Dù-Lochlann,  
 Dh' fhàg iad Dearduil 's am fear dubh  
 'M Beinn Ardil, 's iad 'n an aonar.

C' àit' an cualas sgeul bu chruaidhe  
 'N an Gille dubh 's è dur shuireadh ?

A Dhearduil chruinneagach gheal,  
 Bu chuidh orts' is orm bhi cuideachd.  
 Cha bu chuidh mis' is tu  
 'Ille dhuì' na mìrun,  
 Gus an d' thig iad dathigh slàn,  
 Clann Uisneachain a Dù-Lochlann.

Ge b' eug a racha tu dh' eth,  
 'S ge d' fhaithe tu bas 'g an cumhadh ;  
 Bithidh tus is fear dubh san aon leabui'  
 Gus an d' theid uir air do leachduinn.

Gheibhe tus' a Dhearduil ghuanach  
 Uamsa air mhaduin a' maireach ;  
 Gheibhe tu bainne chruidd bhraonaich,  
 Is maorach o Innis aonaich ;

Gheibhe tu uam muineal mhuc  
 Agus struighe shean torc ;  
 Gheibhe tu breachcartaich bò,  
 'S a ghaolaich nach gabha' tu sin.

Ge d' a gheibhinn coilich fhiodh  
 Agus bradain thara-gheala,  
 B' annsa leam bior a chùl chas  
 A lamham Naois Mhic Uisneachain.

'S è Naois a phoga' mo bheul,  
 Mo cheud fhear, 's mo cheud leannan ;  
 'S è Aillidh a leige' mo dheoch,  
 'S è Ardail a chàireadh m' aodhart.

Sùil gan d' thug Dearduil ghuanach  
 A mach air barr a bhaile bhraonaich,  
 Slàn do 'n triuir bhraithrean a chi mi thall ud,  
 Snàmhaidh iad na cuantuin thairis.

Naois is Ardail air an stiuir,  
 A stiuradh gu h àrd mi-chiùin.  
 Mo ghaol an geal lamhach geal,  
 Tha m' fhear fein 'ga stiuradh sin.

Ach smid na d' thigeadh as do bheul  
 'Ille dhuì nam braon sgeul,  
 M' am marbhar thusa gun chion,  
 'S ni mo a chreidear mise.

A Chlann Uisneachain nan each  
 A thainig a tir nam fear fuileach,  
 An d' fhuiling sibh tàir o neach,  
 No ciod è a bha 'g ar cumail ?

Bha 'gar cumail-ne 'mach uait,  
 An Taobhar fuileach faobhar ruagh,  
 Mac Rìgh Rosaich ceann fear-fàil  
 Air ar glacadh 's air dìongail.

C' àit' an raibh ar n airm ghaisge  
 'S air lannan tapuidh geura fuileach,  
 'N uair a leig sibh le Mac Rì' Rosaich  
 Bhi 'gar glacadh, is 'g ar dìongail ?

Cadal gan d' rinn sinn 'nar luinnig  
 Air onfhadh na mara truim,  
 Man do dhuìsg sinn as ar suain  
 Dh' iadh na sea longa-deug m' ar timchioll.



Cha mhise nach d' innis duibh  
 A Chlann Uisneachain a Dù-Lochlann,  
 Nach bu lamh air bhog bhloaig bhan,  
 'S nach bu s'urd air cogadh cadal.

Ge nach biodh do chogadh ann fui 'n ghrèin  
 Ach duine fad as a thir fein,  
 Cadal fada 's beag a thlachd  
 Do dhuine 's e air deòrachd.

Deorachd 's truagh duine d' an dàn è,  
 'S é 's gnà dha cuid a sheacharain,  
 'S beag urram is a mbath  
 'S truagh duine 's e air deòrachd.

'S ann a chuir iad sinn ann uaidh shalaich  
 Fui' thalamh tuinn  
 Far an d' thigeadh a mhuir làn  
 Tri uairean gach aonlà.

An Nighean mhath bha aig an Rìgh  
 Ghabh i dhinne mòran truais  
 Seicheanan a h Athar gu leir  
 ('S bu lionmhor ann bian èild is daimh)  
 Chuir i eadar sinne 's am fuaradh,  
 An Ribhinn ùr a b' fhearr tuigse.

Rainig i h Athair sa chraoibh ruaidh  
 'S a chàirdean gu leir mu thimchioll.  
 Rùn n' an cagar thu Dhir-bhàil  
 Cha 'n 'eil rùn nam ban ach iomluath.

Ciod an rùineadh a bhiodh ann  
 Nach innseadh an t Athair ga aon nighinn?  
 An rùn a gheibhinn-se uait  
 Ghleidhinn e fad sheachd bliadhna fui' bhile mo  
     chiche deise,  
 'S an rùn a gheibhinn o chàch  
 Athair a ghraidh gun innsin duits' è.

Chuir Rìgh Eirionn fios th' air sàil  
 Gu maithibh uaislibh Bharra-Phàil,  
 Gum faithinnse lan luinnge  
 Do dh' or, 's do dh' innsri, 's do dh' ionmhas,  
 'S na Gimich a chuir air sàil  
 Air chuan na h Eirionn a' màireach.

Leig an Nighean osna throm  
 As a cridhe gu ro mhòr,  
 Gheisg asnaichean an tighe  
 Leis an osann leig an Nighean.

Co leig an osann throm  
 Gur duilich leis na Gimich?  
 'S mis' a leig an osann throm  
 Bhur Gimich gur coma leam :

Tha earran mhor a' m' thaobh cli  
 'S mharbhadh leatha caogad Righ ;  
 'S tha luainn mhor san taobh eile  
 Mu choinnibh na h earrain sin.

Thainig i 'n sin dhuinn gur fios  
 An Ni bhàn bu ghile cneas.

An raibh thu sann Dun ud thall?  
 No ciod an ailis bha oirn ann?

Bha mis' ann san Dùn ud thall,  
 'S truagh an ailis bha oirbh ann ;  
 Gum faitheadh m' Athair lan luinge  
 Do dh'òr, do dh' innsri, 's do dh' ionmhas,  
 'S ar fuadach amach air sàil  
 Air chuan na h Eirionn a màireach.

Ach sìne' sibhs' amach bhur casan  
 Dh' fhiach an tombais mi na glasan,  
 'S nach fàg mi bonn diu air dearmad  
 Air fad, air leud, no air doimhneachd.

Rainig i 'n sin an Ceard cluaini  
 Mac an-t Saoir o 'n chraoibh ruaidh.  
 Eirich suas a Cheaird chluaini  
 'S nighean Righ air tigh'n 'ga d' iarrui.

'S beag orm na bhiodh ann,  
 Nighean Righ a shiubhladh an oì'che gu fir ;  
 'S è bheireadh i dhathigh g' a teach  
 Treas tuairisgeal na gemhich.

Dh' èirich è suas an ceard cluaineach  
 Mac-an-t Saoir o 'n chraoibh ruaidh,  
 'S rinn è na tri iuchraichean buadbach  
 Ann aon aiteal na leith uaire.

Thainig i 'n sin sinn gur fios  
 An Ionmhuinn bhan bu ghile cneas :  
 Sìne' sibhs' amach bhur casan  
 Dh' fheuch am fuasgail mi na glasan,  
 Mar d' fhàg mi bonn diu' air dearmad  
 Air fad, air leud, no air doimhneachd.

Thug Naois leum rialachainn àrd,  
 Aillidh, 's Ardail air a dhruim lorg.

Tha lonng (ars' ise) aig m' Athair air sàil  
 Amach o bhàrr a bhaile bhraonaich,  
 'S tha aon fhear donn 'na toiseach  
 'S dhiongadh è ceud ann an còmhrag.

Ma tha sibhs' a' dol 'na dhàil  
 Gun eagal oirbh, no fheall sgàth,  
 Buailibh gu co' thromach ceart  
 Bhur tri chloidhean 'na aon alt-san.

Ge bu dorch an oi'che dhoilleir  
 A ri' bu bhorb a rinn sinn eolus,  
 'S bhuail sinn gu co' thromach ceart  
 Ar tri chloidhean 'na aon alt-san.

Thig thus' anois' a' d' luinnng  
 A Nighean bhàn a b' ionmhulnn leinn,  
 'S aona bhean cha d' theid os do chionn,  
 Ach aona bhean eile san tir an d' theid thu.

Ciod an aon bhean a bhiodh ann  
 'S gur mi ghleidh dhuibh bhur n anam ?  
 B' uaimhreach dhomhsa sin a dheanamh  
 'S a liuthad Mac Ri' bha tighinn ga m' iarrui.

### Conn Mac an Deirg.

Sgeulachd air chonn Mac an Deirg  
 Air a liona' le trom feirg,  
 Dol a dhioladh Athar gun fheall  
 Air uaslibh, 's air maithibh na Feinne.

Sgeulachd air Chonn fearaigh fearail,  
 An Sonn mòr calma ceanail,  
 Gum b'ionann d' a dhealbh 's d'a dhreach  
 'S do'n Dearg mhor mhear mheamnach.



Bu mhugha Conn gu mòr mòr  
 'Tighinn ann caladh ar sloigh,  
 A' tarruing a luinnghe gu tir  
 Ann iris a chuain is a chaolais.

A' tarruing a Bharca gu tir  
 A stigh air an tràigh ghil ghainmhich :  
 Shuidh è air an tulaich 'g ar coir,  
 An t Saoi curanda ro mhòr.

Bha ghruaidh choreair mar Iubhar caoin,  
 Bha rosg gorm, 's a mhala ro chaol,  
 Bha fholt buidhe mar òr ceaird  
 Os cionn geal ghuaillnibh a mhìlidh.

Ghabh sinn eagal uil' an Fhiann,  
 Nach do ghabh sinn a leithid riamh,  
 'N uair a chitheamaid conadh Chuinn  
 Mar onfhadh mara air trein tuinn.

Comhairl' a chinn aig Fionn,  
 'S aig uaislibh matha na Feinne ;  
 Dol a ghabhail sgeula do 'n fhear choltach :  
 'S chuir iad Fearthas beul-dearg, binn-fhoclach.

Ghluais Fearthas gu binn bàghach,  
 Gu glie suairce so ghràdhach,  
 Air chomhairl' Athar mar bu choir  
 Ghabhail sgeula do 'n Chonn ro-mhòr.

S geul a b' ait leam fhaotuinn uait  
 Labhair Fearthas gu fìor ghlic ;  
 Fhir mhòir a thainig d' ar fios,  
 Ciod è fàth do thuruis chum na Feinne.

Innsidh mise sin gu beachd  
 Fheartais, m' as àill leat a thoirt leat ;  
 Eirig m' Athar a b' àill leam,  
 Uaibhse a mhaithibh Fiann na Feinne.

Ceann Ghuill 's a dha mhiic mhoir,  
 Ceann Fhinn, Airt, agus Ghreuir,  
 Ceann Chormaig is àillidh dreach,  
 'S na bheil be(o) do mhaithibh na Feinne ;

Na Eirinn a thuinn gu tuinn  
 A gheilleachdain domh fa m'aon chuinng ;  
 Na deich ciad d' ar Fiannaibh a' màireadh  
 Gu còmhrag mear diobhailteach.

Nan d' thigeadh deich ciad d' ar Fiannuibh  
 Chaisge sin do luath mhireadh,  
 Cha b' ionann 's a radh air choir,  
 Thug Conn mor dhoibh ioma sgleo.

Deich ceud air a cheud là  
 Mharbh Conn, 's cha bu ghnìomh dha ;  
 'S gun rachadh è rompa sin  
 Mar sheothag tre eoin an t-sleibhe.

Deich ceud air an ath là  
 Mharbh Conn, 's cha bu ghnìomh dha ;  
 Bheireadh è ruathar fir foirinn  
 'S bu luaithe è na roth-galla-mhuilinn ;  
 'S rachadh è 'm frilis nan neul  
 A sireadh tuille còmhraig.

Deich ciad air an treas là  
 Mharbh Conn, 's cha bu ghnìomh dha,  
 Bha ioma leith lamh, cos, is ceann,  
 Cuirp gun airceis air aon a bhall ;  
 Bha Conn a cailce a sgiath  
 'G iarrui còmhraig gach aon ial.

Thuirte Conan mearachdach maol  
 Leigear mise thuige,  
 'S bheir mi an ceann a mach  
 Do Chonn dimeasach uaimhreach.

Marbhaisg ort a Chonain mhillte  
 Nach sguir thu do d' loineis a chaoi,  
 Deich ciad do d' leithidibhs' air tràigh  
 Cha d' thuga ceann a Chuinn amach.

'N uair a chunnaic am fear mòr  
 Conan a'teachd a sheilbh arm,  
 Thug è sìcheach air an daoì,  
 'S è teicheadh dhathigh gu h allbhuidh.

Bha ioma cnap is faobh is meall  
 Gabhail a suas air a dhroch ceann ;  
 Air maol Chonain ; gu dearbh deimhin  
 Chuir è cuig caoil fa aon cheangal.

'S ioma sgread is èighibh chruidh  
 Bha 'g an cruinneach, a mhor shluagh ;  
 Bu lùthaireadh è na fuaim tuinn a' teachd,  
 'S an Fhiann uile 'g a èisdeachd.

Beannachd do 'n laimh a rinn sin duit,  
 'S è thuirt Fionn n' an cruth nuath ;  
 Ach gum b' è sin turus gun èiridh  
 Dhuits' a Chonain mhaoil mhi-chèillidh

Fhir a chleachd mo chobhair riamh,  
 A Ghuill Mhic Moirne na mòr ghnìomh,  
 A mhiann sùil gach bean,  
 A phrionnsa nan t eug-buailteach,  
 Thoir an ceann gu fearail deth,  
 Mar thug thu ga athair roimhe.

Dheanainse sin duitse Fhinn  
 Fhir nam briathra blàtha binn,  
 Chuir fuachd is falachd o' r cùl  
 'S gum bitheamaid uil' a dh' aon rùn.

Thog iad an sin am prùip chatha  
 Dhol a thoirt an àrd latha,  
 Na h airm shèund a bh' aig am braid,  
 Thog Mac Moirne mìleanta.

Chuaidh Goll 'na chula chruaidh,  
 'S 'na phrop a 'm fianuis an t sluaigh ;  
 Bu gheal dearg gnuis an fhir  
 'S è 'na thore àrd an tùs na h iriuill.

'N àm dhoibh dol ann coinnimh chèile,  
 Cha 'n fhaca sinne an co baoghal ;  
 An da churai' bu gharg an di,  
 Chuir iad an tulaich air bhall-chrith.

Chuir iad fallas do chneasuibh an cuirp,  
 Chuireadh iad cailce do 'n sgiathaibh  
 Bha 'm falt ri gaoith n' an gleann  
 Le cleachd n' an Curai'nean cho teann.

'S ioma caoir do theine ruagh  
 O fhaobhar nan arm geura cruaidh,  
 Os cionn n' an ceanna-bheairte corrach,  
 'S iad a' cuimhneach na mòr fhalachd.

Latha agus aon trà deug  
 Chum iad an còmhrag ; 's cha bhreug,  
 Man do bhuithinn Goll nam beumannan  
 Ceann Chuinn air lom eigin.



'N gàireadh èibhinn thug an Fhiann  
 Nach d' thug iad a leithid riamh,  
 'N uair a chunnaic iad Goll cridhe  
 An' uachdar air Conn teug-bhuailteach :  
 'S a fuasgla' Chonain as a shàs.  
 'N dèis loineis a mhi-ghràis.

### Marbhrann Dhiarmaid.

Eisdibh beag m' as àill libh laoidh  
 Air a chuideachda chaoimh so chaidh,  
 Air Beinn-Ghulbunn, 's air Fionn fial,  
 'S air Mac-o-Duimhne nan sgeul truagh.

Dh' imir iad 's bu mhor an fhaoill  
 Air Mac-o-Duimhne bu dearg beul,  
 Dol do Bheinn-Gulbunn a shealg  
 Tuire, nach faodadh arm a chlaoi.

Dh' fhairich a bheist as a suain,  
 'S sheinn i fead chruidh ris a ghleann,  
 Dh' fhairich i faragra nam Fiann  
 Tighinn an or, 's an iar 'na ceann.

Mac-o-Duimhne nach d' ob daimh  
 Chuir è 'n t-sleagh an dail an Tuire,  
 Bhriis è innt' an crann 'na thri,  
 'S bu reachd'ar leis a bhi sa Mhuic.

Tharruing è 'n t seann lann o 'n truaill  
 A bhuineadh buaidh ann sgach blàr :  
 Mharbh Mac-o-Duimhne bhèist,  
 'S thachair dha fein a bhi slàn.

Shuidh sinn uile air aon chnochd,  
 'S luidh mor sprochd air ceann Flath fàil :  
 Air dha bhi fada 'na thosd  
 Labhair è, 's gum b' ole aradh,  
 A Dhiarmaid tomhais an Tore  
 Cia meud troigh o shoehd a ta.

Sea troighe-deug do dh' fhior thomhas  
 Atha 'm friogh na muice fiathaich.  
 Cha 'n è sin idir a tomhas,  
 Tomhais a-ris i Dhiarmaid.

Tomhais a Dhiarmaid a-ris  
 'Na aghai gu mìn an Tore,  
 'S leatsa do raoghadh ath chuinge 'ga chionn,  
 'Iulladh nan arm ranna-gheur goirt.

Dh' èirich è 's cha bu turus àidh,  
 Is thomhais è dhoibh an Tore,  
 'S tholl am friogh bha nimheil garg  
 Bonn an Laoich bu gharg san trod.

Aon deoch dhomhs' a' d' chuaich Fhinn,  
 Fhir nam briathra blàtha binn ;  
 O'n chaill mi mo bhrìgh 's mo bhlagh,  
 Ochòin 's truagh mi mar d' thoir.

Cha d' thoir mise dhuit mo chuach,  
 'S cha mho chobhaireas mi air th' iotaibh ;  
 O'n is beag a rinn thu do m' leas  
 'S gur mòr a rinn thu do m' aimhleas.

Cha d' rinn mise cron ort riamh  
 Thall na bhos, an' or nan iar,  
 Ach im'eachd le Grainn'<sup>1</sup> am braid,  
 'S a h uabhar ga m' thoirt fa gheasuibh.

Chi mi air tuiteam fa chreuchd  
 Mac-o-Duimhne ciabh n' an cleachd,  
 Sàr Mhac è fuileach nam Fiann,  
 Air an tulaich siar o dheas.

Seobhag sùl-ghorm o Eas-ruaidh  
 Leis am buinntè buaidh gach blàir,  
 'N deis torchairt leis an Tore  
 Fa thulachan n' an enochd ata.

Mac-o-Duimhne mòr am beud  
 Air tuiteam an eud mirùin :  
 Bu ghile bhràigh na ghrian,  
 'S bu deirg a bheul na blàth chnoth:

Bu bhui' sniomhanach fholt,  
 'S gorm a rosg 's geala ghlan a shlios,  
 Meud agus tàbhachd an laoich,  
 Maise, 's caise 'n ciabh n' an cleachd.

<sup>1</sup> Bean Fhinn.

Cumhadair is mealltoir Bhan  
 Mac-o-Duimhne a b' fhearr buaidh,  
 Ann tuire' cha tog i sùil  
 O'n chaidh an ùir air do ghruaidh.

Sin è 'na shìn air an raon  
 Mac-o-Duimhn' air a thaobh fial,  
 'Na shìneadh ri taobh an Tuire,  
 Sin sgeul fhaithinn duibh gu dearbh.

Iomairt, èitigh òir, is each,  
 'N Giulladh eigin chreach nach gann,  
 'N lamh bu mhor gaisg' is gnìomh,  
 Ochòin mar tha 'n t saoi sa ghleann.

'N Gleann sìthe, an Gleann so r' ar taobh  
 'S lionmhor gu fèigh ann is loin,  
 Gleann san tric an raibh an Fhiann  
 An' or<sup>1</sup> san' iar air deigh n' an con.

'N Gleann sin fui' bheinn-ghulbunn ghuirm  
 'S àillidh tulachain tha fui' n ghrein,  
 'S tric a bha na sruthain dearg  
 Ann déigh nam Fiann bhi sealg an fhèigh.

### Duan A Mhuileartaich.

Latha do 'n Fheinn air tulaich Oir  
 Ri amhare Eirinn m' an timchioll,  
 Chunnaic iad air bharraibh thonn  
 An Tarrachd èitidh athull crom.

'S è b' ainm do 'n fuath nach raibh fann  
 A Muileartach claon ruadh manntach,  
 Bha aodan dughlas air dhreach guail,  
 Bha dheud carbadach claon ruadh,  
 Bha aon sùil ghlogach 'n a céann,  
 'S bu luaithe è na rionnach maothair.

Bha greann ghlas dubh air a cheann,  
 Mar dhroch choille chrìonaich air chrith.  
 Ri faicinn na Feinne bu mhor goil,  
 Shanntaich a bhiast bhi 'n an Innis

<sup>1</sup> ear.



Marbh è le àbhachd ciad Laoch  
 'S a ghàire 'na gharbh chraos.  
 C' àit' a' bheil fir is fearr na sud  
 An diu a' d' Fheinn, A Mhic Chuthaill.

Chuirinn-sa sud air do laimh  
 A Mhuileartaich mhathain chlaoin chàim ;  
 'S air sgàth luchd chumail n' an con  
 Na bith oirnnè ge d' mhaoitheadh.

Gheibh thu cumhadh is gabh síth,  
 Thuirt Mac Chuthaill an t àrd rìgh,  
 Ge d' a gheibhinn brìgh na Feinne uile  
 A h òr 's a h airgiod 's a h ionmhas,  
 B' fhearr leam a chosgairt le m' shleadh  
 Rònán, Oscar, agus Coireall.

An t sleadh sin ris a' bheil thu fàs  
 'S ann aic' a tha do dhian bhàs,  
 Caillidh tu dos a chinn chrìn  
 Ri deadh mhac Oissain a ghearradh.  
 B' usa dhuit ord chrotadh n' an clach  
 A chagna fui' d' dheudaich,  
 Na còmhrag nam Fiann fuileach.

'N sin 'n uair a dh'èirich fraoch air a bhèist  
 Dh'èirich Fionn, flath na Feinne,  
 Dh'èirich Oscar, flath nam fear,  
 Dh'èirich Oscar agus Iolan ;  
 Dh'èirich Ciar dhubh Mac Bràmh,  
 Dh'èirich Goll mor, agus Conan,  
 Dh'èirich na Laoich nach bu tiom,  
 Laoich Mhic Chuthaill nan arm grinn ;  
 Agus rinn iad crò cuig catha  
 Mun Arrachd èitidh sa Ghleann.

A chearthar Laoch a b' fhearr san Fheinn  
 Chòmhraigeadh è iad gu leir,  
 Agus fhrithealadh è iad mun seach  
 Mar ghath rinne na lasrach.

Thachair Mac Chuthaill an àidh  
 'S a bhiast laimh air laimh,  
 Bha drùchd air barr a loinne  
 Bha taobh a cholla' ri guin bualaidh,  
 'S bha braon ga fhuil air na fraochaibh.

Thuit am Muileartach leis an rìgh,  
 'S ach mu thuit cha b' ann gun stri,  
 D' fheuchainn cha d' fhuair è mar sin  
 O latha ceardach Lon Mac Lioghann.

Ghluais an Gothainn leis a bhri'  
 Gu teach othar an àrd rìgh,  
 'S bu duilich le Gothainn n' an cuan  
 Gun do mharbhadh a Muileartach claon ruadh.

Mar deachaidh è 'n talamh toll,  
 Na mar do bhàthadh è 'muir dhomhain long,  
 C' àit' an raibh dhaoine air bith  
 Na mharbhadh a Muileartach ?

Cha 'n è mharbh è ach an Fhiann  
 Buithinn leis nach gabhar giamh,  
 'S nach d' theid fuath na h Arrachd as  
 O 'n t sluagh aluinn fhalt bhui' iompaidh.

Bheir mise bria'ran a-ris,  
 Ma mharbhadh a 'Muileartach mìn,  
 Nach fàg mi agaibh 'n ar gleann  
 Tom Innis no eilean.<sup>1</sup>

Bheir mi breabadaich air muir,  
 Agus cnagadaich air tìr,  
 Agus ni mi crocan coille do dh' Eirinn  
 Ga tarruing thugam as a freumhaichean.

'S mòr an luchd do loinngas bàn  
 Eirinn uile a thogail,  
 'S nach deachai' riamh do loinngas air sàil  
 Na thogadh an cuige' do dh' Eirinn.

Mìle agus caogad lonng  
 Sin cabhlach an rìgh gu trom,  
 A' dol gu crìochaibh Eirionn  
 Air thì na Feinne nan tàradh.

<sup>1</sup> " ailean ? "

## Mar chaidh Cuthall a mharbha'.

Thuir Fionn ri Garadh, o nach d' ruga' mis' ann sin, Cionnas a  
mharbh sibh Cuthall ?

'S è Cuthall a rinn oirn a marbha',  
'S è rinn oirn a' mor sgaradh,  
'S fhad a dh' fhogair Cuthall sinn amach  
Air chriochaibh n'an coimheach.

Chaidh dream againn do dh' Albuinn,<sup>1</sup>  
'S dream eile do'n Dù-Lochlann,  
'S an treas dream do'n Ghrèig amuigh  
Gum b' fhada o chèil' ar cabhair.

A chiad latha thainig sinn ann  
Air fòid Eirinn n' an gorm lann,  
Marbh è dhinn, 's b' ann r' an àireamh  
Seachd ceud deug air aon leanuinn,  
Do mhaithibh Chlanna-Moirne,  
D' ar triathaibh, 's d' ar tighearnan.

Rinn è 'n sin caisteal d' ar cnaimhean  
Ann am fianais na Feinne :  
S' è rinn tiom ar cridheachan  
Ar cinn a bhi 'nan slindeiribh.

Thainig Mòr-Nighean-Taoichd amach  
Agus ghlaodh i le àrd iolaich,  
'M bu bheo duine Chlanna-Moirne  
A dhioladh na tighearnan.

Thug sinn ann sin ruidh nach raibh mall  
'S rainig sinn an tigh san raibh Cuthall ;  
Chuir sinn guin ghoint, gach fear  
D' a shleadh ann an corp Chuthaill.

Bheuchdadh è mar gum biodh mart ann,  
'S raoichdeadh è mar gum biodh Torc ann ;  
'S ge bu nàr sin r' a innse',  
Bhramadh Cuthall mar ghearran.

Sin agads' Fhinn Mhic Chutkaill  
Beagan do sgeula t athar  
Gun fhuachd, gun fhalachd o sin,  
Gun eiseamail gun urram.

<sup>1</sup> "Eirin" in different hand.



Gar an d'ruga' mis' ann sin,  
 Ri linn Chuthaill n' an geur lann,  
 An gnìomh a rinn sibhse gu tàireil  
 Diolaidh mis' ann aon la è.

'S maith a gheibhe tu sin fhir  
 Bhi 'g im'eachd ann slighe t Athar.  
 Cuir an càirdeas o'r cùl,  
 'S tog an fhalachd choit-chionnta.

### Mar chaidh Bran a mharbha'.

Lag is lag oirn ars' a chorr  
 'S fada crom mo lurg a' m' dheigh,  
 Nam bristinn's i an nochd,  
 C'àit am faighinn lus na leigh ?

Leighisi' mis' thu ars' an Dreollan  
 O'n a leighis mi mòran rothad,  
 Ann sa choir tha os mo cheann  
 'S mis' a leigheis Fionn nam fheadh.

An latha mharbh sinn an torc liath  
 'S iomad Fiann bha ann 's a shleadh ;  
 'S ioma cuilean taobh-geal seang  
 Bha taobh ri taobh sa bheinn bhuig.

'N uair a shuidhich Fionn an t sealg  
 Sin 'n uair a ghabh Bran fearg r' a chuid ;  
 Throid an da choin air an t sliabh,  
 Bran gu dian agus cù ghuill ;  
 'S man d' fhaod sinn smachd a chuir air Bran  
 Dhealuich è na h uilt r' a dhruim.

Dh' eirich Goll mòr mac Smàil  
 Cùis nach bu choir mu cheann coin.  
 Bhagair è 'n lamh ann san raibh Bran  
 Gun dail a thoirt da, ach amharbhadh.

Dh' eirich Oissain beag mac Fhinn,  
 'S cuig ceud-deug ann co'-dhail Ghuill,  
 'S labhair è ann còmhradh àrd  
 Caisgeam do shluagh garg a Ghuill.

Bhuail mi buille do 'n èill bhuig  
 'S do na balgaibh fiunndairnich,  
 Dh'adhlaic mi 'n t òr 'na cheann,  
 'S truagh a rinn mi 'm beud r' a sheinn.

Sheall mo chuilean th' air a ghualain,  
 'S b' ionadh leis mi 'g a bhuala ;  
 'S shrutha na frasa fala  
 O rosgaibh meara glana.

An lamh leis 'n do bhuail mi Bran  
 'S truagh nach ann o 'n ghualain bha ì ;  
 Man d' rinn mi am beud a bhos,  
 Gur truagh nach ann eug a chaidhs'.

Cìod a bhuaidh nach raibh air Bran  
 Ar-sa Conan uaibhreach mear,  
 O 'n a b' aois cuilean do Bhran,  
 'S o 'n a chuir mi con iall air :  
 Cha 'n fhacas am Fiannaibh fàil  
 Lorg feigh ann dèis fhàgail.

Bu mhaith è thathunn dòrain duinn,  
 Bu mhaith è thoirt èisg a h amhuinn ;  
 Gum b' fhearr Bran a mharbha' bhroc,  
 Na coin na talmhuinn ann d' fhàs è.

A chiad leigeadh a fhuair Bran  
 Air druim na coille coir liath.  
 Naonar do gach fiadh air bith  
 Mharbhadh Bran air a cheud-ruith.

Casan buidhe bha aig Bran,  
 Da shlios dhubhadh, is tarr geal,  
 Druim uaine man iathadh an t sealg,  
 Da chluais chorrach chrò dhearg.

### Laoidh a Choin dui'.

Latha dhuinn air Mùr Fhinn  
 'G amhare gu dian air sliabh loin,  
 'Sè chunnaic sinn a' tighinn o 'n tràigh  
 Fear earra dheirg, is Coin dui'.

'S gile na blàth a shnuadh  
 Bha dha ghruaidh air dhath nan suth,  
 Bu ghile na gach blàth a chorp  
 Ge d' tharla d' a fhalt a bhi dubh.

Eagal cha do ghabh è rothainn,  
 'S ann a dh' iarr è oirn còmhrag chon :  
 Leigeadar ris coin chàich  
 Leis nach bu ghnà dol air cùl  
 'S è 'n cù dubh bu ghairbhe gre.  
 Thorchair leis tri<sup>1</sup> chaogad cù.

Dh' èirich Fionn amearg an t sluaigh  
 'S dh' amhaire è gu geur air Bran,  
 Dh' fheargaich a dhà shùil 'n a cheann  
 Dh' èirich gurt is greann air Bran.

'Nuair a chrath Bran an t slabhruidh òir  
 Ameasg an t sloigh le 'n doirte fuil,

'S ann ann sin bha'n sgainneart ghlann  
 Eadar Bran agus an Cu dubh :  
 Thugadar cuir eifeachdach gharg  
 'S dh' fhàgadar marbh an Cù dubh.

Oganaich is àillidh dealbh  
 'Nis' o 'n thorchair leinn do chù,  
 Fios do shloinne b' àill leinn uait,  
 Na co 'n tìr as 'n do ghluais thu ?

Eibhinn Oissain b' è sud m' ainm  
 Thainig mi fa stoirm bhur con,  
 Shaoil mi nach raibh sud 'n ar Feinn  
 Na bheireadh creuchd air For

'S mar bhithe Geola n' an car,  
 Agus Bran aig meud a lùis,  
 Cha raibh cuilean man do dhruid iall,  
 Dh' fhàgadh an cu dubh siar man Dùn.

'S ioma maighdionn deud-gheal òg  
 Is binne glòir, 's is buithe cùl,  
 Atha 'n an suidh 'n Dùn nan Torc,  
 A bheireadh biadh a nochd do m' chù.

<sup>1</sup> " Leith-cheud."



## Cumhadh Oscair.

'N cuala sibhse turus Fhinn  
 An turus a b' fhaide leinn  
 An Cairble sleadhach lamhach lag  
 Ghlac è Eirinn fa aon smachd.

Chuir e fios oirne gu teamhrui  
 Gur n iomarbhaidh amach a h Albuinn,  
 'S a dheanamh gnìomh bu duileadh na sin,  
 Dol a bhuntuinn dhinn ar tighearna.

Fhreagair sinn an cuire dàna,  
 A lion uile is a bha sinn,  
 'S cha raibh sinn aun do 'n Fheinn uile  
 A lion 'sa chosna dhuinn bhi subhach.

Seachd fichead-deug deagh mharcach  
 Air an rathad ghle gheal chleachdach,  
 Fhuair sinn onoir, fhuair sinn miagh  
 Mar a fhuair sinn roimhe riamh.

Chaidh sinn gu subhach a steach  
 'S thainig sinn dubhach amach,  
 Bha Cairble is Oscar ri trom òl  
 Seachd oi'che agus seachd lò.

An oi'che mu dheire do 'n òl  
 Thuirt an Cairble le guth mòr,  
 Iomlaid cinn sleadbhadh an dràst,  
 A b' aill leam fhaithinn uaitse Oscair.

Ciod an iomlaid cinn sleadh a tha ort  
 A Chairble mhòir nan lonng phort?  
 'S gum bu leat mi fhein, 's mo shleadh  
 Ann àm chuir catha, na còmhrag.

Cha 'n 'eil seoid, na feachd 'n ar tìr  
 A dh' iarra tu 'n onoir rìgh,  
 Gun tàir, gun tailceis do neach  
 Nach bu leatsa le shìreadh.

Ach iomlaid cinn, gun iomlaid croinn,  
 'S mòr an eucair iarruidh oirn.  
 'S è aobhar man iarra tu oirn' è  
 Sinn a bhi gun Fhiann gun Athair.

Ge d' bhiodh an Fhiann is t Athair  
 Mar a b' fhearr gan raibh iad riamh sa bheatha,  
 Cha b' uilear leamsa ri m' linn  
 Gach aon ni dh' iarrain gam faithinn.

Nam biodh an Fhiann is m' Athair  
 Mar a b' fhearr gan raibh iad riamh sa bheatha  
 Cha 'n fhaithe' tus' a Chairble ruaidh  
 Leud do throighe do dh' Eirinn.

'N sin chinn fuarrachd nan laoch làn  
 Cuimhneacha gach ni mar bha,  
 'S bha bria'ran searbh leith mar leith  
 Eadar an Cairbl' agus an t Oscar.

Bheirinnse dhuit bri'ara na dha  
 Thuirt an Cairble le gu àrd,  
 An t sleadh sin mu bheil thu 'n dràst  
 Gur h ann uimp atha do luath bhàs.

Bheireansa dhuit briathar eile,  
 Thuirt an t Oscar donn a h Albuinn,  
 Gun eireadh leam buaidh agus creach  
 'S rachainn a dh' Albuinn a' màireach.

Mharbh è righ lugha nan lann  
 Gu luath fuilteach, faobhar teann,  
 Chaisge' leis Baoisgean nan creach  
 A bha luath laoisgneach luimineach.

Mungan mac Seircein a h uaidh  
 A dh' ionga' cuig ceud claidhe' cruai',  
 Thuit sud air laimh Oscair thall  
 'S è mosgla' gu righ na h Eirionn.

Seachd fichead do dh' fhearaibh bogha  
 Thainig oirn, 's cha b' ann 'g ar cabhair,  
 Thuit sud air laimh Oscair thall  
 'S è mosgla' gu righ na h Eirionn.

Seachd fichead do dh' fhearaibh feachd  
 Thainig a tìr fhuair an t sneachd,  
 Thuit sud air laimh Oscair thall  
 'S è mosgla' gu righ na h Eirionn.

Seachd fichead Albannach àrd  
 Thainig th' air muir ghaidheal gharbh,  
 Thuit sud air laimh Oscair thall  
 'S è mosgla' gu righ na h Eirionn.

Seachd fichead Cairble ruadh  
 Do mhaithibh 's do mhòr uaislibh an t-sluaigh  
 Thuit sud air laimh Oscair thall  
 'S è mosgla' gu rìgh na h Eirionn.

A chuignear a b' fhaigse do 'n rìgh  
 'S air leam gum bu mhòr an gnìomh,  
 Thuit sud air laimh Oscair thall  
 'S è mosgla' gu rìgh na h Eirionn.

'N uair a chunnaic an Cairble ruadh  
 An t Oskar a sgathadh an t sluaigh,  
 A chraosach dhearg a bha 'na laimh  
 Thilg e sud ann co'-dhail Oscair.

Thuit Oscar air a ghlun deas  
 Is sleadh nan seachd seun tre a chrìos ;  
 'S thug Oscar urchair eil' a null,  
 'S leagadh leis àrd rìgh Eirionn.

Art Mhic Chairble glac do chlàidhe'  
 'S dean seasamh ann àite t Athar,  
 'S ma gheibh thu sìneadh saoghail  
 Saoilidh mi gur mac rath thu.

Thuit le Oscar gnìomh bha cuimeiseach,  
 Art Mac Chairbl' air an ath urchair ;  
 Sluagh Chairble 's bu gharbh a ghreis  
 Chuir iad an càpan man cheap.

Oscar mac Oissain an àidh  
 Thog è meall cloiche o 'n làr,  
 Sgoilt è 'n càpan is an ceap  
 Gnìomh mu dheire mo dheadh mhic.

'S ann an sin a thainig Fionn  
 Air an tulaich os ar cionn ;  
 'S n uair a thionndaidh è ruinn a chùl-thaobh  
 Gun sìleadh na deoir o rosgaibh.

Mo laogh fhein thu, laogh mo laoigh thu  
 Leanamh mo leinibh ghil chaoimh thu,  
 Mo chridhe leumnaich mar lun  
 Gu la bhràth cha 'n èirich Oscar.

Am meas a tha na mar bha  
 Latha catha Beinn eidinn,  
 Shnàmhadh na corran roi' d' chneas  
 'S i mo lamh a rinn do leigheas.



Mo leigheas cha 'n 'eil am fath  
 'S cha l mho nithear è gu bràth,  
 Chuir Cairble a chraosach dhearg  
 Eadar m' àirnean agus m' iomlag.

Thug mise urchair eil' a null  
 Mu chomhair fhuilt agus eudain,  
 'S nan ruige' mo dhuirn a chneas  
 Cha deanadh na léigh' a leigheas.

'S truagh nach mis a thachair ann  
 Ann cath catha ri gnìomh nach gann,  
 'S tusa bhi an or 's an iar  
 Ochóin roimh' na Fiannaibh Oscair.

Ge bu tus a thachra ann  
 An cath catha ri gnìomh nach gann,  
 'S mis' a bhi an or 's an iar,  
 Ga d' iargain cha bhiodh an t Oscar.

Thogadar an t Oscar àluinn  
 Air bharraibh n'an crann sleadha àrda,  
 O na mullaichean amuigh  
 Gu tulach nan sliabh tamha.

Cha chaoineadh Bean a' mac fein  
 'S cha chaoine fear a bhràthair  
 Ach amheud 's a bha sinn man tigh  
 Bha sinn uil' a' caoineadh Oscair.

Donnalaich n' an con ri m' thaobh  
 Agus bùraich nan sean laoch,  
 Sgal a phannail mun seach,  
 Gur è sud achràidh mi m' chridhe.

'S nach d' fhiosraich duine riamh  
 Gun raibh cridhe feol' a' m' chliabh ;  
 Ach cridhe mar chuimhne cuir  
 Air èideigeadh le stàilinn.

Leachd Oscair a chràidh mi m' chridhe  
 Ann san uaigh bhi trid 'g a righe,  
 'S muladach tha sinne 'g a chion  
 'S tearc neach aig nach 'eil t iomradh.

## Latha na teann ruidh.

Latha dhuinn air luachair leothair  
 Mar chearthar fhothain do 'n bhuithinn,  
 Bha mis' ann, bha Oscar, bha Daorghlas  
 Bha Fionn fein ann 's b' è Mac Chuthaill.

Chunnaic sinn fear mòr a' tighinn  
 'S è mar aona cheum,  
 Le mhantull dubh ciar dhu' cairtidh  
 Le h anbharra lachduinn 's le ruadh mheirg.

Gum b' uamharra coltas an òg-laoich  
 Gum b' uamharra sud, 's gum bu ghruamach,  
 Le cheanna-bheairt chlocharra sheimh  
 Os ceann aoduinn fein san uair sin.

Labhair Fionn is è sa mhonadh  
 Ris an duine bha dol seachad,  
 Co 'n tir am bheil do thuineachd  
 Fhir sin n' an cochull craicinn.

Lon Mac Lioghann b' è m' ainm baiste<sup>1</sup>  
 'S nam biodh aguibhse beachd sgeul orm,  
 'S gum biodh sibh ri h uallach Gothadh  
 Ann ceardaich ri' Lochlann ri seirbheis.

Thainig mi gu 'r cuir fa gheasuibh  
 'S gu bhi 'n ar luchd freasdail a' m' cheardaich,  
 Gu sibh a ghluasad buithinn ochdnar  
 Siar gu dorsaibh mo cheardach.

C' ait' a thrù a' bheil do cheardach  
 N' am feairde sinne a faicinn?  
 Ach faiceadh sibhse ma dh' fhaodas,  
 'S ma dh' fhaodas mise cha 'n fhaic sibh.

Sin 'n uair chaidh iad 'n an siubhal  
 Mar chuige' mugha na luiminich,  
 Air sliabh buithe bun a bheithe,  
 Gun raibh iad 'n an ceithir buidhnibh.

Bu bhuithinn diu' sud an Gothainn,  
 'S Bu bu bhuithinn eile dhiu Daorghlas ;  
 Bha Fionn 'n an dèigh san uair sin,  
 'S cuid mhor do dh' uaislibh na Feinne.

<sup>1</sup> This word is nonsense. No baptism among them in those days.

A' dìreadh ri cèidse thoirin,  
 'S a' tearnadh ri dainneanachd maonaich,  
 Fosa beag ort (arsa 'n Gothainn)  
 Druideam rotham (ar-sa Daorghlas).  
 Mam fàg thu mi 'n dorus na ceardach  
 Ann àite teann is mi m' aonar.

Fhuaradar na builg r' a shèideadh  
 Fhuaradar air eigin ceardach,  
 Fhuaradar cearthar r' am marbhadh  
 Do dhaoine doirbhe mi-dhealbhach.

Labhair an Gothainn gu gròth,  
 Bu ghrò sin 's gum bu ghruamach,  
 Co è 'm fear caol so gun tiomadh  
 Athairneas mo thinne cruadhach?

Labhair Fionn agus è freagairt,  
 Tha 'n lamh nach 'eil r' a theagasg san fhiadhach;  
 Ach gu meal thu tainm a Chaoilte  
 Cha bhi Daorghlas ort o 'n uair so.

Bha seachd lamhan air a Ghothainn  
 Agus teanachair leothar eatrom,  
 'S na seachd ùird a bha 'g an spreige'  
 Cha bu mheas a fhreagra Caoilte.

Caoilte fear gharadh na ceardach  
 'S bha è dearbhte leom 'n uair a throdadh,  
 'S bu deirge na gual an daraich  
 A shnuadh le toradh na h oibridh.

Rinn è 'n leadarrach do dh' Oscar,  
 Rinn è 'n cosgarrach do Chaoilte,  
 'S mac an luin do Mhac Chuthaill,  
 Nach d' fhàg fuigheall do dh' fheoil daoine.

Fead, agus faoth, agus foirionn,  
 'S an oireallach nic-na-ceardach,  
 'S an làn fhada ghlas do Dhiarmad  
 'S ioma latha riamh a dhearbh i.

Agam fhein a bha geur n' an calann  
 Bu mhòr farum 'n uair a throdadh,  
 Bu mhaith i 'n latha na teann-ruidh  
 Ann an ceardaich Lon Mac Lioghann.  
 Anochd gur tuirseach mo ghabhail  
 'N dèis bhi 'g àireamh na muinntreach.



## Laoidh an Amadain Mhoir.

'Chualas sgeul luaineach, 's cha bhreug  
Air Eoin sin ga 'n gèill na sloigh,  
'N laoch curand' air nach dearg arm,  
'S é b' ainm dha 'n t Amadan mòr.

Smachd an domhain a ghlac è,  
'N Giulladh nach d' fhaod gu bhi borb,  
Cha b' ann am bàrr sgeith na lann  
A bha neart ann ach 'na dhorn.

S amhuil sin is mar bha è,  
S ioma triath a bha fa smachd,  
Sgeula gearr air dheire' thall  
Tuig ann rann is tha i ait.

Latha gan raibh 'n t Amadan mòr  
Air chrìochaibh Lochlainn ri seol gaoith,  
E fein is aona Mhac<sup>1</sup> a mnai,  
S ni 'm facas riamh h àillidh mhnaoi

An Gleann diomhair a tharla leo  
Gleann is boidhche tha fui 'n ghrein,  
Is mìn srath, 's is àillidh fonn,  
'S fuaim a thonn ri slìos a leirg,

Chunnaic iad a' tighinn 'nan taobh  
Gruagach<sup>2</sup> chaomh bu bhreagha brot,  
Pios do dh' òr loisgte 'na dhorn  
Coltoch ri corn am bi deoch.

Ach comhairle a bheirinn ort  
Na h'òl a dheoch, 's na blais a bhiadh,  
Gus am fiosraiche tu 'n Gleann,  
'S nach raibh thu ann roimhe riamh.

'N sin thuirt an t Amadan mòr,  
Cha raibh mise fòs ri m' rè,  
'S ni 'n raibh mi riamh ni 's mò tart,  
'S gum b' fhearr a theachd ge b' è co è.

Bheannuich Gruagach a chùira òir  
Do 'n Amadan mhòr, 's ga mhnaoi,  
'S bheannuich an t Amadan mòr  
'S na comaine ceudna dho.

<sup>1</sup> " Bean. "      <sup>2</sup> " Oganach. "

Thainig iad air cheann gach sgeoil,  
 'S thuirt a Ghruagach bu bhreagha brot  
 Na bi dubhach Og-laoich mhoir  
 Dean suidhe is òl do dheoch.

Thug è sùgha draosta borb  
 'S cha d' fhàg braon sa chorn gun òl,  
 'S ri imeachd gruagach a chùirn  
 Cha bu shubhach a chuirm dha ;  
 Na casan o na gluinean sios  
 Bha sud a dhi air an fheòr mhòr.

'N sin 'n uair a thuirt Mac a mnai,  
 'S mairig a tha mar tha thu nochd,  
 'S tearc do charaid san domhan mhòr,  
 'S ni 'n oil leo thu bhi gun chos.

'N sin thuirt an t Amadan mòr  
 Bios a rìbhinn òg a' d' thosd,  
 Cha bhi air duin' ann crìch,  
 No gheibh mi a-ris mo chosan ;  
 'Sluaithe mis air mo dha ghlùn  
 Na seisear le lùths' an cos.

Togsa leat mo sgiath, 's mo lann  
 Gus an aonach is fearr dòigh.  
 'S air suidh dhoibh air an t sliabh  
 Chunnaic iad fiagh sa Ghleann ghorm  
 'S gaothar cluas dearg 'na dhèigh  
 'S è tathunn gu geur air a lorg.

Ann sin thug an t Amadan mòr  
 Urchair ghasta le seol geur,  
 'S chuireadh le neart laimh an laoich  
 An t sleadh roi dha thaobh an fhèigh.

Ghlaca leis an gaothar bàn,  
 'S chum è 'na laimh è air èill.  
 Bithidh tus' agam-sa ri ceol,  
 Gus an d' thig duine na tòir a' d' dhèigh.

Chunnacas mar a' teachd sa ghleann  
 Gruagach ann fuidh earradh òir  
 A lann libhte air a thaobh clì,  
 Bha dha shleadh, 's a sgiath 'na dhorn.

Gun do bheannuich Gruagach a bhrait òir,  
Do 'n Amadan mhòr 's ga Mhnaoi,  
'S ghabhadh leo sgeula gu beachd,  
Cia i 'n tir 'n do chleachd thu shaoi.

'S mise Gruagach a ghaothair bhàin  
Air do laimhse Mhic a mhòir,  
Ruidire curanda gum b' è sud m' ainm.  
'S mi 's gach ball a bhuineadh buaidh.

'S ach a mhacain ga maith do dhealbh  
Bheirinnse mo dhearbha dhuit,  
Nach bi Gruagach a ghaothair bhàin  
Gu la bhràth r' a radh ruit.

Nach fhothainn leat Og-laoich mhoir  
Leith-bhreith na dha bhi san roinn,  
An t sealg uile bhi air do laimh  
'S mo ghaothar bàn a leige leom.

'S mise fein a rinn an t sealg  
Thuirt an t Amadan gu garg dian,  
'S ge b' è fear is cruaidh lamh  
'S leis an gaothar bàn 's am fiadh.

'S o 'n thachair mo ghaothar ort,  
'S a tha na casan a' d' dhi,  
Biadh is aodach fad do rè  
Bheirinn sud duit fein s do d' mhnaoi.

'N sin 'n uair a thuirt a bhean  
Thoir thus' an gaothar geal sin da.  
Bheireadh is an gaothar breac,  
'S nam b' àill leatsa ni bu mo.

'N sin 'n uair a thog iad am fiagh  
Ann crannaig an sgiath, is a bhean,  
'S ann a dh' imich iad 'n an triuir  
Ann san iul a rinn am fear.

Chunnaic iad uatha sa ghleann  
Caithir ann is dealradh òir,  
'S cha raibh miann a chunnaic sùil  
Nach raibh ann sa chùirt ni 's leoir.

Dh' fhiosraich an t Amadan mòr  
Co i chaithir uasal òir,  
Is maith a dreach, 's is àillidh snuagh  
Nach fhaigheamaid breith na iul.



Dùn an òir sa bhall a' bheil,  
 Dùn a ghuil gum b' è sud ainm,  
 'S nach mairthionn a dh' Fhiannaibh-fàil  
 Ach mis' amhàin is aon bhean.

Chunnaic iad aon a bhean san Dùn  
 'S cha raibh sealla sùl bu bhriagh' ;  
 Bu ghile nan sneachd a chorp,  
 A gruaidh mar ròs, a deud mar bhlàth.

'S ann a dh' fhiosraich an Ainnir òg  
 Toiseach gach sgeoil ga fear fein,  
 Co è Macan deud-gheal òg  
 N' am fear mòr 'g am bheil thu geill ?

Amadan mòr gum b' e sud ainm  
 Ainnir mheirbh an nuadhair òir,  
 Tha fir an t saoghail fa smachd  
 'S gur mise fein a gheill do.

'S ioghna' leom na bheil thu 'g ràdh  
 A mheud 's air na thàr è doigh,  
 Ma chuir è 'n saoghal fa smachd,  
 Co 'm 'n do leig è chasan leo.

Bheirinn-se dhuit mo bhriathra fhein  
 Righrin an demhain gun do ghèill do ;  
 'S mar bhithe druitheachd a chuirn chrosg  
 Cha leigeadh è chasan leo.

Bhuail iad air iomairt 's air ceol  
 An da mhnai òg bu ro mhaith cliu,  
 Bha gruagach Dùn an òir sa ghreis,  
 'S Amadan mòr n' an cleas luithe.

'S mithich dhomhsa dol a shealg  
 Air uagha deirg gu Gleann smàil ;  
 Gleidh mo rath dhomh air mo chùl,  
 Gleidh mo chuid òir, gleidh mo mhnai.

'S ge d' a raibh mi fad amuigh  
 Na luidh is na còr do cheann,  
 'S na leig aon duine 'steach  
 Na duin' amach, ach na h ann.

'S è thuirt an t Amadan mòr  
 Suidh thus' a Ribhinn òg fa m' cheann,  
 Tha 'n cadal anis' 'g a m' thuar  
 Na 'n cinne leinn suain sa ghleann.

'S è chunnaic an Ainnir mheirbh  
 Oganach doirbh tighinn a steach,  
 'S do mhnaoi a ghruagaich thug è pòg,  
 'S gum b' oil leis an òigh atheachd.

Dh' èirich a Ghruagach dheas donn  
 'S rug i gu garg air a cheann ;  
 Bi t fhaireach Og-laoich mhoir,  
 Ma rinn thu suain cha b' è 'n t àm.

Mar bitheans' am shuain ni 's leoir  
 Cha leiginn leo tighinn a steach,  
 'S gun d' thig Gruagach Dùn an òir  
 Mu 'n d' theid è r' a bheo amach.

Ann làr an doruis a shuidh è  
 'S rug è air a sgeith 'na dhorn,  
 Cha do bhuail Gothadh, Ceard, na Saor,  
 Còmhl' is daighne nan Laoch borb.

Dh' èirich an gaisgeach deas òg  
 'S rug è 'na dhorn air a sgeith ;  
 Fàg an dorus Og-laoich mhoir,  
 'S nach ball coir a' bheil thu fhein.

A rìgh gum faighe' mis' am bàs  
 M' an d' theid mi chuir chàich a' m' cheann,  
 M' an d' theid aon duine amach,  
 Na duine steach ; ach na h ann.

Bheirinn duit airgiod is òr,  
 Cula' mhath shròil agus m' each,  
 'S bu choingeis leis muir na tir,  
 Nan leige' tu 'rìs mi 'mach.

Bheirinn duit briathara na dha  
 Is gabh fos mu na bheil mi 'g radh.  
 Gun d' thig Gruagach dùn an òir  
 'S gun dioladh è pòg a mhnai.

Cuiridh mi do leith chas fothad  
 Mar a b' fhearr gan raibh i riamh,  
 'S chuir è le draoitheachd a chas fotha  
 Mar a b' fhearr gan raibh i riamh :  
 'S thuirt an gaisgeach a bha glic  
 Faodai mis' anis' bhi triall.

'S è thuirt an t Amadan mor  
 Fuirich thusa fòs gu mall,  
 A chas eile gun d' thig uait  
 Gu ceum cruaidh, air neo do cheann.

Ach mo chomaraich ort a bhean,  
 Didein mo chorp, 's glac mo 'ann.  
 Cha 'n fhaith thu didein o 'n bhàs  
 A mhacain is àillidh dreach ;  
 Ach thoir a chas eile dha  
 'S gabh seachad an rod amach.

Ach o 'n fhuair mi mo chasan ceart  
 Cha leig mi leats' iad ni 's mò,  
 'S mior dhiot cha d' theid am  
 Gus an d' thug Gruagach a bhrait òir.

Mo chomaraich ort Og-laoic' mhoir  
 'S ro mhath mo dhoigh as do mhèinn ;  
 'S mise Gruagach a ghaothair bhàin,  
 'S mi chuir ann s gach càs thu,  
 'S mise thug do chasan uait  
 A dh' fhiosracha do luaiths', 's do lùiths'.

Bha iad ann sin gràdh air ghràdh,  
 Mèinn air mhèinn air aon doigh ;  
 Gu'n cualas sgeul luaineach, 's cha bhreug  
 Air Eoin sin 'g an gèill na slòigh,



# THE MACLAGAN MSS.

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## [Teanntachd Mhòr na Féinn<sup>1</sup>]

- 1 La ga n raibh Padrig na Mhur  
Gun Saim air uidh ach aig Ol  
Ghluaishe e thigh Oishean Mhic Fhinn  
Bho san leish bu bhinn a ghloir
- 2 Umhla Dhuit a shean fhir shuairc  
Tionsuidh air chuairt Thainig Sinn  
A Laoich Mhile o'n dearg Dreach  
Cha deir thu riamh Neach Mad Ni
- 3 Sgeul a bail linn fhaotin Uaite  
Dheadh Mhic Cuile bu chruaidh Colg  
Ciod an Teanntachd 's mo 'n raibh 'n Fhiann  
Bho 'n la ghinn thu riamh nan Lorg
- 4 Gu 'n Inshinsa sin duit fhir  
A Phadrig a chanadh na Saim  
An Teanntachd is mo 'n raibh 'n fhiann  
Bho 'n la ghinn Me Riamh nan Lorg
- 5 Dearmad Fleadha gan drinn Fionn  
S an Almhaidh re lin nan Laoch  
Air chuid gam Feinn shuas druim Dearg  
Dheirigh am fearg is am Fraoch
- 6 'S mo dhibir shibh Sinne man Ol  
Thubh'rt Mac Ronain le gloir bhinn  
Bheirin fein is Ailde Ur  
Breiteach Bliadhna re Tùr Fhinn
- 7 Thog iad gu sgibilt an Triall  
An Cloidhean san sgiath gan Luig  
An Dis Fheinni Armaidh Fhiall  
Gu Riogh Lochlan nan Srian Slim

<sup>1</sup> [From MS. 66, which is not in Mr MacLagan's own handwriting nor orthography].

- 8 Muintearas Bliadhna don Riogh  
Se thug an Dìs bu Deirge Dreach  
Mac Riogh Cranchar nan Sleadh geur  
Agus Ailde nach Eir Neach
- 9 Ghabh Bean Riogh Lochlan nan sgia Donn  
Trom ghaol trom ar bhi gu Deas  
Air Ailde Greadhnach nan Arm Geur  
Rinneadh le Ceilg is leish
- 10 Dheirigh i as leabidh 'n Riogh  
Sud an gnìomh man doirtear Fuill  
Gu halmhaidh labhair an Fhiann  
Togadar an Triall air Muir
- 11 Bú Riogh ar lochlan San Nuair  
Fear a bhuineagh Buaidh gach Blair  
Earagan Mac Annir nan Long  
Gu ma Mhaith a lamh sa lann
- 12 Chruinigh Riogh lochlan a Shluadh  
Cabhlach cruaidh ar bhi gu Deas  
Gur he Dheireadh leish gach Uair  
Na Naoidh Riogh-rin san Sluadh leish
- 13 Lochlanich a bhuidhean bhorb  
S ro Mhaith 'n colg re dol am feim  
Thug iad an Mionan aig Triall  
Nach Tilleadear is Fiann nan Deidh
- 14 'S Diubhradar an Abhaist Ard  
Gu Rioghachd Eirinn Nan Calg Neach  
Shuighich iad am Poipleadh gu Tiugh  
Gairrid o n bhruth an raibh Fionn
- 15 Teachdaireachd thainig gu Fionn  
Sgeul Trom a chuir ruinn gu Truadh  
Comhrag aon Laoch Inse Phail  
Fhaotin air an traigh ma Thuadh
- 16 Comhairle a chin aig Fionn  
'S Aig Maithibh na Feinne gu leir  
Ninghin Riogh na gabhte Uape  
Thoirt do Riogh Lochlan nan Arm geur
- 17 Chuir shinne Uain Ninghin Riogh  
'S gile gnuis sis grinne Meur  
Chuir Sinn ga Comhaideachd Ceud Each  
S fearr rish an Deachuidh Srian

- 18 Chuir Sinn ga Comhaideachd Ceud Each  
A Bèarr rish an Dechuidh Srian  
Is Ceud Marcach air am Muin  
Bèarr fuidh Shroll ar an lasadh Grian
- 19 'S nuair Thaoirin i air an Raon  
Sa dhag i na deidh na heich  
Thug i ceum an shin nan coir  
'S da Ubhall Oir na laimh Dheish
- 20 Coinlin air Guailibh a guin  
Dealbh a chruin bho chill nam Port  
Ciod do Nuaidheachd a Pobul Fhinn  
Ach Inish duinn a chiabh nan Cleachd
- 21 Mo Nuaidheachd a Pobul Fhinn  
Dhinshin duit e bhrìdh mo bheachd  
Ma rinn do bhean ort Beart Chli  
'S gun Diommair i Gniomh gu Cèarr
- 22 Mo rinn do bhean ort Beart Chli  
'S gun Diommair i gniomh gu Cèarr  
Cairdeas is Commun re Fionn  
'S gu'm faigheadh tu mi na Geall
- 23 Gheibheadh Tusa Ceud Shead  
Is ceud lèig fuidh 'n leabhuidh Shaoir  
Gheibh Tu Ceud Seobhag Suaire  
Air am Bitheadh buaidh nan Ean
- 24 Gheibh Tusa shin 's ceud Crios  
Nach Dteid Slios man Deid e 'm faobh  
Chaisgeadh e leim Droma is Sgios  
Sèud Riomhach nam Bucal Bàn
- 25 Gheibheadh Tusa shin 's ceud Mios  
Lan Coursa Riogh do Bheatha Naigh  
Ge bidh Ghleidheadh iad fad a la  
Gu 'n cum òg an Dune a ghnà
- 26 Gheibheadh Tusa shin 's ceud Corn  
Ni do 'n Uisge dhorm am Fion  
Ge bidh Dholadh Asta a Dheoch  
Cha d teid a Dhochartastas am Miad
- 27 Gheibheadh Tu shin is Ciad Long  
Sgoilte Tonn air bhuinne Borb  
Air an Luchdachadh gu Trom  
Do gach aon ni is fearr Buaidh



- 28 Gheibheadh Tu shin is Ciad Mac Ri  
Bhunneadh cios ar Cluche Borb  
Gheibheadh Tu shin is Ciad Greidh  
Is lan Glinne do Chromh Bàn
- 29 Gheibheadh Tu shin is Ciad Greidh  
Is lan Glinne do Chromh Bàn  
Ach mar Foghnadh Leatsa Shin  
Thoir leat do Bhean 's dean rinne Sioth
- 30 Cha Tugainsa Sioth do Dhailde  
Na Mhaithibh ar Feinne gu leir  
Ach Fionn fein a chuir fom Bhreith  
Is a Chreach a thoirt gu Traigh
- 31 Cha Tug thusa leat a Neart  
Dhinshin dhut a bhrìdh mo bheachd  
Na chuirea Duit Feann fo'd Bhreith  
No na bheir a chreach gu Traigh
- 32 Fabhaidh<sup>1</sup> mishe is Beannachd leat  
Bho chaidh Fainne Bun os cionn  
Cha 'n fhalbh thusa chiabh nan cleachd  
A Riomhain fharasda bheoil Bhinn
- 33 Cha 'n fhalbh thusa a chiabh nan cleachd  
A Riomhain fharasda bheoil Bhinn  
Gheibheadh Tu na Sheada Saor  
'S Cheanglain mi fein re'd thaobh Des
- 34 Cha 'n fhan mishe chean nan Cliar  
Bho nach Traogh mi t fhiamh na t fhearg  
Bho nach faighin saor gu'm Bhail  
Cean na Deishe bu dhann Ciall
- 35 Thiuntadh Ishe reu a Cùl  
Is Mharcaigh i a chuir gu Diann  
Bu lionmhor Sroll gan togbhail Suas  
An Ordugh gu luadh chaidh an fhian
- 36 Seachd fichit a Mhaithibh ar Fèin  
Agus Ailde fèin ar Thùs  
Thuit Sud le laimh Earagain Mhoir  
Mu 'n Deachuidh na Sloigh an Dlùs

<sup>1</sup> Falbhaidh.

- 37 Dhuirigh Feann fada na thosd  
Is laidh sprog air an fhein  
Co Dheangas Earagan San Ghreish  
Mu 'n leigimid leish air Tair
- 38 Shin dar thubhairt eisin Goull  
An Sonn nach Burast a Chlaidh  
Deangaidh mi Earagan San Ghreish  
Mu 'n leigimid leish air Tair
- 39 Mac an loinn is Diarmad Donn  
Earagan crom is Mac an leidh  
Gad Dhidne Bho Bhuillibh 'n Laich  
Cuir Dishe ar gach taobh mar Sgèith
- 40 Cuimhnigh Cath feagara Fèinn  
Do shliochd Cuich nan Cleas luth  
Cuirsa sud ar do laimh dheish  
'S gu fionnas leo Cleass Luth
- 41
- 42 Ochd laithan Duinne gun Tamh  
A Sior chuir àr air an Tshluadh  
Ceann Riogh Lochlan nan sgiath Donn  
Se Bhuighin Goull ar an Naoidhibh La
- 43 Mur fear a chaidh ass o bheul Airm  
Na chaidh le Maoim don Ghreig  
Do Riogh Lochlan na ga Shluadh  
Cha Deachaidh Duine ga'n tir fein
- 44 Naoidh fichit is Mile Sonn  
Thuit sud le Gara 's le Goull  
Dha Uibhir le Hosgar an aidh  
Agus le Coirreal Corra Chnaimh
- 45 Air a Bhaiste thug thu Orm  
Ghille Phadrig nan Salm Grinn  
Gu na thuit leam fein 's le Feann  
Comlionmhor Ceann rish an Cheathrar
- 46 Na faigheadh e Corum nan Arm  
Earagan Mac Ainnir nan lan glas  
An Almhidh gad fhaite ga riar  
Cha Ghlaote ach an fhiann as
- 47 Cha Ghlaote ach an fhiann as  
Cha Drinn Shinne ar leas san la  
La gan raibh Padrig na Mhur  
Gun Sailm ar uidh ach ag ol

An Ionmhuinn.<sup>1</sup>

A Osein uaisle mhic Fhinn,  
 'S thu d' shuidh' air au tulaich aoibhinn,  
 A mhili mhoir nach bheil meat,  
 Tha mi faicsin broin air h' intinn.

Is cuid d' àbhar mo bhroin fein,  
 A Phadruic mhic Alpein fheil,  
 Bhi smuaineach air maithibh na Feinne,  
 'S air na seachd Cathuibh Coi-treuna,

La gun robh Teaghlach Fhinn,  
 Gu muirneach meanmnach aoibhinn,  
 Gu'm facas ag teachd 's a mhagh,  
 Annir is i teachd na 'h aonar.

An Nighean bu ghile snuadh,  
 Bu deirge 's a b' aille Gruaidh ;  
 Gu 'm 'b aille na Gath Greine  
 A bragad suas fui Caoimh leine.

Bha da rosg Ghaireachdach na Ceann,  
 Bha earradh aluinn mu timchioll,  
 Leinteog d' an t' srol a b' uire  
 fa cneas gràdhach, caoibh, cumraidh.

Dunadh oir fa brat uain,  
 Clocha buadha fa sar shnuadh,  
 Bha fain oir loisgte air gach meur aic,  
 Bha slabhra oir mu Caoimh bhragad.

Thug sinn trom cheist uile dhi,  
 Teaghlach Fhinn a h' Albhuidh ;  
 Gun aon duin' a thabhairt Gaoil  
 D' a mhnaoi fein ach d' an Ionmhuinn

Chuir i a Comraich air Fionn,  
 An Ri-bhean Ghlan, Bhon, bheulbhin  
 Mo Chomraich air Goll mear mor,  
 Mac Mornai nam bratach shroil

Mo Chomraich air Faolan mac Fhinn ;  
 'S air Cairreal nan gruaidh grinn,  
 Mo chomraich air Diarmad Donn,  
 'S air Luth-lamh Ghasta nan Sonu

[<sup>1</sup> MS. 112, in Mr MacLagan's handwriting.]



Mo Chomraich ort Oscair an aigh  
 Lamh a chosnadh 's gach Teug-mhail ;  
 Mo chomraich oirbh Fheanna maithe,  
 Eidir chlann Righrin 's ard Fhlaithean.

Sin tra Fhreagair Fionn gu Grad,  
 An Annir ur 'gan gile glaic ;  
 Cia bhiodh an toir ais do lorg ?  
 A Gheug Bhannta shul-ghorm

'S e bhiodh an toir orm fein,  
 A Fhinn uasle 's Righ d'ur Fheinn,  
 Iolunn aghmhor a's ro Ghlaine,  
 Aon mhac Oighre na h' Espainne.

Dh' eirich cear'ar mhac Fhinn,  
 Connul, Taog, Is Raogh nan Rao'ghann  
 Faolan cruaidh na 'n Gruaidh grinn,  
 Le 'm briathraibh ardanach aoibhinn.

Suidhidh sinne air do sgath,  
 A Nighean a's mannta Comhradh,  
 Mu 'm buin am fear mor leis thu,  
 Ge mor leat a ainnis Fheabhas.

Cait an d Fhas e 'n Ear no 'n Iar,  
 Na 'n ceithir Ranntaibh an Domhain,  
 Nach cailleadh ris Inchinn a Chinn  
 Mu 'm buineadh e leis an Ionmhuinn ?

Is mor 'M Eagal Fhianna maithe  
 E 'd 'ur liadairt is 'd ur Dorainn ;  
 Am mili mor Curanta treun,  
 Fuileach, Faobharach, Rinn Gheur

Am feadh bhias am fear mor uainn,  
 A mhic Fhinn le 'm beirte Buaidh  
 Aithris dhuine sceul air Iolunn,  
 No c' a fhad uainn ghabh am fear mor ?

Gum facadar am <sup>1</sup> Oglach mor  
 aig tomhus a Chala sa Chuain,  
 aig tarruing a luinge gu Tir  
 'S e tighn' le 'h anmeinn.

<sup>1</sup> Sic in MS

Gu 'm b' e sud am fear mannd',  
 'Na Stuaigh allmhar chugain,  
 Le fraoch feirge gu Fiannaibh Fhinn,  
 'S e mar chaore teinnteach Chugainn.

Bha leine d' an t' srol bhui' mu 'n fhear,  
 Le stiom do 'n t shioda ga Cheangal,  
 A luireach mhor, irseach, mhailleach,  
 'S a threun Scabul breac Buathach.

Ceann-bheart clochara sheamh,  
 Os cean sochria a mhasain ;  
 A dha shleagh bu chruaidh rinn,  
 Nan cuilg seasamh re Ghualuinn.

A Chloidheamh frosach neimhneach,  
 Cruaidh cosgarach Coi-dhireach,  
 An sciath irseach oir a Bhris Bhlagh,  
 An dorn toisgeal a mhili.

Thug e Ruthar fir gun cheill,  
 's cha do Bheannaich d' Fhionn no Dh' Fheinn,  
 Mharbh e ceud do Cheuda Fhinn,  
 S mharbha leis an Ionmhuinn.

Cheangladh ceathrar mhac Fhinn,  
 's naoi naonar do 'n luchd Leanmhuinn  
 D' an Cuideachuibh mear-dhana mear  
 Le Iolunn og an deud ghil.

Thiondadh mo mhac air a leirg,  
 Oscar 's e lan do throm Fheirg,  
 Thug e náire gu dana,  
 Air a Fhear mhor mhi-narach,

Thiontadadh Iolunn re mo mhac fein,  
 'S Rinneadh leo Comhrag treun ;  
 Coimheach, Cneathach, Cnaimh-dhearg,  
 Bos-luath, beumnach, Leamnach Garbh.

Gu 'm be sin an comhrag ard  
 Fuileac Faobharach ro Gharg,  
 An Sciosa fola gu teann  
 Mar Uisg' a ruidh re Caol Ghleann,

Mar Gharbh Ghaoith a thig le Greann  
 sa Reubas scealpa nam Beann,  
 No mar Chaore teinnteach thig a teallach  
 Bha tora na 'n laoch Namhadach

Thug Oscar beum feargach, fearoil,  
Do D Iolunn Calma n Deud Ghil,  
Chiosaich e leis a Bheuma Ghranna  
Mac Oighre Righ na h' Espaine.

Air an Tulaich cladhaicheadh a leac  
A Phadruic tha 'n Sceul ud beachd  
'S leac na mna air an taobh eile  
A dheadh mhic Ailpein a h' Albhuidh

'S bhriste mo Chride mun Fheinn  
'S Gun bhi n duine Dhiubh ach Seicd  
Beannachd nan Diaidh gu leir,  
's mo Bheannachd fein ad Dheaidh *Oscair*  
a Chrìoch.

### Beinn Eaduin, &c.\*

A Fragment of a Poem ascribed to Oshian.

### The Battle of Bein-eiden.

Maoineas King of Lochlin having invaded Ireland Fingal sends his Son Fergus the Bard to enquire of his Hostile appearance and to offer him rich presents on condition he would return peaceably to his own country. The two Armies being in sight of each other, it was previously concerted betwixt Fingal and Fergus that if Maoines declined accepting the Terms Fingal proposed, Then Fergus was immediately to display a flag, Which he carried with him for that purpose, as a signal for Fingal to advance to the Battle. Fergus still remaining in Conversation with Maoineas while Fingal's Army advances, takes that opportunity to inform him of the Character of Fingal's Chiefs, whom he points at under their several Colours or Standards. With this the following fragment begins.

The names of the Speakers are Marked in the Margin.

OSSIAN Sgaoil Fergus fili a Bhratach o Chrann,  
Mar Chomhar gun dhiult Riogh Lochlin Cumha.  
Ghluais an Fhian ghaolach gu mor,  
Agus na glas-Laoich bu mhor neart  
Thanig sluadh fairim chairim nan tonn  
Thanig sud 's bu throm an fheachd.  
Dubhairt Riogh Lochlin an sin

\* On outside of cover. [MS. 114 ; different hand-writing].



MAOINEAS Cia i an Bhratachsa fhilidh dhuanich?  
'Ni so Bratach mhic treun bhuadhich?

Chi mi Giula gast ar a Ceann  
'S i fein a togar bhar Sluaidhridh

FERGUS Cho 'n è so ach an Liath luidhnach  
Bratach Dhiarmaid o' duinne  
'N tra thigeadh an fhiann o mach,  
Gadhadh an Liath-luidhnach tosach

MAOINES Cia i an Bhratachsa fhilidh dhuanach  
'Ni so Bratach Mhic treun Bhuadhich  
Chi mi Giula gast ar a Ceann  
'S i fein a togar bhar Sluadhridh

FERGUS Cho ni sud ach an fhianna chosach ruadh,  
Bratach Rhaine na Mor shluadh

MAOINES Cia è Bhratachsa Fhili dhuanich  
Ni so Bratach mhic treun Bhuadhich  
Chimi Giulla gast ar a Ceann  
'S i fein a togar bhar Sluaidhridh

FERGUS Cha ni sud ach a *bhricil bhrocil*<sup>1</sup>  
Bratach Ghiula mhor mhic Morni  
Gur h è bu shuaimhneas don *tsrol bhui*<sup>2</sup>  
Toisach<sup>3</sup> teachd 's deireadh falbh

MAONEAS Cia i Bhratach Fhili dhuanich  
Ni so Bratach mhic treun bhuadhich  
Chi mi Giula Gast ar a Ceann  
'S i fein togar bhar sluaidhridh

FERGUS Cho n è sud ach an duth Neimh  
Bratach Chaoilte mhic Retha  
Ar mheud dom bithidh sa Chatha  
Cho bhithidh iomrath ach ar an duth neimh

MAOINEAS Cia i Bhratach Fhilidh dhuanich  
'Ni so Bratach mhic treun bhuadhich  
Chimi Giula gast ar a Ceann  
'S i lasaradh le hor Aobhain

FERGUS Cho ni so ach squab a ghàbhaidh  
Bratach Oseair chruaidh laidir  
Bratach so an sgoiltair cinn  
'S far an leagar fuil gu *faobartin*<sup>4</sup>  
'S nach tugadh troigh ar a haish  
Ach gun teicheadh an tallamh trom-glas

OSS Thog sin a ghath Ghreine ri Crann  
Bratach Fhinn bu tean san Chath  
Lomlan do Chlochan an Or  
'S cosmuil gum bu mhor a meas

<sup>1</sup> Tattered and Torn.<sup>2</sup> Yellow Satin.<sup>3</sup> Tosach?<sup>4</sup> Ankl s.

MAOINEAS 'S aolidh mi gun thuit a bhen<sup>1</sup>  
 FERGUS S Duilich dhuitsa na bhfuil ann  
 Gatha greine mhic Cumhail ri Crann  
 MAOINEAS Breugach do bheul Fhili bhinn  
 Trian na t' agam so a shluadh  
 Cho raibh riamh agaibhse an Erin  
 Co beag leats an Fhiann errasuidhsa  
 Bheir thu do thean leim mun d' tig an feascar  
 Roimh lanna Glas neadh ni a d' aimhleas  
 FINGAL Cromamaid nar ceann san Chath  
 'S deanadh gach flath mar a gheall  
 Os Bu lionmhur Ceann ga mhaoladh  
 Agus Gualain ri snaidheadh  
 O eirigh Greine gu feascar  
 Cho teach o fhaobhar lann gu luingeas  
 Ach aon Mhile do shluadh barr  
 Theich iad mar shruth a rith o bharraibh bhean  
 'S sin na san Chath chath gan iomain  
 Bu lionmhur Fiannuidh agus Sonn  
 Agus Curruidh bu throm trost  
 Ach samhuil do Oscar mo mhaicsa  
 Cho raibh ge bhos na thall  
 Seach Cathiu do bharr an t sloigh  
 Thuit sud le Oscar nam buadh  
 S an Naonar Mac a bha aig Maoineas Ruadh  
 Seachd fichid agus mile Sonn  
 Thuit sud eidir Connan agus Goll  
 Ach Mac Cuthail sa Shluadh Garg  
 Mar Chaor theine gun dol as  
 Le a shradagan deamhnuidh Cas  
 Buile gach Laoch sē cur ris  
 Fhad sa mhair Lochlinich Ris

## TRANSLATION.

Fergus the eloquent spread his flag from the  
 shaft  
 As a signal that the King of Lochlin declind the  
 reward  
 The lovely heroes moved with majesty  
 And the grey swains of great strength  
 The chearful people of the waves advanced  
 These advanced and heavy was that host  
 Then spoke the King of Lochlin

<sup>1</sup> MS. "bhean" with "a" deleted.

- M. Whose standard is this Musical Bard  
Is this the standard of Migh & Victory  
Liath Luinach I see a gallant youth supporting it  
Sinewy Gray. And itself desirous to outstrip the host  
F. This is no other than the *Liath luinach*  
The standard of Diarmaid o Duinne  
When the Heroes advance Liath luineach takes  
the Van.
- M. Whose standard is this musical Bard  
Is this the standard of the son of might &  
victory  
Finchosach I see a Gallant Youth supporting it  
White footed. And itself desirous to outstrip the host  
This is no other than the reddish *finchosach*  
The Standard of Ryno of much people  
Whose Standard is this musical Bard  
Is this the Standard of the son of might and  
Victory  
I see a gallant youth supporting it  
And itself seems desirous to outstrip the host
- FERGUS. This is no other than the Brikil Brokil  
The standard of huge Gaul the son of Morni  
It is the property of his Yellow Satin  
Foremost to advance and last to quit the field
- MAOINEAS. Whose standard is this thou musical Bard  
Is this the standard of the Son of might & victory  
I see a Gallant Youth supporting it  
And itself seems to outstrip the host  
F. This is no other than the Du-neiv (black poison)  
The standard of Caoilte the son of Retha  
Were there ever so many in the Battle  
There would be no mention of any except the  
Duneiv
- M. Whose standard is this, musical Bard  
Is this the standard of the son of might and  
Victory  
I see a Gallant Youth supporting it  
And it flaming with joyous Gold  
This is no other than the *sguabgavie*<sup>1</sup>  
The standard of hardy strong Oscar  
A standard under which heads will be split  
And under which blood will be drawn till it reach  
the ankles  
That will not flinch one foot backwards  
Till the heavy green earth recedes

<sup>1</sup> Besom of Destruction.



- Oss. We hoisted Galgreine to its shaft  
 The Standard of Fingal strong in Battle  
 Full of stones set in Gold  
 Truly its reputation was high
- M. Methinks the Mountain is coming down
- F. What is greater cause of Terror to thee comes  
 forward  
 The son of Cuthuls Galgreine displayed
- M. Lying is thy mouth of smooth voice  
 The third of what I have here of people  
 You never had in Erin
- F. Tho' the Heroes few in Number are of small  
 account to thee  
 Before evening<sup>1</sup> thou wilt leap with all thy  
 might  
 Before the Clear-sword blade, or do hurt to thy  
 self  
 Let us bow our heads in the Battle  
 And let every chief perform his promise  
 Many were the heads made bare  
 And shoulders bending aside  
 From the rising of the sun till the evening  
 There escaped not from the Edge of the sword to  
 their ships  
 Except one thousand of Choice men  
 They fled like a stream rushing from the tops of  
 the mountains  
 And we in Battle Order driving them before us  
 Many a Hero and Mighty Man  
 And strong man of heavy stroke were there  
 But an equal to Oscar my Son  
 They had not on this side or that  
 Seven Companies of the Choice of the people  
 These fell by the Victorious Oscar  
 And the Nine Sons of the red hair'd Maoineas  
 A thousand and seven Score mighty Men  
 These fell twixt Connan and Gaul  
 But the Son of Cuthul w<sup>t</sup> his high mettled  
 folowers (people)  
 Like a glowing forge without Intermission  
 Sending forth devouring Sparks  
 The stroke of every hero still repeated  
 As long as a son of Lochlin remained.

MS. "evening" by mistake.

## Sgeulachd air Chonn Mac an Deirg.

Sgeul ar Chonn Mac an Deirg  
 Ar alionadh le trom fhearg  
 Dol a dhioladh Athar gun fheal  
 Ar mor mhaithibh na Heirin  
 Aithris thusa Oshean dhanich  
 Mhic Fhinn shuairce Sboghraidhich  
 Sgeul ar Chonn fear fearthoil  
 An Sonn Calma 's è caomh ceannuil  
 Co 's mo Ghonn no an Dearg mor  
 Oshean nam Briathra binn bheoil  
 Ni 'm bu ionnan dealbh dho no dreach  
 'S don Chonn Mhor Mhear Mheamnach  
 Shuigh è ar an tulaich g'ar Coir  
 Fiuidh Curanta, ro mhor  
 'S ghabhadh è le chleasaibh Garg  
 Am bailcaibh na 'n iarmailte  
 Chuaidh è 'm frioth lannuibh na 'n neòil  
 B' uabhas dhuine a bhi fuidh Mhèin  
 Ni 'n aile neach ata fuidh 'n ghrein  
 No Conn na 'n arm faobhar geur  
 Gruaidh Choreair mar iubhar Caoin  
 Rose corrach Gorm na mala Chaoil  
 Folt orcheard na 'n clannuibh grinn  
 Gu mor meamnach aithreil aoibhinn  
 Lanna nimhe ri leadoirt Chorp  
 Le Colg teagmhail na mor-ole  
 Bhiodh a Chloidhheamh re sga sgeithe  
 Aig an Laoch gun Aimhreite  
 Buaidh gach Ball ann raibh e riamh  
 Ar ghaisge 's ar mhor ghnìomh  
 Gabhail a Choimhlion neart gun sgios  
 'S è tabhairt geal 's mor chios  
 Bheirimse dhuit Briathar Cinteach  
 A Phadruic ga nar rè a innse  
 Gun do ghabh an Fhiann eagul uile  
 Nach do ghabhas riamh roimh aonduine  
 Ri faicsin doibh Conbhach Chuin  
 Mar roth tuile tighin roimh thuinn  
 Meud fhallachd an fhir dhuin  
 An eric athar a dhioladh  
 Se Chomhairle a chin doikh  
 Deagh Mhac Fhinn on glaine gloir

Chuir ghabhail sgeula an fhir dhochdur  
 Fergus beul dearg binn fhoclach  
 Do mhac an Dearg bu gharg gleac  
 Bheannuich Fergus gu fìor ghlic  
 Fhreagar Conn è mar bu Choir  
 Fheargus fhileanta 'n deagh bheoil  
 A Ghabhail sgeula a thainis bho 'n fhiann  
 Ciod è fath do thurus do dh' eirin  
 Bheirinnse mo sgeula dhuit  
 Fheargus agus b' annsadh leat  
 Eric Mathair b' aill leam uaibhse  
 A Mhaithibh fiann Eirionn  
 Cean Fhinn sa dha mhic mhoir  
 Ceann Ghuil 's Ghribhin 's artar  
 'S Cinn Chlanna Morni uile  
 Gun sheachuin aon duine  
 Clann Chormaic mhic Art 's Fhinn  
 S na bhfuil sibh an Eirin o thuine gu tuinn  
 A Gheileachduin do'm aon Chuim  
 No comhrag cuig ceud uaibhse  
 Moch ar Maidin a marach  
 Gu comhrag meara di-dhalach  
 Cia do sgeula on fhear mhor  
 'S è labhair fionn flath an t-sloigh  
 Innis Fheargus è gu grad  
 'S na ceil oruine a dhion-ole  
 'S è mo sgeula o'n fhear mhor  
 Gur h' aill leis Comhrag cuig ceud d'ar Sloigh  
 A muigh ar mhaidin a marach  
 Gu comhrag meara di-dhalach  
 'S é labhair cuig ceud da Feinne  
 Caisgear linne a luath-mhire  
 Ach cha raibh sud mar a radh  
 Don droing a chuaidh san iomart  
 Le mac an Deirg bu chruaidh Lann  
 Thuit air cuig ceud mu thiomchìol  
 Cuig ceud eile gud bhitheadh ann  
 Gu 'm bitheadh marbh ar aon bhall  
 'S Conn a Cailceadh a sgia  
 Sireadh Comhrag ga *aon-riar*<sup>1</sup>  
 Thagh sinn seachd fichiad fear mor  
 Do mhaithibh teaghlaich ar Sloigh  
 Thoirt a Chinn do mhac an Deirg  
 Gun faicacas fionn fuidh throm fhearg

<sup>1</sup> One by one.



Thug è roimh ar fir an Gráin  
 Mar sheabhac roimh mhin-ealt Eun  
 Iomadh och 's gáire bhos  
 Iomadh lamh agus leith bhos  
 Iomadh Cloigin, iomadh Ceann  
 Cuirp gan coigleadh ar aon bhall  
 Thuit ar seachd fichiod fear mor  
 B' adhbhar thuirse 's do broin  
 'N sin iabhair Conan maol mac Morní  
 Leighear mise thuig an ceudna  
 'S gu buinnin an Ceann deth  
 Do Chonn dimeasach Ainteadh  
 Mar-asc ort a Chonnain mhaoil  
 An sguir thu dod lonnan a Chaoidhche  
 Ní thugan tu an ceann do Chonn  
 'S é labhair Oscar na mor ghlonn  
 Gluaisidh Connan mu mhi-cheil  
 Dhaindheon na feinne gu leir  
 An Comhdhail Chuinn bhuaidhich bhrais.  
 Mar char tuadhal ga aimhleas  
 Nuair Chunnaic Conn bu Chaoin dealbh  
 Connan a dol an seilbh Arm  
 Thug e le sic ar an Daor  
 'S è teicheadh dhachuigh gu falbh uaithe  
 'S ioma scred 's iollach cruaidh  
 'S ioma cnap 's mailc, 's meall  
 A Dh' at suas ar a dhroch cheann  
 Ar maol Chonnan gu reamhur  
 'S a Chuig Caoil san aon Cheangal  
 Beannachd aig an laimh rinn sud  
 'S è labhair Fionn a Chro-shnuadh  
 Gu 'm è turus gun eirigh dhuit  
 A Chonnain eiceilidh gun fholt  
 Sheal sin an sin ar a Cheil  
 Moran do mhaithibh na Feinn  
 Rè tir theaghlaich m' athar fein  
 B' fhear Meoghair 's deagh mhèin  
 Ghoil Mhic Mhorni na mor ghníomh  
 Os tu chleachd ar comradh riamh  
 On ti a ta bagradh ort  
 'S air moran do mhaithibh na feine  
 'Gun tugadh an Ceann gu fearoil deth  
 Mar thug ū ga athair roimhe  
 Gun deanainsa sinn duit Fhinn  
 Fhir na 'm Briathra blath binn

Cuiramaid fuarachd 's follachd ar Cul  
 'S biomaid uile a dh' aon rùn  
 Gu 'd Mharbhadh tu m' fhiann  
 Gun di sheachadh aon duine  
 Bhithin fein 's mo threine leat  
 A Riogh na Feinne ga 'd chabhair  
 Ghluais Goll na chulaidh Chruaidh  
 An a n lathair a mhor shluaigh  
 S gu bu geal dearg gnuis an fhir  
 Le seol gairge an tus 'iorgail  
 Ghluais iad an Ceann a Cheile  
 Na 'n da Churaidh fuidh throm fheirge  
 An da Churraigh bu gharg cith  
 A churedh an fhaich air bhall chrith

### A part of Conn M<sup>c</sup> an Deirg.

Le beumanuibh buil nã 'n fear mor  
 San Fhiann uile gan eisteachd  
 'S iomadh caor theine ruagh  
 O' bheul nan arm fhabhar cruaigh  
 Os cionn nan ceanbheartach corrach  
 'S iad a Cuimhneachadh na mor fholachd  
 Cith teine gan armaibh nochd  
 Cith fola do chneasaibh an Cuirp  
 Cith Cailce do sgiathaibh an aigh  
 Dol uath 's na iarmailte  
 Naoi laethe 's aon trath deag  
 Bu tuirseach Mic agus mnai  
 Gus an do thuit le Goll nam bèum  
 Conn mor air lom <sup>1</sup> eigin  
 Gair aoibhneas thug an Fhiann  
 Agus Fiann a bhi dan rèir  
 Rì faicsin doibh Ghoill mhic Morn  
 An uachdar ar Chonn treun togha  
 'S Connan ga thoirt a sas  
 An deigh lonnan a mhi-Ghrais  
 Naoi raidhin do Gholl an aigh  
 Ga leigheas mun raibh ē slan  
 Ag eisteachd Ceoil a dh' oidhche 's do la  
 'S a pronnadh òr fuidh throm-dhaimh  
 Air seachd fichiod 's air cuig ceud  
 Thuit d'ar feinn aghmhor dhearg  
 'S bu chruinn air fiann da reir.

Finis.

<sup>1</sup> "cheart" above "lom" in different hand.

Cuid do Dhanuibh na'm Fiann le Oisein<sup>1</sup>  
Sealg mhòr a Ghlinne.<sup>2</sup>

Sealg bu cho mhor a Ghlinne,  
Mu leitrighibh Ghlinn-Laoire,  
Mu ghleann dubh Loch Magh-lach,  
Mu theach<sup>3</sup> re Locha Suine.

Chaidh Fionn air sliabh Magh-mac'hrach  
A ghreasadh 'steach na Feinne ;  
An nuallan mor glumañ glaomann  
Gur e leig O Baoisge barra-ghlic.<sup>4</sup>

Gu do chruinnich an Fheinn uile  
Re cluinntin doibh na glaoth' Feinnidh,  
Lomlan do fhuil 's do fhiadhlach,  
Gus an tulaich an robh O Baoisge.

'S e Fionn fein a rinn am fiadhach  
Air na Fiannuibh uaisle banbhuidh,  
'S cha d' fhagadh 's an Fheinn, ge b'iom' iad,  
Aon laoch diumaidh no fear dearmaid.

'An diaidh eiridh do do na sealguibh,  
Bu bheus Feinn' e Mac Cumhaill,  
Go'm b' eudmhor le<sup>5</sup> Goll gasradh, fìoran,<sup>6</sup>  
Tùs, is suidhe na Feinn' fhulang.

Air do laimhs' a Ghuill Mhic Mòrna,  
Fhir nam briathra tògha, treuna,  
'S ann mar sud a bhias am fiadhach,  
Gar am fan thu 'm Fiannachd Eirinn.

Cha 'n fhan mis' am Fiannachd Eirinn,  
'S e labhair Goll na'n ceum calma,  
Ach dhuits' Fhinn na'm breith baogh'lach,  
Faguidh mi Magh-Baoisge banbhuidh.

Sin 'n uair dh' athchuig Goll air Oisein,  
A lamh a chosnadh dhuinn ar feimeadh,  
Aisoic sinn slan a h Albhuidh  
Saor o Airlinn gu h Eirlinn.

<sup>1</sup> [MS. 115].

<sup>2</sup> This poem must be the less correct, that only one copy of it could be had, and from Mr Arthur. <sup>3</sup> sheach. <sup>4</sup> uu' Baoisge barraidheacht.  
<sup>5</sup> b'fhead-ar. <sup>6</sup> Salutation ; fìoran 's tùs suidhe na Feinne fhaghail perhaps.



Ghluaiseamar nar longuibh leabhradh<sup>1</sup>  
 Is 'n ar bàrcuibh reamhradh reidhe,  
 Ann an aros breithe baogh'luich,  
 Gabhail gloir' na gaoithe gairge.

So bha sinn bhlià'nn 'an Dunerlinn,<sup>2</sup>  
 Ann an aros gle ghlic, tosa,  
 Is ar mnaoi 's ar clann an Albhuidh,  
 Is ar n annsacht 'an Dun-monaidh.<sup>3</sup>

Ghluasamar 'n ceart cheann blià'na  
 Ann am trom ghoil dian na dìlun  
 Mac Mòrna 's fir na foidleadh  
 Gu foghaid ainmhidh, na milte.

Suidhichear togha na'n treun fhear  
 Canadar gloir gle bhinn gaosda  
 Cuireadar teachdair chum na'm flatha  
 Dh' fhuagradh catha do O Baoisge.

B' iongnadh leam a Chlanna Mòran,  
 'S ar tighin forgla gan aoise  
 Teachd a dh' fhuagradh catha a h Albainn  
 Gu h Albhaidh Chlann Baoisge.

(Two pages blank)

### Bàs Ghuill.

Eirich a Bhean 's beir leat mo leine ;  
 Gabh chugad i agus eirich ;  
 Eirich a mach a Ghruaidh dhearg Ghlan  
 Moch na maidne roimh mo mharmhadh.

O a Ghuill ca rachas fein,  
 'S gu marbhtadh thusa leis an Fheinn ?  
 Tathach bean gun fhailte a flr  
 'S mi nocht gun cheann gun chabhlach.

A ri-bhean a 's binne Ceol,  
 Gluais gu narach 's na gabh bron,  
 Mar bu bheart Shubhach do thi,  
 'S mar bu chumhaidh do dheagh mhnaoi,

<sup>1</sup> leobhradh.    <sup>2</sup> a fort above a pond.    <sup>3</sup> the fort on the hill ; the two  
 names are for one place, viz., Edinburgh ; see Bp. Carswell.

Na faicear do dheur a bhos,  
 A Ribhean Cheannard Chruadhaich,  
 Na dean deur mu ni nach fagh thu  
 'S na tathaich an tir airgith.

Cuimhnich air h' airgiod 's air h' òr,  
 Cuimhnich air do shide 's do shrol,  
 Cuimhnich air leumhuin an Fhir,  
 'S olc thig diolain Bean deadh fhir

Ruigse fos long Phort na 'm Fiann,  
 Far an robh thu roimhe riamh,  
 'S gheabh thu fein a bheil dhearg Bhandas  
 Deadh Fhear agus deagh annsachd.

A Ghuill mhoir bu mhaith d' am reir ;  
 Cia am fear leis an luidhteadh fein ?

Gabhsa Fearghus Binn na Feinn,  
 No Oisein nan Caogad rinn,  
 No Oscar feitheach Fuileach,  
 No n Corchosach Geur Guineach.

'S Duilich leom sa imeachd uait,  
 O 's tu mo Cheud fhear Seimhidh suaire,  
 O' m' ocha-bliann-deug gu blath,  
 Och ! gu robhsa riamh mud thiomchioll.

O 'n oiche sin gus an nocht,  
 Cha 'n fhacas ort aigue bocht ;  
 Ach a oiche nocht ni n dual damhsa  
 Bha aig aon fhear eile ta air talmhainn

Aon trath deug dhamh beo gun bhiadh,  
 Mar nach robh Duine romham riamh ;  
 'S e s mo a chaochail air mo Ghruaidh,  
 Bhi g' ol an t saile Shearbha Ruaidh.

A Ghuill mhoir mbic o Bhidh,  
 Cath na colla ni bheil ad thi,  
 Ach mun tuit thu Laoidh na 'm fear,  
 Ol bainne mo dha chich gu d' Chobhair.

O a nighean a Chaill do Chiall  
 'S miosa na sin mar tha mo sceul,  
 Gomhairle mna ge cruaidh na Geasan  
 Ni 'n gabhsa no ni n dearnam,

Na 'n dearna tusa comhairl uam,  
A dheadh mhic Chormaig a Chrainn Ruaidh,  
Cha bhiodh tu lag air an Ceann,  
Anns an am am faghadh tu Cothram.

Aine fag a chreig Chruaidh,  
A Ri-thean eitich an-uair,  
Gus an tig fraoch, throimh mhuir mear<sup>1</sup>  
Cha tig laoch an so gad chobhair  
Crioich.

These three in Down do buried lye  
Patrick, Bridget, Pizeon Pye

Ceud Oran Chlainn Uisleachain o bheil Uilleam  
Stuart am Piteaghabhann, mu'n bhliana 1790.<sup>2</sup>

Taisg gu deachaidh iad air tuinn  
Tri Mhic Uislein dubh nan each  
D fhag iad Deardridh is Ian dubh  
Am beinn aird is iad nan aonar.

La is bliadhna dhoibh mar sin  
Labhair Ian dubh rise rinn  
Nach mithich dhuinn, ar bainis a dheanamh ?

Ach nar bainis ni bheil fàth  
Is ni mo nitar i gu brath  
Gus an tig iad dathigh slan  
Tri mhic Uislinn a chlainn ionmhuinn.

Gheabhadh tu sin a Dheardraidh ghuanach  
Gheabhadh tu sin am brath faoilteach  
Gheabhadh tu 'n crobh craobhach donn  
Air mhoch maduinn a maireach.

Gheabhadh tu sin muineal mhult  
Agus Gruagadh o sheann tore  
Gheabhadh tu madhradh a mhadha  
Laoigh na tadhaill ach air aon sogha.

This was dictated by William Stewart in the united Parishes of Blair Atholl  
& Strowan.

<sup>1</sup> "h" deleted in "mhear."

[<sup>2</sup> MS. 209].



Ge d' fhaighins coilich a mhagha  
 Agus Bradain bhroinn-gheala  
 B' annsa staoic do fhear chuil chais  
 'S e sin lamh gheal Naois Mhic Uislein.

Sealla ga 'n tugas amach a shealltuin  
 San air bord a bhaile ghreadhnaich  
 'S ianmhuin leom an triuir chuanta chi mi  
 shnamhas na tonntan thairis.

Ealbhudh is Ardal air thus  
 'S iad a shnamhadh gu farasda ciuin  
 B' e mo ghradh an Geadh lamhach geal  
 B' e m' fhear fein a bha stiuradh sin.

Cait an raibh sibh thri Mhic Uislein nan each?  
 An raibh sibh 'n tir nam fear fuileach?  
 No 'n d' imir sibh beud air duine?  
 No ciod e fath bhar fuirich?

Fath ar fuirich air dol uainn  
 Theb gu'm b' fhuileach dhuinn an ruaig  
 Mac sin luthmhor Ceann fir Fail  
 Bhi d' ar cumbhail no gar ceangal.

'S mise gu d' innis sin duibh  
 A thri Mhic Uislein duibh nan each.  
 Lamh air bhog bhlonag bhan  
 'S dona cheaird chogaidh 'n codal.

gar am biodh cogadh ann fuidh 'n ghrein  
 Ach daoine cho fada o 'n tir fein  
 Codal uile 's beag a thlachd  
 Do dh' aon triuir is iad nan aonar.

An codal beag sin a thuiteamh oirn  
 An triuir oganach cho chruinn  
 Mu 'n d' fhairich sinn as ar pramh  
 Dh' iath na sea longa deug mu'r timchioll.

Caith an raibh sibh na 'r nairm ghaisge  
 Nuair a mhaith sibh dhoibh bhar glacadh  
 Nach raibh ceann air laimh gach fir  
 A chlann an Righ a leith bhur 'n anmainn?

Chuir iad sinne 'n garaidh daill  
 Ann an uaghaidh fada fui thalamh  
 Far an tigeadh an saile tharuinn  
 Tri naoi uairin s an aon laethe

sin nuair thainig d' ar fios  
 'si Ni Fail bu gheile crios (cneas  
 Chuir i an Donn Mhor g' ar truaidhe  
 'S Banntrach odhar na Craoibh-ruaidhe

Chruinnich ise 's mnaidhe na tire  
 Thionail iad an ceann a cheile  
 Fhuair gach bean og dhiubh a h eididh 'sa h each  
 Gach bean eile a b'fhearr tuigse

Chruinnich iad ann ceann a cheile  
 Gus an tug iad sinne o 'n fhuar uisge

Sin nuair ghluais i do Dhun a h athar  
 Ninghin an Righ sin o 'n fhuilt scathaich  
 Fhuair i h athair ann san Dun  
 'S a chairdin uile mu thimchioll.

Thig am chagar a Ni Fail  
 A Rimhinn fharasda bhonn bhlath  
 A ni sin a cheilinn uile air chach  
 Dh innsin duit e laoigh nam b' aill.

'S dona 'n ruin sin ruin nam ban  
 Innseas iad sa chuil ni ch(l)uinear,  
 'S dona 'n ruin sin a bhiodh ann  
 Mur innseadh tus' e do d' aon nighin.

Tha luangh agam fui m' thaobh clith (fulasg ?  
 Chaisgeadh air onadh naoi mic Righ  
 Luangh eile fui m' thaobh deas  
 Is i sir luangh tharam

Chuir Righ Eirinn fios d' an traidh  
 'S an gu mathaibh Innse Fail  
 Gu faighinse luchdachadh loing  
 Do Or 's do Airgead a dh' aon tuine

Do chionn na cimich a chuir gun fheall  
 A maireach air chuaintibh na h Eireann

Leig an Irinn an osna throm  
 As a croidhe gun choguill  
 Dh' eist osna an tighe uile  
 Re aon osna throm na h Irinn

Ge b' leig an osna throm  
 'S ann mu na cimich is doiligh libh.  
 'S mise leig an osna throm  
 Ach na cimich is coma leom.

Nuair a ghabh am baile mu thamh  
 'S ann a ghluais i anns an dubh  
 'N raibh thu anns an Dun ud thall ?  
 No ciod an aithris a bh' oirne ann ?

Bha mi anns an Dun ud thall  
 'S bochd an aithris a bh' oirbhse ann  
 Gun d' chuir Rìgh Eirinn fios d' an traidh  
 'S an gu maithibh Innse Fail,  
 Gu faigheadh m' athairse luchdacha luing  
 Dh' or 's a dh' airgead a dh' aon tuinn  
 Cheann na cìnich a chuir slan  
 A maireach air chuaintibh na h Eirinn.

Sinibh chugamsa bhar cosa  
 Dfheachain an tomhais mi na glása  
 Cha d' fhag i aon diubh gun tomhas  
 Air aird no doimhne reir a cuimhne

Rainig i sin an gabha Cluanuidh  
 Mac-an-t-saoir san Torrachualach  
 Rinn e na trì Eochraiche buagha  
 Ann am faiteal na leath uaire

Ghiollain duibh nam bruan sceul (na bruan  
 Na tigeadh aon dig a mach air do bheul  
 Gus an tig e air an ord no air an innein  
 No air an inneal air an deach an deanamh

Sinibh chugamsa bhar casa  
 Dfheachain am fosail mi na glasa.  
 Leim Naois gu h ealbhaidh ait  
 Ealbuidh is Ardail na dhiaidh.

'M bheil sibh anois air bhar cosaibh  
 No 'm bheil sibh ceart na'r airm ghaisge  
 Sgeula 's measa dhuinn re radh  
 Gu'n d'fhag sinn nar trì chlaoidhin

Ann seomar t athar an Cluanuidh  
 'S biaidh sinn fù mhasladh dheth gu brath  
 Fheadh 's as beo sinn air uachdar talmhainn  
 Rachains' a dh' iarruidh nan cloidhin

'Cha b' i 'n fhaoidh a b' fhosa dheanamh  
 Rainig i Gille an t seomair  
 A Ribhean ghasta mu 'n iath an t omar  
 'S gabhaidh leom 's gur ninghin Rìgh thu



Bhith falbh na h oi'che mu thrath codail  
 'S e bheir dhamh bhi falbh na h oi'che  
 Coir mo luirge a bhi agad                      lurge  
 Cha deanuinse ortsa iartas diumaidh

Ninghin an Righ sin a Dunumuidh  
 Cha 'n iarruinn ort iarrtas diumaidh  
 Na 'm faighinn na tri chloidheann  
 Ag tri baobhan na h Eireann.

Ciod a dheanadh tu do cloidhean  
 Ninghin an Righ sin o'n fhuil scathaich  
 Cha b' urrain thu do chuir catha  
 No ga iomairt ann laethe seirbheis.

Bheirin cloidheamh dhiubh mar ghift  
 Do mhac Righ nan Righrinn  
 'S ar thrupair nan each seang  
 Dol a dh iarrudh mna dh' Eireann

Bheirinn an t ath chloidheamh dhiubh  
 Do fhear gaisge is moir chliuth  
 Sar mharcach nan each seang  
 Dol a dh' iarruidh oir Righ na h Umuidh

Sin nar fhuair ise na cloidhean  
 Agus lon chuig oi'che  
 'Torsa ceire leath mar leath  
 Chor 's gu bu leir dhoibh a dhaidh cheile.

Bheil sibh nois air bhar bonnaibh  
 No 'm bheil e bhos na ni bhar ceannach  
 Tha loingis aig m' athair thall ud  
 An taobh 'stigh do Chluan Chiarain

Tha fear Cos-donn ann toiseach na loingis  
 Bu ailibhse gu cothromach ceart  
 Bhar tri builean san aon alt

Ge bu dorcha doilleir an oi'che  
 Gu bu bhorb a rinn iad an rod  
 Gus 'n do bhuail iad cothromach ceart  
 An tri builean san aon alt.

Thig do d' loingis a Ni Fail  
 A Ribhean fharasda bhonn bhlath  
 Cha 'n fhacas aon bhean eile reachadh tharad  
 Ach aon bhean eile tha san tir Ghaidhealaich

'S aon Ninghin mi d' an Rìgh  
 'S cinnteach o sin 's moid mo phris  
 S dona 'n tìr a th'aig m' athair thall ud  
 Mur toireadh i aon eun an galadh.

Bheirìn bliadhna air do ghaol  
 Bliadhn' eile ar son do ghraidh  
 Bliadhn' ar son gach bliadhna  
 Do chionn gu tigeadh tu 'n ceann nan cuigeadh  
 bliadhna

Ach mur fhead thu thighin ann sin  
 No do shith o rìghibh an Domhuin  
 No do shith bho 'n chraoibh Chonuill  
 Thoirse do bhean as an tìr Ghaoidh'laich.

Dara Oran Chlainn-Uisleachain  
 ag innseadh mar chuaidh iad gu bas.

Sin nuair thuirt Conchair re each  
 'S bochd an cas 'n do thachair mi  
 Bhean a thug mi as an Dun  
 Rinn no dha no trì

Tri mhic Uisleachain nan each  
 Thainig a tìr nam fear fuileach  
 An d'fhidir sibh beud air neach  
 No cìod e fa bhur fuirich.

Thainig Conchair 'mach d'an traidh  
 Le chuig ceud Ceann fear ualach  
 D fharuid e gu broduinn bras  
 Co iad an triuir mhic Rì tha 'm loingis?

'S clann peathar dhuit na mic  
 An triuir bhraithrin bu chradh buille  
 Naois & Ealbhi is Ardail  
 Cha do luigh iad reabh le Deardruidh.

Cha chlann peathar dhamh fein sibh  
 Cha'n e gnìomh a rinn sibh orm  
 Ach mo narachadh gun fheall  
 A measg ard uaislibh Eireann.

Na 'm bu chuimhneadh leat la beag eile  
 O 's e so nois am a chuimhich  
 Thug sinn chugad ma thrath ceart (mu  
 Ceinn nan tri mic Righ mar Aruig.

Bu chalann peathar dhuit sinn uair eile  
 O 's e so nois am a chuimhnich  
 Thug sinn chugad roimh thrath nona  
 Ceann a Choladhaich mhoir a h Eireann.

Na 'm bu chuimhneadh leat la beag eile  
 O 's e so nois am a chuimhnich  
 Nuair scaoil do long mhor air sala  
 Agus thu fein na ceart mheadhon.

Thug sinn duit nar loingias fein  
 Is ghabh sinn an cuan mu 'r timchioll  
 Ge b' fhuar an t uisge bha 'n sinn  
 Shnamh sinne an cuan gu direach.

Ge do mharbhta libh caogad Righ  
 Air mo bhuigheas gur fior  
 Cha 'n 'eil bhur sith a bhos  
 O aon ti ach sibh mar dfheadas

Ghluais Naois amach a loing  
 Agus Ealbhi 'n diaidh sin  
 Agus Ardail an diaidh sin  
 An triuir bhraithrin bu chradh buille.

Cha bhas leam do bhas a Naois  
 O na thurchadh leat an t euchd  
 Thurchadh le d' laimh ghil gun fheall  
 Eachan Armail mac Righ Fulann (Ulamn

Thigs' a Dheardruidh 'muigh a d' luing  
 On a 's tu 'n ainnir thairis throm  
 'S cha 'n fhaigheadh tu 'n cul na 'n cleth  
 Focal achmhasain o Chonchair.

Cha tig mi amach a 'm luing  
 Do aon neach a tha air dhoireachd  
 As eagmhus, mo la mor bhos,  
 Mo cheud achuinge o Chonchair.

Ciod e an achanuigh a dh' iarradh tu  
 A lub ur iallach nach faigheadh  
 'M bheil e 'n tir no 'n tuath no 'n talamh  
 Ann eachaibh luatha no 'm miol-chonaibh ?



Cha tir is cha tuath 's cha talamh  
 Cha 'n eich luatha 's cha mhiol-chonadh  
 Ach mho leigeil a nochd d' an traith  
 Mar re triuir Chlainn Uislinn ionmhuinn

Dheasgaird iad Deardruidh chuil bhuidhe  
 Thug iad d' i a h eadach uile  
 Cha do leig iad lei 'n traith  
 Mhead 's a rachadh 'n cro na snaite.

Ghluais Deardruidh 'muidh d'an traith  
 'S fhuair i saor ag snoigheadh ramh  
 Deanamh bata mar bu coir  
 A thagadh seoil 's ghabhadh gaath.

Och a shaoir a shnoigheadh an ramh  
 Ag am biodh an scion choi-gheur  
 Gu tugainn fein duit ga ceann  
 An fhail oir is fhear tha 'n Eirinn.

An fhail a bhiodh ag Naois narach  
 Air thus catha air thus comhruig  
 Cha'n fhidreadh e beud sam bith  
 Am feadh 's an t or na fhia'nais.

Ghlac an saor a mhainminn mhor  
 Nuair shamhluich i n t or re chuire  
 Thug e sgian dàn ribhean uir  
 Cho d' rinn e riabh turn a b' aithrich

Cha 'n 'eil ni 's deise dhamh nois ann  
 O na fhuair mi ceart an t am  
 Na chuid eile d' am shaoghal a chaitheadh  
 Mar ris na cuirp chaomh choi-gheala.

Leig i sintidh sios r'a shlios  
 Crios mar chrìos is bos mar bhos  
 Chuir i an sciàn na cich dheis  
 D' fhuiling i m bas gun àon aithreach.

Thainig Conchair amach d' an traith  
 De chuig ceud deug an coineadh mhna  
 Co fhuair e air a cheathramh coluinn  
 Ach Deardruidh chuanda gun aon anam ?

Mile marbh fhasg aig an uair  
 Thug dhamh clann mo pheathar a mharbhadh  
 Tha mise nois' deth gun mhnaoi  
 Is tha iadsan dheth gun anam.

Bu chlann peathar dhamh na mic  
 An triuir bhrath'rin bu chradh buille  
 Naois & Ealbhi is Ardal  
 Cha do luidh iad riabh le Deardruidh.

Sioluigeamaid an Cluain Dreagain  
 Naois is Deardruidh 'n aon leabuidh  
 Cuireamaid an da chul re cheile  
 'S biodh iads' ann sin gn la eile

Thain am fear leaghaidh gu moch leabhaidh  
 Scriob g' an tug e air an lic  
 Fhuair iad an deis gach uile  
 An glacabh a cheile gu beachd

Togar na cuirp mhin-dearg mhaiseach  
 Tha nan sineadh anns a Chill chaisrigt'  
 Sgaoiltear an glaca o cheile  
 'S cuiribh leud an teampuill eatorra.

A chraobh a chinnich troimh gach uaigh  
 Thainig a deas is a tuath  
 An neach a ruig'eadh air a barr  
 Bu leis fein a radh a leannain.

### Oran Diarmuid agus an Tuirc.

Gleann sithe sin 's an gleann r'a thaobh  
 Far am minic an raibh fead laoich eoin & loin  
 Far a minic an raibh 'n Fhiann  
 An Ear 's an Iar an diaidh 'n con.

Air an t sith ghulbanna ghuirm  
 An t aon tulach a's aille tu fui 'n ghrein  
 Far a minic an raibh fraithe dearga  
 An diaidh sealg fir na Feinne.

Eisdibh beagan ma 's aill libh laoidh  
 Air a chuideachd a chaomh so chuaidh  
 Air Beinne-ghulbunn, air Feann fial  
 Air Mac O Duine nan sgial truadh.

Shuighich Fionn 's bu chruaid a chealg  
 Air Mac O Duine bu dhearg a lidh  
 Dol do Bheinne-ghulbunn a shealg an tuirc  
 Nach feadta le h airm a dhith'

A Dhiarmad na freagair an fhaodhaid  
 'S na taghail am fiadhacha breige  
 Na teirig teann air Fionn Mac Cumhail  
 O 's cumha leis a bhi gun cheile.

A ghradh nam ban a ghrainne  
 Na toilse naire do d' cheud<sup>1</sup> fhear  
 Rachain a dh' amharc na seilge  
 Dh' ain-deoin fearg fir na Feinne.

Dhuisg iad an uile bheist a shuain  
 Chuidh freiceadan air shuas air a ghleann  
 Dh' eisteachd re coin gharaich nam Fiann  
 Iad gu dian nam faoi<sup>1</sup> fo cheann.

Leig iad ris na deagh ghadhair  
 Gadhair Fheinn fear na seilge  
 Chuir iad a mhuc bhan le leadra  
 'S na treun choin air a tionntadh.

B' fhaide theanga nan gainne sleagh  
 Bu treise fhriogh nan gath builge  
 Sean torc nimhe bha garg  
 Thainig o bhall ard nan al-mhuc.

Bhriseadh leis an dorn ghil bhla  
 Stracadh leis na bha na chorp  
 Bhriseadh leis an crann na thri  
 Gun aon mhir dhe bhi san torc.

Tharuing e 'n t seann lann o 'n truail  
 O 's i bhuidhneadh buaidh 's gach blar  
 Mharbhta leis an uile bheist  
 Is thiaruinn e na dhiaidh slan.

'N sin luidh tosd air Fionn nam Fiann  
 'S luidh e siar ris a chnoc  
 Air dhasa bhi tamull na thosd  
 Labhair e 's gu'm olc re radh.

A Dhiarmad tomhais an torc  
 Cia moid traigh o shoc gu shail.  
 Ni 'n diultainn tachanuich Fheinn  
 O slan a chinn leinn teigh'n o theach.

<sup>1</sup> noise—written above "faoi."



A Dhiarmad tomhais a ris  
 Na aghaidh gu min an torc  
 Roghain a gheabhadh tu ga cheann  
 Tagha nan lann rain-gheur goirt.

Thomhais is cha bu turus aigh  
 Mac O Duine bu trom traigh  
 Thomhais e dhoibhse 'n torc  
 Tholl am friogh nimh a bha garg,  
 Air bonn an laoch 's bu gharbh an t srad.

Bha e 'n sin na luidhe fui chreachd  
 Mac O Duine ceim an cleachd  
 Aon mhac fulangach nam Fiann  
 An ulaidh ud a chi mi thart.

Bha guirme bha glaise na shuil  
 Bha mine bha maise na ghruaidh  
 Bha spionna bha tabhachd san laoch  
 Bha sud saor fui chrios ban.

Aon deoch a d' chuaich Fheinn  
 A Laoich a Mhic Cumhaill o'n chro Chonuig  
 O 'n theirig air mo bhrigh 's air mo lagh  
 A laoich thabhair no nach tabhair.

'S aineamh gille eididh do theach<sup>1</sup>  
 Mar ghill' eididh mo chreach nach till  
 Ogan a's ailde na saoi  
 Ochadan mar a taoi sa ghleann

Thiodhlaic iad air an aon tulaich  
 Air frainich<sup>2</sup> na muice fiadhaich  
 Grainne ni Chormaig a churaidh  
 Da choin gheala & Diarmad.

Beinne-ghulbunn Albainn fhial  
 Far a minic an raibh an Fheinn ag sealg  
 Laodh mo chroidhe air a chlaoidh' le torc  
 A Shioluic iad ann an cnoc Beinne-dearg.

<sup>1</sup> That could bear his armour.

<sup>2</sup> Frainich

The following poems from their various MSS. were not transcribed before death overtook Dr Cameron ; but they are here printed to complete, as far as possible, the Ossianic Collection of Mr MacLagan.

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### Na Brataichin.<sup>1</sup>

#### MANUS RIGH LOCHLAINN.

Ge d' gheabhadh Rìgh Lochlainn sud,  
Na bha mhaoin 's do sheuda 'n Eirinn,  
Cha philleadh e shluagh air ais,  
Gus am biodh Eirinn uil' air earras.

#### OISEIN.

Scaoil Fearghus fili<sup>2</sup> a Bhratach o chrann,  
Mar chomhar gu 'n dhiult Rìgh Lochlainn cumha,  
Ghluais an Fhiann ghaolach gu (mor) foill  
Agus na glas-laoich bu mhor neart.  
Thainig sluaigh fairim chairim na'n tonn,  
Thainig sud 's bu throm an fheachd ;  
Suil d' an tug Rìgh Lochlainn uaidh,  
Chunnaic e Bratach ag tidh'n amach,  
Agus gille gasta air a ceann,  
Air a lasadh do dh' òr Eireannach.

#### MANUS.

Cia i a Bhratachsa Fhili dhuaich ;  
An i sud Bratach Mhic Treun-bhuadhaich ?  
Chi mi giolla gasta air a ceann,  
Is i fein ag togradh thair<sup>3</sup> sluaghadh.

#### FEARGHUS.

Cha 'n i sud ach an Liath-luineach, (luidneach  
Bratach Dhiarmaid O Duibhne,  
'N tra thigeadh an Fhiann uil' amach,  
Ghabhadh an Liath-luineach toiseach.

<sup>1</sup> [From MS. 69, which contains, besides the three poems here printed, the following *verbatim* as Gillies has them :—Dargo's Wife, Laoman, Cormac's Advices, Ben Eidin, and Bas Oscair].

<sup>2</sup> " fili" apparently deleted.

<sup>3</sup> bhar.

## MANUS.

Cia i an Bhratach fhili dhunaich,  
An i sud &c. ?

## FEARGHUS.

Cha 'n i sud ach an Aon-chosach<sup>1</sup> ruadh,  
Bratach Raine na 'm mor shluagh,  
Bratach leis an sgoiltear ceinn  
'S le 'n doirtear fuil gu aobranaibh.

## MANUS.'

Cia i a Bhratach-sa Fhili dhunaich &c. ?

## FEARGHUS.

Cha 'n i sud ach a Bhriachaill Bhrochaill,  
Bratach Ghuill mhoir Mhic Morna,  
Nach' d' thug traigh riamh air a h ais,  
Gus 'n do chrith an talamh trom glas  
Gur h e bu shuaimhneas d' an t srol bhuidhe,  
Toiseach teachd is deireadh falbh.

## MANUS.

Cia i an Bhratach &c. ?

## FEARGHUS.

Cha 'n i sud ach an Dubh-Nimhe,  
Bratach Chaoilte Mhic Reatha ;  
Air mheud d' am bitheadh sa chath,  
Cha bhiodh iomraidh ach air an Duibh-nimhe.

## MANUS.

Cia i a Bhratach &c. ?  
Agus gille gasta air a ceann,  
'S i lasaradh le h òr aoibhinn ?

## FEARGHUS.

Cha 'n i sud ach an Sguab-ghabhaidh,  
Bratach Oseair chrodh a laidir,  
Nuair a rigteadh cath na 'n cliar  
Cha b' fhiu a fiaraich ach an Scuab-ghabhaidh.

## OISEIN.

Thog sinn an Deo-ghreine re crann,  
Bratach Fheinn bu teann sa chath,  
Lom-lan do chlochaibh ann òr,  
'S cosmhuil gu 'm bu mhor a meas. (rath.

<sup>1</sup> Fhionn-chosach.



## MANUS.

Saoilidh mi gu'n thuit a bheinn.

## FEARGHUS.

Is doilich dhuitse na bheil ann,  
 Gath-greine<sup>1</sup> Mhic Cumhail re crann.  
 Is naoi slabhraidhin aiste sios  
 Do 'n òr bhuighe gun dall-sgiomh ;  
 Agus naoi naoi lan ghaisgeach,  
 Foi cheann na h uile slabhraidh,  
 Ag togairt air feadh do shluaigh,  
 Mar chliath<sup>2</sup> trádhadh gu traidh  
 Biaidh gàir chatha ga d' iomain.

## MANUS.

Breugach do bheul fhili bheinn,  
 Trian na ta agam ann so do shluagh  
 Cha robh riamh agaibhs' ann Eirinn.  
 Ge beag leats' an Fhiann thearcsa,<sup>3</sup>  
 Bheir thu do theann leim mu'n tig am feascar,  
 Roimh lanna glas, no ni tha d' aimhleas.

## FIONN.

Cromaibh bhur ceinn sa chath,  
 'S deanadh gach flath mar gheall.

## OISEIN.

Bu lionmhor ceann ga mhaoladh  
 Agus gualain ga shnaigheadh,  
 O eirigh greine gu feascar.  
 Cha deach' o fhaobhar lann gu loingis,  
 Ach aon mhile do shluagh barr ;  
 Theich iad mar shruth o bharraibh<sup>1</sup> bheann,  
 Is sinne' san chath ga 'n iomain.  
 Bu lionmhor Fiannaidh & sonn  
 Agus curaidh bu throm trost ;  
 Ach samhuil d' Oscar mo mhac-sa  
 Cha robh aca bhos no thall.  
 Seachd cathai do bharr an t sluaigh  
 Thuit sud le Oscar na 'm buadh,  
 'S an Naonar mac a bh' aig Manus ruadh.  
 Seachd fichead agus mile sonn  
 Thuit sud eadar Conan is Goll ;  
 Ach Mac Cumhaill 's a shluagh garg,

<sup>1</sup> A ghìle-ghreine.<sup>2</sup> cliabh.<sup>3</sup> Earrasuidh-se.

Mar chaor theine na 'm mor fhearg ;  
 Le shradagaibh diana cas,  
 Bha buille gach laoch ann sa ghreis  
 Fad 's a mhair Lochlannaich ris.

### Caoidh Oisein air Oscar.

Is mor a nochd mo chumha fein  
 'S an ealghris so tha nam chre,  
 Re smuainteachadh chatha chruaidh  
 A chuir sinn is Cairbre Crann-ruadh.

An cath a chuireadh am magh Ghabhra,  
 Eadruinn is Cairbre Crann-ruadh,  
 Thuit an Fhiann ann bonn re bonn,  
 Is Righridh uasal na h-Eireann.

B' ioma cath-bharr cumhduigh caoimh,  
 Agus sciath gu h othuibh<sup>1</sup> oir,  
 Do bhi tarsuinn ann sa mhagh,  
 Agus Triath bhi ann gun anam.

Ni 'm faigheamaid ann san t sluagh  
 Ach mac trein fhir air am biodh buaidh,  
 'S ni 'n togaimid as a chath  
 Ach mac Righ no ro fhath.

Aithris duiñe Oisein fheilidh,  
 Anois o 's binn leam fein do ghloir,  
 An d' fhuair do mhac bas san chath,  
 No, 'n d' rug thu air<sup>2</sup> ur-labhradh ?

Do fhuair mise mo mhac fein  
 Is e na luidheadh air uileann chle,  
 Is e sileadh fhola teith,  
 Trid bhloidibh a luirich.

Chuireas urlann<sup>3</sup> mo shleagh re lar,  
 Is rinneas os a cheann tamh,  
 Ag smuaineacha' le bron ann sin,  
 Creud a dheanainn na dhiaidh.

Dh'amhaire an t Oscar ormsa suas,  
 Is dar leam bu mhor a chruas,  
 Shin e chugam a dha laimh,  
 Chum eirigh am cho-dhail.

<sup>1</sup> odhuibh ?    <sup>2</sup> air beo ?    <sup>3</sup> staff.

Ghlacas lamha mo mhic fein,  
 Agus shuidh mi fuidh<sup>1</sup> na sceith :  
 O 'n t shuidheadh sin gus a nochd,  
 Nior chuireas speis san t saoghal.

'S e dubhairt rium mo mhac fearr'a,  
 Is e ann deireadh an anma,  
 A bhuidhe ris na duilibh sin  
 Ma ta thusa slan a athair.

Os cionn mo mhic Oscar aigh  
 Do bhi mi thre chur an àir,  
 Is do bhi Caoilte ann mar sin  
 Os cionn a sheisir chlainne.

Thainig Mac Ronain iar sin  
 Chugainne do dh' fheachainn Oscair ;  
 'S e dubhairt am milidh treun,  
 Air bhith fada dho na mhor neul.

Mo thruaidhe sin Oscair fheil',  
 Ma scar thus' an nochd r' ar Feinn,  
 Dhealaich am mir-mhorra<sup>2</sup> le Fionn,  
 'S lean an cis re siol na 'm mor-chonn.

Aithris duinne Oscair fhearr'a  
 Cionnus a ta thu foi d' mheanmna,  
 An liachd<sup>3</sup> chreachduidh do chneadh,  
 No 'm fead sinn le liaigh do leigheas ?

Mo leigheas ni 'm bheil am fath,  
 'S ni 'm mo dheantar e gu brath,  
 'S ni 'm faigh sibh a bheag do m' thairbhe  
 Ach beagan beag do m' urlabhradh.

Dh' eirich Caoilte gean gun gho,  
 'S dh' fheuch le iongnaibh cneadh no dho ;  
 Druim an Oscair chreachdaich chaoin  
 Air na scoltadh leis a gheir-shleagh.

Is measa do do bhi tu shiar,  
 Latha catha Droma-cliar,  
 D' aireamhuidh na fir thrìd do chneis,  
 Agus fhuair sinn do leigheas.

<sup>1</sup> fa.    <sup>2</sup> mir-bhurra, superiority.    <sup>3</sup> a multitude



Nior b' fhearr a bhitheadh tu shoir,  
 Maduinn latha Beinn-eadair,  
 Rachadh na corra thrìd do chneis,  
 'S fhuair sinn le liaigh do leigheas.

Na fhuaireas fein shoir is shiar  
 Ag cuairteachadh an Domhain riamh,  
 Gur measa aon ghuin Chairbre  
 Eadar m' fhor-dhroin & m' imlionn.

Do thugasa guin do Charbre,  
 Bu leor a h isle 's a h airde,  
 An Rìgh o 'n urchair mòr mhair,  
 Gur sgoilteas a chliabh<sup>1</sup> na cheithreannaibh.

Is mis' am feasd nach gonadh Cairbre,  
 Ar na bheiread long thair fairge,  
 Mur bhiodha' Cairbre do m' ghuinse,  
 Clann na deise dearbh-pheathraidh.

Thog sinn an t Oscar fearr'a,  
 Air chrannaibh ar sleagh o 'n àr-fhaich,  
 'S thug sinn e gu tulaich ghuirm ghloin  
 Chum gu 'm buineamaid dh'e eadach.

Leud na boise dh'e o fholt  
 Ni 'n raibh uile slàn do chorp,  
 No gur rainig a bhuinn lar,  
 Ach na mhidheach<sup>2</sup> ciorrbh' ta creachdach.

Seal do bhi dhuinne mar sin,  
 Ag coimhead a chuirp chomh-ghloin,  
 Chunnaic sinn ag teachd trath-non  
 Fionn Mac Cumhail mhic Treunmhoir.

An tann do àithnich Oscar Fionn,  
 Dh' eirich air uileann gu grinn,  
 Dh' amhaire e 'n aghaidh a dhala,  
 Agus bheannuch e do shean'-air.

Mo thruaighe sin Oscair fheil,  
 Ma scar thus a nochd rium fein,  
 Guilidh mi am feasd gu tiom,  
 Is caoinidh uile Fhiann Eirinn.

<sup>1</sup> cheann.      <sup>2</sup> midhion, discoloured.

Mo laogh fein is laogh mo laogh thu,  
Is cuilein<sup>1</sup> geal an fhir chaoimh thu,  
Mo chridhe ta leimnich mar lón,  
Do bhrigh gu brath nach eirich Oscar.

Bas Oscair 's e chradh mo chridh,  
Triath fir Eireann ur-bhuidh',  
Och is thu nochd na d' luighe  
Bu tearc fear do theagbhala.

Mairg neach a chomduicheadh ort,  
Gur cridhe feola bha d' chorp,  
Ach cridhe do chuimhnibh cuir  
Air a chumhdachadh le h iarunn.

Ag eisteachd binn bhriathra Fheinn,  
Anam as Oscar gur ling, (Leim  
Do shìn uaidhe a dha laimh,  
Agus dhruid a rosga ro-ghlan.

Do iompoich Fionn ris a chul,  
Is lion a dheoir a dha shuil ;  
Ach fa Oscar is fa Bhrán  
Nior chaoin neach os cionn talmhainn.

Cha chaoineadh bean a fear fein,  
'S cha chaoineadh a bhrathair e,  
Ach ag caoineadh mo mhic-se 'n cath,  
Na sloigh uile ge do b' ioma.'

### Cath Rìgh na Sorcha,<sup>2</sup> No, Eàs Ruaidh.

Tha sgeul beag agam air Fionn,  
Ge b'e chuireadh ann suim e,  
Air Mac Cumhaill bu gharg greis,  
O's cumha leam sud re m' reir.

Latha dhuinne, beagan sluaigh,  
Aig Eas-ruaidh na 'n eimhe<sup>3</sup> mall,  
Chuncas ag teachd air lear  
Curach mor is bean ann.

<sup>1</sup> Leanabh.

<sup>2</sup> Morvirn, Ardnamurchan, or both together.

<sup>3</sup> eiginn.

Dh' eirich sinn uile gu dian,  
 Ach Fionn na 'm Fiann & Goll,  
 Dh' fheabhadh chúraich a b' airde leim,  
 Do bhi treun ag sgoltadh thonn.

Aithne cha d' rinn neach ach tosd,  
 No gu 'n ghabh i cala am port gnath,  
 Air teachd d' an chúrach air an Eas  
 'S e dh' eirich as Macamh mna.

B' ionnann dealradh dhi 's d' an ghrein,  
 Saibhir a meud, maith a dealbh,  
 An nighean ur a thain' an cein  
 Bha sinn fein roimpe soirbh.

Ghluais i gu Pubull Fheinn  
 'S bheannaich i gu binn do,  
 Fhreagair Mac Cumhaill na Feinn'  
 'S bheannaich gu grinn di le doigh.

Brigh do thuruis air gach rod,  
 A nighean og a's aille dealbh,  
 Aithris an toiseach do sgeul,  
 Cia thu fein no creud e t ainm ?

'S nighean mi do Righ Fa-thuinn,<sup>1</sup>  
 Innsim dhuit gu cruinn mo sgeul,  
 Is mi 'm bheil tir mu'n iath grian  
 Aig nach d' iarras thu Fhlaith na Feinn.

Mo chomruich ort ma 's tu Fionn,  
 Dubhairt rinn am Macamh mna,  
 Do bhrigh t urluinn is do bhuaidh,  
 Gabh mo choimirin<sup>2</sup> gu luath trath.

Gabhamsa do choimirin<sup>3</sup> a bhean,  
 Thair aon fhear da 'm bheil sa chrich ;  
 Ach innis dhuinne gu beachd,  
 Co an neach a th' air do thi ?

Ta ga m' bheo-ruidh air muir  
 Laoch a's mor goil am lorg,  
 Mac Righ na Sorcha 's geur airm,  
 'S gur e 's ainm dho Maighre borb.

(Daighre

<sup>1</sup> Tirie.      <sup>2</sup> Abridgment.      <sup>3</sup> chumruich.



Do chuireas geasa na cheann,  
 Gu 'm beireadh Fionn mi air sal,  
 'S nach bithinn aige-sin mar mhuaioi,  
 Ge mor leis a ghníomh is agh.

Labhair Oscar le gloir mhir,  
 An laoch a choisgeadh gach Rìgh;  
 No gu 'n cobhradh Fionn do gheas,  
 Nì rachadh tu leis mar mhnaoi.

Choncas ag teachd air steud,  
 Fear 's a mheud os gach fear,  
 Marcuidheachd na fairge gu dian,  
 San iul cheadna thain' a bhean.

Da chraoiseach chatha na dhorn,  
 Ag teachd san ròd air a steud,  
 Air ghile, air dheirge 's air dhreach,  
 Nì 'm facadh sinn neach mar e.

Bha neul flath & rosg Rìgh,  
 San aghaidh b' ailne li 's cruth,  
 Bu bhinne a ghuth na gach teud,  
 'S bu mhire a steud na gach sruth.

Bha cloidheamh trom toirteil nach gann,  
 Ann laimh an fhir churanta mhoir,  
 'S e 'g iomairt a chlasaidh gu dion  
 Ag teachd ann Druim liomh a chuain.

Bha clogad teannta mu cheann,  
 Air an fhear nach bu tiom ach treun,  
 Sgiath dhruimneach, nach d'theid air h ais,  
 O imlinn gu cneas a chleibh.

O thuinn tra thainig e fa thir,  
 Labhair mo Rìgh bu mhaith cliuth,  
 An aithnich thu fein a bhean,  
 'N e sud am fear a deir tu?

Aithnichidh a Mhic Cumhaill ghrinn,  
 Is mor am pudhar dhuibh gur h e,  
 Tairgidh e mise bhuin leis,  
 Ge mor do threis<sup>1</sup> as an Fheinn.

<sup>1</sup> mheas.

Na deansa maoidheadh a bhean,  
As aon fhear da 'm bheil da phor,  
Ge d' shiubhladh e 'n domhain gu leir  
Gheibté 'san Fheinn fear da chomhr'.<sup>1</sup>

Dh'eirich Cairioll agus Goll,  
Diais fhuair<sup>2</sup> losgadh lom an cath,  
Na 'n seasamh ann iomall an t sloigh  
Eadar am fear mor 's am flath.<sup>3</sup>

Nior fheach e chloidheamh no sciath,  
Do laoch no thriath da 'n raibh ann,†  
Gur rinn e tair air an Fheinn,  
No gur rainig e fein Fionn.

Air teachd d' an oig-fhear bu glan dreach,  
Chugainn le neart fhiach is fheirg,  
Dh' fhuadaich e leis a bhean,  
Do bhi 'n gar do Fhionn eilg.

Thug Mac Morna 'n urchair dhian  
Gu crodha na dhiaidh da shleagh,  
An urchair ni 'n deach da reir,  
'S d' a steud rinn i da bhlaigh.

'N tra thuit an steud air an leirg,  
Thiontadh e le feirg is fraoch,  
Smaointich e, ge cruaidh an càs,  
Comhrag na 'n tri chaogad laoch

Mur bhiodh na laoich a bhi garg,  
Is fhaghail doibh do dh' airm an leor,  
Bhiodh iad fa chabhair a smachd,  
Da 'm faigheadh uaidh a cheart choir.

Leag e naoi naonar gu luath  
San iorghuill chruidh sol far sgair,  
'S ceangal cruaidh na 'n tri chaol  
Air gach laoch dhiubh sin do chuir.

Clanna Morna, cruaidh an càs,  
Fhuair iad bàs, 's bu mhor an sgeul,  
'S ni 'n robh aon neach do chaidh as  
Gun a chneas foi ioma' creuchd

<sup>1</sup> chomhrag ?    <sup>2</sup> air losgadh lom gu    <sup>3</sup> bhean, †

Blia'na dhoibhsin gun airm aigh,  
 Gach laoch garg a shath sleagh,  
 Na 'n luigheadh foi laimh Fheinn  
 Da 'n leigheas am fonn na 'm fleagh.

Dh' eirich Goll an aigne mhir,  
 Liodairt an fhir an cath-ghleo,  
 Ge b' e chi feadh iad ann sin,  
 Bu gharbh an goil is an sgleo.

Re sgoltadh sciath 's re liodairt chorp,  
 Gu fear'a, Osc'radh, calma cruaidh,  
 Na leomhainn laidir ghuineach dhisgir,  
 Ar aon coi-chiocrach gu buaidhe.

Ge do chlaoidh Iollunn<sup>1</sup> na mordhachd  
 Mac Righ na Sorcha, 's seimhe, snadh,  
 Gur mairg gus an d' thainig a bhean,  
 Mu'n thuit am fear o na chuan.

Do thio'laic sinn aig an Eas,  
 An gaisgeach bu mhor treis is brigh,  
 Is chuir sinn fa bharr gach meoir  
 Fail òir ann onoir mo Righ.

Do bhi nighean Righ Fa-thuinn  
 Blia'na aig Fionn anns an Fheinn,  
 An deis tuitim an fhir mhoir  
 Le neart an t sloigh, 's bu truadh an sgeul.

## Drosnacha Catha thug Oisein Mac Fheinn do Gholl Mac Morna, la catha Fhionn rath.<sup>2</sup>

Ard aigne ghuill, fear cogaidh Fheinn,  
 Laoch leabhar, lom, fulangach nach tiom ;  
 Laoch fionn, fial, a's milse gloir ;  
 Ni 'n saobhaidh a chiall, laoch aoibhidh<sup>3</sup> mor :  
 A mhèinidh min 's a sgeimh gun chron,  
 'S e 's glaine gean, oide nan Scoil.  
 Ni bheil Ri os Goll, ni 'n ceil ort Fheinn,  
 Treise nan tonn, air ghaisge grinn.  
 Leomhann air agh, crodha na ghniomh  
 Neart-mhor a lamh rogha nan Riogh.

<sup>1</sup> Iollunn, no Iulann, Ainm eile air Goll.

<sup>2</sup> [MS. 111].

<sup>3</sup> elegant.



Cliath-chomhraig bhuan, do shonus na'm Fiann,  
 Mordhalach sluaigh, iorghuilleach dian.  
 Buan rùn an fhir, buaigh-chomhraig air,  
 Leimneach a ghoil, euchdach a stair.  
 Feur deud-gheal caomh, nach breig a dhaimh,  
 Ann cogadh Riogh ni 'n lag a lamh.  
 Pronntach a ghair, confach a threoir  
 Fiuranta mìn, mileanta mor.

### Cuth-ullann ga chuir na Armaibh.

A luireach aigleineach iaruin  
 'S a chlogaide clocharra ceann-gheur,  
 Gu dion a mhuneil 's a gheal bhraghaid  
 'S a sgabull daite taobh uaine  
 Gu dion da thaobh a cholla.  
 A sgiath bhu caideach, thacaideach dhileas  
 Air a thaobh cli,  
 Air 'm bu lionmhor dealbh leomhainn & liopaird,  
 Craobh<sup>1</sup>-ingneach is Nathair bheimneach ;  
 Sin nuair dheasaich an laoch air a thaobh cli  
 A shlacan cruaidh, curanta cloidheamh,  
 Air a tharruing as a chiste chaoil ghiubhais  
 'S e gu dìreach diasanta, du-ghorm daite deagh fhaobharagh.  
 Gu cul-tiugh, lùinte, coin-gheallach,  
 Gu leathann, liomha, leobharra ;  
 Gu socrach, laidir, so-bhuailteach ;  
 Gu lann-gheal eatrom iongantach.  
 Gu 'm b' e sud an cloidheamh suasaideach,<sup>2</sup>  
 A ghearradh naoi naoinear a nunn  
 Agus naoi naoinear a nall,  
 'S a ghlacadh san laimh cheudna a rìs e ;  
 Maille re dha shleagh bhunannta, ghoineanta, bharr-chaol ;  
 Arm sgotharra, sean, a ghearradh ubhall air uisge,  
 Agus folt fann re feann<sup>3</sup>-ghaoith.  
 Sin nuair a dh' fhalbhadh an gaisgeach,  
 Na cheiminin neart-mhora, tartaracha, calma  
 Ann an lòchraidha<sup>4</sup> mhala,  
 S nach bu ladha gach meall teine  
 Chuireadh e o bhun gach ludaige  
 Na maol-chnoc sleibhe  
 'S gu 'm fhearr d'a namhaid a sheachnadh  
 Na tachairt ris anns an uair sin.

<sup>1</sup> Greabh.<sup>2</sup> tuasaideachd ?<sup>3</sup> faoin<sup>4</sup> sweat.

An t oran fa dheireadh a rinneadh do na Fiannuibh  
nuair a chaidh a Chlann an ceann catha ris  
na Lochlannuich.<sup>1</sup>

## 1.

Is fad an oi'ch air ghleana Gaoil,  
Gun ghuth gaothair ann gun cheol ;  
'S mi Deireil nach treun,  
'S mi fein an Sean-fhear gun treoir.

## 2.

Aithris dhuinn a Oisein fheil,  
A Mhic Finn nach can breug,  
Cia an cath bu doilghe dhuibh  
A thugadh leis an Fheinn o thus ?

## 3.

Cath Gàran a chuir oirn dìth,  
A Phadruig a tha 'gar dìon' ;  
An cath sin bu doilghe dhuinn,  
An cath sin a thug a chlann.

## 4.

An cath sin a thug a Chlann !  
A Phadruig tha mise dall ;  
Chaill mi radharc mo dha roisg ;  
Gur mi an sean-fhear bochd is mall.

## 5.

Teachdaireachd a thainig air tìr,  
O mhac Rìgh Lochlainn na'n ainmhe ;  
Ar Ciosa a thoirt na laimh,  
No Eirinn uile fhaghail.

## 6.

Ghluais mi 'n sin 'nar disdeadh,  
Gu Albainn d'an geill na sloigh ;  
Far am bi Macain na Feinne,  
Gu h aigeantach mor-mheanmnach.

## 7.

Dh' fharraid sinn d'an Chlainn bhàth,  
An rachadh iad d'an Bhlar sìos ;  
An gabhadh an cuntart d'an àr,  
No 'm buinte dhiubh-san mor chios ?

<sup>1</sup> [MS. 108].

## 8.

Chuir iad an sin am Buill air lar,  
Is thilg iad uap' an Camain.

## 9.

Chuireamaid na leinte oga sroil,  
Mu'n corpuibh seanga sith-fheoil (sith-oil)  
An Lurichin bu mhaith maise  
'S an leomhann re thrìall a chaisge.

## 10.

Comhaide corach, teann, cruaidh,  
Chuir sinn orra 'san aon uair,  
Air a chumhdachadh d' or dhearg,  
O lamhuibh suairce saor-cheaird.

## 11.

Thainig oirne na'n teann ruith  
Na chuir an cnoc air bhall-chrith ;  
Bear na freagart san uair  
Mac Rìgh Lochlainn na'n arm ruadh.

## 12.

Shaoil mi gu robh Fianna Fail  
Agam sa chnoc gu h iomlan ;  
Cha robh ann do Fhiann Fàil  
Ach mìs' & Caoilde comhlan.

## 13.

Eadar sin is meadhon lo,  
Gu bu liubhe 'mairbhe na'm beo ;  
Iomad cos 'gan cuir re làr,  
Bos is troidh thana a bhuinne bla.

## 14.

Iomad cuirp gun anam dheth,  
O'n ghreis sin bu gharbh a chleth.

## 15.

Scalartaich na'n con re m' thaobh,  
Agus donnal an t seann laoich,  
Thug deoir o m' chridhe gu tiom,  
Is chaochail air m' intinn.



16.<sup>1</sup>

Tualaigemaide Cur deirg mhoir  
 Bhar nan Slamhraibh Dearg oir  
 theid gach Cù ar a thom fein  
 a Bhadrig mhic Eapin fheil.

## 17.

theid gach Cu ar a thom fein  
 Bhadrig mhic Ealpin fhein  
 is theid na gaobhair mar a Chleachd  
 an fhaoid uile air aon fheachd

## 18.

an uair a bhamid ar Ghlean gaoil  
 Bu Shuaire Reachadhmuid 'n gncean òil  
 Luidhmuid len Inghinn Shaoir  
 'S ni Toilemaid Diumpe gar Deoin.

## 19.

Luidhemaide le 'n Inghinn Shaoir m  
 ar ghlean gaol an fhirmhìr uir  
 gun uidh gu'n Osgar gun fhein  
 gun ghlean moran gun gholl.

Mar Mharbhadh Brán<sup>2</sup>

Lag, is lag oirn ars a Chorr,  
 'S fada crom mo Lurg am dhiaidh  
 Na 'm Bristinse i a nochd  
 Cait am faighin Lús no Leigh?

Leighisidh mis' thu ars an Dreolan  
 O'n leighis mi moran romhad;  
 A Chorraibh tha os mo chionn  
 'S mise leighis Fionn nam Fleagh.

An la mharbh sinn an Torc liath  
 'S iomad Fiann a bh' ann 's a shleagh<sup>3</sup>  
 'S iomad Cuilein taoibh-gheal seang  
 Bha taobh re taobh sa Bheinn bhuig.

<sup>1</sup> [Different hand-writing here and to the end; not MacLagan's].

<sup>2</sup> [From MS. 162, which also contains besides a Gaelic translation by Glenoe of an English song, beginning, "Come, brave boys, let us be a-doing," also Duncan Ban's "Chuais a' Bhuic," and a love song made by a brother of Dailan-ess to a daughter of Keppoch, over whose marriage he died for love!]

<sup>3</sup> san t sliabh (shleagh).

Nar a shuighich Fionn an t shealg  
 Sin nar ghabh Bran fearg re chuid  
 Throid an da chóin ann san t sliabh  
 Bran gu dion & Cuth Ghuill.

Mu'n d' fheadas smachd a chuir air Bran  
 Dhealuigh e naoi uilt r'a dhruim  
 Dh' eirigh Goll mòr Mac Smáil  
 Cuis nach bu choir mu Cheann Coin.

Bhágair e 'n Lamh an raibh Bran,  
 Gun dail a thoirt do, ach a mharbhadh ;  
 Dh' eirigh Oissein beag Mac Fheinn  
 Is cuig Ceud-deug ann Comhdhail Ghuill.

<sup>1</sup> Labhair e an Comhradh ard  
 Caisgim do shluagh garg a ghuill,  
 Bhual mi Buille do 'n Eill bhuighe  
 'S do na Balgaibh fundarnach.<sup>2</sup>

Dh' adhluig mi 'n t or na Cheann  
 'S truagh a rinn mi 'm Beud ro theann  
 Sheall mo Chuilein thair a ghualuin,  
 'S gu 'm b' longnadh leis mi ga bhualadh.

Shruthadh e na Frásadh fala  
 O Rasgannan mearadh glanadh ;  
 An lamh leis an do bhual mi Brán  
 'S truagh nach an o'n ghualain a sgar ;

Mu 'n d' rinn mi am Beud a bhós  
 Gur truagh nach an Eug a Chuaidheas  
 Ciod a Bhuaigh a bhiogh air Bran  
 Arsa Conan uaibhreach mear ?

O 'n a b' aois Cuilein do Bhran,  
 Is o na chuir mi Coin-iall air  
 Cho 'n fhacas am Fiannaibh Fail  
 Lorg Feigh an deis Fhagail.

Bu mhaith e thabhann<sup>3</sup> Dobhrain duinn,  
 Bu mhaith e thoirt Eisg a h amhain,  
 Gu 'm b' fhearr Bran a mharbhadh Bhroc  
 Na Coin an talmhain a thainig (aon ?

<sup>1</sup> Al. Thainig Bran an sin mu 'n cuairt  
 'S an leam bu cruaidh gu 'n d' thainig

<sup>2</sup> Fuidh 'n dairuich. <sup>3</sup> chum an.

A cheud leigeadh fhuair Bran riamh  
 Air Druim na Coille coir-liath  
 Naonar da gach Fiagh air bith  
 Mharbh Bran air a Cheud Rùith.

Cása Buighe bha aig Bran,  
 Da shlios dubh is Tarr geal,  
 Druim uaine mu'n iathagh an t sealg,<sup>1</sup>  
 Da Chluais Chorrugh Chro-dhearg.

### Laoidh an Tailleair.<sup>2</sup>

- 1 Chuaidh mi tur a dheanamh eadaich  
 Do Chlanna Baoisge bha 'n Albha  
 Cha tug iad ann asgadh mo shaothair  
 Gu b' iad fein na daoine calma  
 'S tric a rinn mi casag mhaiseach  
 Do Gholl mor an aignidh mheanmnaich  
 'S cha bu ladha leom na ginea  
 Nuair a shineadh e a lamh dhamh
- 2 Chaidh mi tur a dheanamh truisse  
 do chochullin an dundalgin  
 sa nan dhomh suidh ga chumhadh  
 hanig famhair more a steach dar nansidh  
 harrin cochullin a chlaidh  
 smarg a harladh sa nuair sin  
 Scath e na coig cinn ga mhunal  
 s mise chunnig bhi ga bhualadh
- 3 Ghoite sud ann a tigh rioghail  
 Pioprach is cruite is clarsach  
 fion ga oll is or ga imirt  
 fhir urra gimurt ar halist  
 Ghoite coinn heigh ar slaribh  
 imid spandach annar alchin  
 mnaoi deadghealla fuadhal anairt  
 ceir an lassadh ann a coinlar

<sup>1</sup> o'n suidheadh sealg.

<sup>2</sup> From MS. 60, which consists of two leaves, and is not in Mr MacLagan's handwriting or orthography save one verse.



- 4 S immit clogidheadh is ceanbheart  
 Sgiadh amillach dearg is uaine  
 S immit diolid is srian buchlach  
 pillin or is crupial airgid  
 S immit lann on rein ghear faobhar  
 bhiodh ntaic re laoch ad halladh  
 ghoibhmoide tombac is sgeallach  
 S braindidh Eirinach gan airchis
- 5 Chuir fean ghilleadh gam hiridh  
 dheanamh brigis dha do bhalbhoit  
 Dean farsin e mbac na hiosgid  
 chor sgu faidh mi ridh gu calma  
 smise Duine is luaidh herrer  
 ann an seach caibhuidh na heirin  
 s ar do chluais na freagair Duine  
 gus am bidh u ullamh am seirbhis
- 6 hairt osgairt se gobhail angar  
 gu dedh mfadh dhuite bhi ga chumhail  
 mar rig e mise much a marach  
 Scaith i mi ncean bhar a mhuinall  
 Osgair os smise do heanathair  
 s a hachair e agam na huidh  
 gus a cuir e mise am eididh  
 cha dean e greim do dha duine.
- 7 S ga bu du mhathair smo heanathair  
 cha bhi mi ni sfaide ruiste  
 mo cotan siodhe gan uadhal  
 s gobh e Duais a cheana a dheanamh  
 s huilt connan se dusgadh a chogidh  
 ga boil le osgair sle feanna  
 ghobh sinn cuite ar croin don taolar  
 gu eadach bainse mhic morrin
- 8 labhair Caoril is e ga fhreagairt  
 a Chonnan leibidich an dolais  
 gus an riarich e na daoine  
 cha dean a greim do dhuine ad horsa  
 dherigh Goll sgan deirigh garra  
 dheirigh brican mac brian morin  
 ole ar mhath do Chlanibh baosg a  
 ghobh sinn cuid ar croin do ntaolar.

- 9 Dherig Caoilte is labhair Dermid  
 S ionadh leom a chial a ha agaibh  
 caonaig ma lan buige<sup>1</sup> a haolair  
 is nach riarich e ar fad sibh  
 gabhuidh gu suidh sgu siocha  
 s ni mi ionlach dhuibh an gart uair  
 cuiribh ntaolar as an tealuigh  
 S cha mhair a chaonag ni is faide
- 10 Labhair Dermid gu glic foisnach  
 caite am babhist dhomh bhi a chonidh  
 shuirt mi fen le briarudh failtach  
 gu mbabhist dhomh bhi an Gleanlocha  
 Ceamair a ha iad mo luch cinnich  
 eidir bhean is dhuine is oglach  
 Ceamair ha mbarran sa bhrathair  
 s gach Duine ha lathair don tsorsa
- 11 Nan raibh Duine aca ann sna caibh  
 a bha aca ar machair albin  
 eidir righ Deorsa is righ Seamus  
 na na hearin iad gan mharbha  
 bha mise ann a cath an tsirradh  
 is dhinsin dhutsa e a Dhermid  
 rinn clann Donaild riamh an dlidhe  
 is heich Duc ordan as na cianudh
- 12 mairsg oirbh sa a chuidacha an donuis  
 nach do chuir sibhsa fios oirne  
 is chairte midne mach na saisnich  
 s cach an caistal oiudh anuair  
 ma hillis an righ a rist  
 ar an Isire sin do dhalbin  
 curidh Litir ospar gar sirrne  
 s gu duc o birrag gu seanrigh
- 13 Immich usa dhach do dhalbhin  
 man tog u Conspag san tealagh  
 hoir beanach uamsa gum chairdibh  
 is innis dhoibh gun do chasg me chaonag.

<sup>1</sup> puidse.

Dan an Deirg Mhic Drabhaill<sup>1</sup>

- 1     Aithrisir caithrim an fhir mhoir  
       Thainig thugainn o'n oir fa dheadh\* bhuaigh. (\*le deadh)  
       An treun fhear bu mhath lamh ann goil  
       An Dearg dàna Mac Drábhaill \*                    (\* Dreighne)
- 2     Briaraibh thug se ann Lochlann  
       Suil far thrial se air sàl  
       Nach gabhadh gun gèil leis  
       O gach Feine da fheoghas
- 3     Gus na Fianaibh a b' fhear goil  
       Thrial an Dearg Mac Drabhaill  
       Anoir o thir nam ban fionn.  
       Gu crìch òrthir Fianaibh Eirin
- 4     An uair a thainig an laoch làn  
       Àir am iomramaid comhlan  
       Gabhadh an Dearg deud gheal cuan  
       Aig Binn Eidin na mor shluagh.
- 5     Bha dithis laoch nach d' fhuiling tàir  
       Choimhead a chuain chobhair bhàin  
       Roidhni ro gheal mac Fhinn  
       Agus an Caol crodha mac Ribhin \*                    (\* Criamhainn)
- 6     An tra cha 'n dithis a choimhead cuain  
       Tuitear iad nan suthram suainn  
       Gus na ghabh bare an fhir mhoir  
       Cala is trai' do 'n ain-dèoin
- 7     Leum an Dearg bu mhath dreach  
       Air tìr ri crannaibh a chraois                    (handle of spear)  
       Tharruing a bharc bu ghlain snaighe  
       Air an trai' gheal ghainmhe \*                    (\*ghaini)
- 8     Folt fionn bhuigh mar or cearda  
       Os cionn mala gruai' an Deirg,  
       A dha dhearc-shuil ghorm mar ghloin  
       Bu ghlan gnuis a mhìli.
- 9     Bha dha shleagh cheann reamhar catha  
       Ann laimh mic an ard-fhlatha  
       Sgia òir air a ghualainn chli  
       Aig Mac uasal an ard-riogh.

<sup>1</sup> [MS. 113 ; different hand-writing].



- 10 Lann nimhe ri leadart chorp  
Air an laoch gun eagal comhraig  
Min cumata \* clochara corr (\* comhdaigh, cuinte)  
Air a mhìli shochar suil ghorm
- 11 Geall gaisge an domhainn torra \* (\* toir, turr)  
Choisin an Dearg Mac Drabhaill  
Air mhèad air neart, \* air dheise, dealbh, (\* air thabadh)  
Air chomhrag ceart air chèitidh (cheudaibh)
- 12 Dh' eirich Roidhni nan rod mac Fhinn  
Agus an Caol crodha mac \* Rèibhinn, (\* calma)  
Ghlacadar an airm gun dail,  
Agus rachadar na chomhail.
- 13 Tabhair \* sgeul dhuinn fhir mhoir (\* Innis)  
O 's ann oirne tha coimhead a chuain  
Dithis mac rìgh gu sar bhuaigh \* sinn' (\* sar bhuailt)  
Do Fhianaibh lan uasal na Eirin\* (\* Feine)
- 14 A chrìoch as an d' thainig mi a nis'  
'S tearc innte neach do m' ainfhios  
'S mi an Dearg mac rìgh nam fionn  
Air teachd a dh' iarrai' riachd na Eirin \* (\* Feine)
- 15 Labhair Roidni an aigne mhir  
Gu dian ris an dearg Mac-drabhaill,  
Ni 'm faigh thusa a laoich làin  
Urram no gèil fear fodhla (o Thir Phoil)
- 16 Ge borb sibhse a dhithis laoch  
\*A chanfas formad agus fraoch (\* A bhri)  
Co bhacadh dhiamsa a gabhail  
Glacainn na thiomghabhail
- 17 Na 'n aireamhainn\* dhuit gach flath (\*airisinn) (cath)  
A Dheirg mhoir mhic ard fhlat  
Is ioma 's an Teamhair\* laoch lom (\* Fheinn)  
A dh' eirigh riutsa gu d' chomhrag.
- 18 Co dheth uile neach dhuibh sud \* (\* anis)  
Dh' fhiosraich an Dearg Mac Drabhaill  
Gu 'm feachamaid r'a cheile  
Do 'r fiach is d'ar n' aimhrèite.
- 19 Air mo bhriar gar borb do rinn  
'S e radh an Caol crodh calma  
Rachaidh mi do d' chlaointe anis  
A laoich ud thainig thairis

- 20 Air a Chaol chrodha bu mhath dreach  
 Leam an Derg dasadach\* (\* dasachdach)  
 Le feirg mhoir is le fraoch  
 'S mairg air am buaileadh an treun laoch.
- 21 Do fhogair\* an Dearg comhrag chruai' (\* dhean)  
 Is an Caol crodha le mor uail\* (\*gu mor uail, without  
 ostentation)  
 Thugadar torran teath teann  
 Ri scolta sgia agus chath bharr (scab bhall)
- 22 Gu 'n bhith iomghnuis na dèis sin  
 'S ann iomarbhuaigh do bhi eatorra  
 Gus na cheangla leis an rolan rotha (Dearg ro ghlan)  
 An Caol crodha 's a chomhrag\* (\* chomhlann)
- 23 Dh' eirich Roidhni nan rod Mac Fhinn  
 Tarèis an Caol crodha chreapladh  
 Mac righ na Feine gu sàr\* (\* gun tàir)  
 Ann coini 'n fhir mhoir 's na chomhail
- 24 Gu 'm b' iomadh an cleasadh sa chala  
 Ann san irghiol nior leig thairis  
 Gus na cheangla cruai' an ceum  
 Roidhni nan roid na luath bheum
- 25 Math an gnìomh dhuitse is a ghoil\* (\* in the combat)  
 Sinne araon\* do chreapladh (\* ar naonar)  
 Sgaoil\* do chuibhreach a laoi ch shlàin† (\*fuasgail) (†lain)  
 Is beir sinne leat mu d' thiomchìol
- 26 Fhuasgail an Dearg nan arm fiadhaich  
 Cuibhreach na deise deagh laoch  
 Is ghabh briathar gach fir  
 Nach togadh iad arm na aghaidh.
- 27 Gluaiseadar ann sin gu Teamhair  
 Gu Cormaig a mhoir theaghlaich  
 Mac Droibheil nan geur lann buaghach  
 Gu Triath Theamhair nam mor sluagh
- 28 Dh' eirich a mach fir Theamhair  
 Fir mhora dheagh chrodhach dhealbhach  
 'S gu 'm b'i om fear donn bruite sròil  
 Mu thimchìol Chormaig a cheud uair

- 29 Labhair Triath Theamhraí' gun onn  
Suidhe a' chliar chalma churanda churaidh  
Cha uathbhar dhoibh feirg aon-fhir  
Na togar luibh airm na aghaidh.
- 30 Shuigh treun fhir Innse Fàil  
Greis air a cheile air a chomh dhàil  
Le teachd thuca dho gu dàna  
Fear foistineach fìor mhàla \* (\* mhaith)
- 31 A teachd anns na maghaibh dho  
Do mhac Drabhaill na mòr sgleò  
Do 'n oig fhear innealt chuimseach  
Leaghadar a roid le shoillseach.
- 32 Bheannuich an Dearg le gloir bhinn  
Do thriath Theamhraí' gu h-aoibhin, (openly, candidly)  
Is fhreagair am flath gun dòrainn  
Cath mhìli na trèin òige (fholamh)
- 33 Le suigh do 'n Dearg na am,  
Labhair ard rìgh Eirin  
Bri' do thurais gu Teamhair  
Innis a laoi ch mhirr\* chalma. (\* mheanmnich)
- 34 'S e beachd mo thurais duit  
A mhic Art curanta chòlgaich  
Gèil na h-Eirinn a b' aill leam  
No fras bheamana mu tiomchìol
- 35 Geil fìr Eirin g'a thabhairt air muir  
Gur minic g'a iarraidh\* treun fhir (\* a dh' iarr)  
Nìor fhrithe cha 'n fhaigheadh gu brath  
Na taghach uile le aon fhear.\* (\* oglach)
- 36 Ge nach àill leatsa a Chormaic  
Flaitheas a thabhairt duinn gun dorainn  
Comhrac cheud do Chlann curaidh  
Uatsa mhic Art a' Uladh.
- 37 Do chuireas mo cheud curaidh calma  
A chlaoi' an oigfhir fhinn allmhara  
Is thog a mheirg noch air am  
Le feirg mhoir ann coinni co'-lanna
- 38 Do thuit Connan mac an leigh  
'S an dorn d'a rèir  
Thuit le laimh gun lochd  
Cead fear faobhar nochda



- 39 Gur b' iomruis mic rìgh na fionn  
An ceud sin do thuiteam do chòmbhlàn.  
An dà cheud eile snìor ghniomh dho  
Do chlaoi' an Dearg an aonlò
- 40 'Nuair a chonnaic Triath Teamhrai  
An Dearg aig deanamh na h urlai  
Bhrosdaich se a theachdair gu luath  
Thir Mhicuthail na mor shluagh
- 41 Sin thainig thugainn an la air mhaireach  
Fionn Mac Cuthail na' mor shluagh\* (\*dhalach)  
Tri mìle\* gaisgeach deas glan (Ghaeleach)  
Nach d' fhuair fosadh no sgainneal (\*nao'i mìle)
- 42 Fleasg oir mu cheann gach fir  
Do shluagh Fhinn o Albainn  
Sgia fhiogha le iomchar\* oir (\*iomrach)  
Le 'n earra saoibhi seamh shròill
- 43 Gath minic lann is lùireach  
Air gach laoch og ard sùgach (sùgarach)  
Inneal lasda air gach fear fraoich  
Deo-aobhar air gach laoch lamh gheal.
- 44 Le teachd anns na maghaibh dhoibh  
Do 'n t sluagh churanda chomh daigh  
Thogas an Dearg bu mhath dreach  
Am pobul or thuigh oilleanach.
- 45 Chai' fear o Chormaic gun tiomadh  
Chuir faolt air Fianaibh Albainn  
Fhuair sloigh Mhic Cuthail\* nan creach \* Muirne  
Pog is cuireadh ann tigh Teamhrai.
- 46 Ghluais mac riogh na Fionn  
A steach uain anns a phobul  
Thog tri chaogad cleas lùth  
Ge mor an t-aobhar iomra
- 47 An sin ghluais Mac Cuthail feili'  
A steach uain air a cheud leam  
Agus bheannaich se do'n Dearg  
Do 'n og àlainn\* innealt (\*ain-fhir)
- 48 Nuair bheannaich Fionn gun tàir  
Fhreagair an Dearg dreachmhor dàna,  
Is dh' fhògair\* cumha gu luath (\*'g agairt)  
Air Mac Cuthail gu luath neo comhrag (còmhlan)



- 58 Ge d' fhogradh le Fheine (Ge d' dhibremaid ri teine)  
 Clann Morna na\* mor bhuigheann (\* na Munga bhui')  
 Mo chòna bheirim dhuit  
 A rìgh na Feine gu d' fhurtachd (chobhair)
- 59 Dh' eirich\* Goll nach d' fhulaing tàir (\* Ghluais as sin  
 Mac Morna)  
 Ann a\* chulai' èidi iomalan (\* 'N a chulai chath  
 chruai chomhraic)  
 Chomhaich\* comhlan an laoch làin (\* Chaisg comhrac)  
 'S mairg a bhrosnaichidh na chomhail.
- 60 Thugas an Dearg a claoi' Ghuill  
 Na h-airm nimh do bhi a geogailt  
 Is thainig se gu diomasach dàna  
 'S gu ciocrach ann aite teugmhàille.
- 61 Chai'dir am folana re chèile (Sin 'nar thogadar  
 am folachd)  
 An dithis dileanta deagh laoich (mhìli ro ghlan)  
 Rì snaighe chlogaid agus cheann  
 Seimhi Mac Drabhail is Goll\* (\* Ullainn)
- 62 Bhitheadar comhrac car greis  
 Gus an d' thugadar a mor-theas  
 Gus na thosd fir Eirinn uile  
 Rì clos bheamana na h-irghioll
- 63 Cith rine, cith cailce\* cruaidh (\* cith cruaidh)  
 Do 'n armaibh 's do'n sgiathaibh\* nuaigh (\* san uair)  
 Agus cith fola\* da nimh (\* eile)  
 Bhiodh do lannaibh na mìli (chneasaibh)
- 64 Bhitheadar a' comhrac tri laeth (seachd oich &  
 seachd laeth)  
 Bu tuirseach mic agus mnaibh  
 Gus na chlaoi an Dearg ann\* (\* aintse)  
 Le Goll\* mor air cheart eigin (\* Le Mac Morna  
 nam beaman)
- 65 Fhuair Goll mar ghealla leis  
 O Mhac Cuthail gun ain-mheas\* (\* ainfhios)  
 S bu bhuigheach am flath do'n\* fhuath (\* gur bhuaigh)  
 Do chomhrac Ullain\* an arm chruaidh† (\* Iollain)  
 († ruadh)
- 66 Luigh blia'na o thar Goll\* (\* air aghra Ghuill)  
 Tarèis comhrag an laoich luim  
 Ann an tigh Teamhair gun fhios\* (le fios)  
 Seimhi Mac Morna da leighis.



67 Do rinneadar an Dearg dichìol borb  
Oirne le mhor cholg  
Thuit ceud do 'r muinntir leis  
Is tri cheud do mhuinntir Chormaic

68 Is mise Feargus fili Fhinn air sgath  
O oigri Feine Mhic Cuthail  
O thrial' an fear sin air tuinn  
Trian do ghaissg nior dh' airiseas  
Treis air cairim an fhir mhoir &c.  
Chrioich

I copied this poem from Mr Grant's M.S. It is an expedition of Fingal to Ireland to assist his friend the king of Ireland against Dargo king of Denmark, who was killed by Gaul the son of Morna as the poem describes. The vulgar suppose this poem to be one of the best of the ancient poems.

## Tigh Formail

O Chalum an Radhair<sup>1</sup>

- 1 Chuidh Fion a sheilg le Fhionibh  
Ar sraibh gorm a Inse Fail  
Chuir e ris na Leirgibh\* glassa \* Lecnibh  
Feidh na mbiann a baigsa Dha
- 2 'D fhag e 'ntigheas na n Corn Buaidhich  
Mac Rìgh Feoäld na n cul cam  
Craíne Chuil a sheinidh gu ro Mhaidh  
'S Eoin Chuil re barribh Chrann.
- 3 Ceud Deacaid na n Ceann-bhert bhulgach  
Ceud srian bhulgich na Neach Ard,  
Ceud Dialaid 'bheir n hora  
Ceud Libhaid re baribh\* Chrann. \* laraibh
- 4 Ceud Macan Le Bhroillich Shide  
Ceud fir Ninghan budh ghrinne Mear  
Ceud Cuilleán le Chollair Airgid  
Dhag shin san Teach 's bada liun.

<sup>1</sup>[MS. 95 ; different hand].

- 5 Ceud bratach Chaol Uaine Datha  
 Gabhail gaoidh re gathibh Chrann  
 Ceud Cunan is Ceud Fainne Sheanta  
 Ceud Clach Cheanghailt s ceud Corn Cam.
- 6 Ceud Lurich a bha gan Notibh  
 Fo ur-mhalibh Oir re h all  
 Ceud Laoch nach druidibh fa tsheabhras  
 'S ceud Saor-Bhean a m Bantrachd Fhein
- 7 Shìn Garidh Mor Macmorin  
 Re taobh Tall' ar Leabidh Uir  
 Tharing e srann trom ar a Rosgibh  
 Sa Chian ar Brat Corcain Cloimh
- 8 Chinn Teansgal ar bhegan Ceile  
 Ag Bantrachd Ur na n Cul Cam  
 Deulg Chaol a m Bratibh gasta  
 'N falt a n Laoch a n glacibh Chraun
- 9 Aislean gun bhruadair Mac morn  
 Ar bhidh Dho na Chadal Sheamh  
 Chunarc e garadh fa Dhiamhir  
 'S gan Iomradh ar Fian na Fail
- 10 'S e Dhuisc a n Laoch as a Chodal  
 Aislean ma n rabh Moran\* Deur \* Manadh  
 Dhealich a nts eiche ris a Neancheann  
 Fuil a n Laoch budh gharmh a Chreuchd.
- 11 Do Thoradh Sugridh Ban na Feinne  
 Chuidh e don Chaoile le Cheum Deiss  
 Dhruid e na dorsibh, mar\* Chuale \* na  
 Thug Cranne Crian ar a ghuaile leis
- 12 Ladha dho re Sgolla na n Rodibh  
 Deadh Mhac morin na n Cleass truadh  
 Chuir e smaid re taobh na Talle  
 A ghruim a Chuir garidh 's chuidh
- 13 Suil ga n dug Fion thair a ghualin  
 Deadh Mhac Cuich na n Cleass garg  
 Chunig e Cio talmhidh Daite  
 Do Thigh Formail 's Lassair Ard
- 14 Curidh oribh a Lheomh'nibh gasta  
 'Mheud sa bhuil sibh nshio re Linn  
 Freagaribh a n Caismachd Anmuch  
 Theasrigin grad, Bantrichd Fhein

- 15 Ag meud a Dhochish as a Laochibh  
A Lùs a n Cos na m breth Chaol  
Leum gach fear ar a Chrann sleadhe Chaol  
'S Dfhalchidh Mac Readh sa Chaol.
- 16 Thanidh Deadh Mhac Crodh a n Cuil  
A Theaghas ar Dol ar Chuil  
's chuir e Dhruim re taobh na Talle  
's Chaointe leis Garidh a n Tus
- 17 Chuir Fion a Mheur fuidh Dheud-Fios  
'S ghabh Cach ma n Fios a thuair  
Lennibh gu Maidh Fear ar Fallichd  
'S glacar luibh Garidh sa n Uaigh
- 18 Thigsa a Mach arsa Macuil  
A Dheadh Mhic Morin na n Cleass truadh  
Achanich a dhiairim aridh  
Ar Dheth Mannam a bhreadh buam (dhiam)
- 19 Gheabhidh tu 't achannich Aridh  
Dhaon Cheist gu niarre tu  
As Eugais Fanmuin a Iaridh  
'O s Fear da na Fianibh thu
- 20 Macanloin bhreadh as am Manmuin  
Achanich a Labhrim ruibh  
Mo Bhragid fein a Chuir a n girrid  
Ar bun Sleiste gille Fhein
- 21 'S e thuaisgalidh ar na geassibh  
Mac Riogh Nuadhe Inse Goil  
Sheachd traidhean a bhuain as a n Fheadha  
Sa n Tullich Mheine os ar Ciann
- 22 Dhallich Cas Riogh Foteabhridh  
Fo Fhoid ghlas a n talmhuin trom  
Ghiar a n Cloimh Siud na Anabhar (anabhim)  
Sheachd traidhean San talmhin trom
- 23 Budh dluidh na Druchd ar tiarnidh  
Cuislè a nglun gearte Fhein  
'D fhag Faiteal a Chuilg Neimh  
Fuil Daite huas 'Traidhin Fhein
- 24 Thionail Maidhibh 's Uailse Erin  
'Shuidh iad uil' ar Cnoc na n Deur  
Budh Mhor a' Nidh liunn ar garridh  
Ar Riogh 's ar Talle 'Bhidh gar Dith



- 25 Labhir Fion fein gu fir ghlic  
Cumidh a ghloir shin a thagibh na t ochd  
O nach fiu i fein a tagradh  
'S leor a Mheud a thaguin da n ole.
- 26 Claochar Leac a n Fhir Chalma  
Do Dheadh Mhac Mor in na n Cleas truadh  
Fhir a Chuir tlachd ar a Chardibh  
Do Chorpan fein sa Talmhin Chruaidh

Crioeh

Oran a rinneadh do Conaibh na feinne an nuair a  
thanig Eibhin Mac Oishain a chuir Druigheachd  
orra le a Chù Dubh.<sup>1</sup>

- 1 Dùn a choin-duibh dùn sho niar  
flath nam fionn bu Ghille gnuis  
Beus a bheusaibh a choin-duibh  
Cha bu ghna leis dol air chul
- 2 Thug me oidhche ma re fionn  
Cha baithreach leam ar chor  
A bhi geisteachd re scal Theud  
Re fuaim Eun 's ri beusaibh loin
- 3 Moch a mhosgail flath nàm fionn  
Chuncas uain mar fhuadh air sleaibh loin  
Aon oglach talc air leirg  
fear a chochail deirg sa choin-duibh
- 4 Bu deirge nam partan a bheul  
bu bhinne na gach teud a ghuth  
Bu ghille na an cobharr a chorp  
Agus fhalt a bhi gu Dubh
- 5 Thainig oirne a Dùn fhinn  
Ogan grinn sa bhar mar Lonn  
Roimh urladh cha ghabhamaid sga  
Se giarruidh ar Cach Comhrag Chon

<sup>1</sup> [MS. 82, which contains an incomplete version of *Tigh Formail*, a copy of the *Ionmhuinn*, and a few verses of *Conloch*. Different handwritings; above poem not in MacLagan's handwriting.]

- 6 Thainig an shin a muigh Coin Chaich  
leis nach bu gna bhi dol ar chul  
'S an Cù Dubh bu ghairge treish  
Mharbhadh leis trì Chaogad Cù
- 7 Chuaidh cù Dubh a measg an Tshluaidh,  
Is choimhid e gu cruaidh ar Bran  
Dheargaich a dha shuil na Cheann  
'S dheirigh greann ar feantaibh Bhran
- 8 Nsin Dar Chrath Feann an slabhruidh oir  
Measg an sloidh bu Ghairge Goil  
Choimhid 'n Cu Dudh gu Trua'dh  
'S 'd eirigh e suas ri Bran
- 9 Chuaidh iad san Cheille gu garg  
Measg an tshluaigh gun dhoirt iaid fuil  
San an shin bha sgainneart glan  
Eidir Bran is an Cù dubh
- 10 San an shin bha 'n Deachain gharg  
mun dagas marbh an Cù Dubh  
Shaoileam nach raibh è nar feinn  
Na Dhaga fuidh chreachdaibh forr
- 11 Anoishe o 'n mharbh sinn do chù  
Inish duine co thu fein  
Dhearraibh an Tshaoghail gu leir  
Cha neil fios domh fein co thù
- 12 Eibhin mach oishean be mainm  
Thainig oirbhse le stoirm Chon  
Bu mhian leam bhi san Dùn sho niar  
ar an Eirreadh Ghrian gu moch
- 13 'S me ridh dhomh sgeolach nan Car  
agus Bran aig meud a lùs  
Cha nagainse aon chù nar feinn  
Churreadh sibh ar Eil san Dùn
- 14 A Phadrig Chaochail mo shnuadh  
Bha me uair a b'fhear mo Chlu  
Gad tha me mar tha me nochd  
ar aon Cheillidh bochd gun Chù
- 15 Caogad Ninghin Cas fhial  
bu ghille Bean s bu ghlainne gnuis  
dheug i Chumbadh mo choin  
Chumbadh nan Con 's ga 'n cliù

- 16 Ach fhir Chunnairc gach Breath cheart  
 Claoichir Dhuin beachd san dùn  
 Adhlaic shinn an Conlach fial  
 an Ciste chaoil Chliaruidh chuil
- 17 Shin dar dhamhlaicte le fionn  
 Tri Chaogad Cù Siar san dùn  
 tri chaogad oglach nan arm glan  
 Ma re fionn mac Cuil nan Cuach òir
- 18 an lo shin gol san Dùn

### Duan a Ghairibh<sup>1</sup>

- 1 Erigh a Chuth na Teimhridh \* \* Palace  
 Chi mi Luingshe do-labhradh  
 Lom-lan nan Cuan Clannach  
 Do Luingeshe nan Albharach.
- 2 Breugach thu Dhorsair go muadh  
 Breugach thu 'n diu sgach aon uair  
 She than Loingis mor nan Maogh  
 'S iad teachd Chugainne gar Cobhair.
- 3 Ha aon Laoch an Doras Teimhridh  
 An Dort an Riogh go ro mhainmeach  
 Gradh gu gabhar leish gun Fheall  
 'S gu gabh geil air Fearribh Eirin
- 4 Chuige mis arsa Cuth Rhaogha  
 Faraon & O Connachair.  
 (Fear Dìan Taobh-gheil 's Fraoch fial Mac Fini)  
 Aog Mac gharadh a ghluin ghil  
 'S Caoilte ro-gheal Mac-Ronain
- 5 Na tig air shin a Chuth Rhiogh  
 Na Caiteadh ar Comhradh gan Chlith  
 Cho Chomhragair ris gan Fheall  
 Air Ard-Rhioghachd na Heirin.
- 6 Chonnaire mise Cuig Cathadh-deug  
 Do Fhamhairibh 's ni 'n Canam Breug  
 Breith a Gharbh as Tir Shoir  
 An Meadh ghallan nan Comhrag.

<sup>1</sup> [MS. 233, which also contains a weak version of the *Gow*. Different hand apparently.]



- 7 Sin nar thuirt Connul Ceardach  
Sonn Chatha na Claon Teanntaich  
Cho teid me feinrish am ghuin  
'S cho mhodh 's eolach mi mu Chlasabh
- 8 Sin nar thuirt Meagha hall as tigh  
Ian Ochaidh Flath na Feine  
Na leigibh Oglach nan Cath  
Do thigh Teamhradh nan Rhiobh-Flath
- 9 Sin nar thuirt Connul go Coir  
Deagh Mhac aluin Edir-sgeoil  
Cho bhi re raite a Bhean  
Gun diult Shinne re aon Fhear
- 10 Leigeadh a Stigh an shin am Feat mor  
Na Phrop am Fianaish an tsloigh  
'S Ionnad tri-cheud a stigh  
Reiticheadh dho san Tre sin
- 11 Thog Cuth-Chulan an Shin a Sgiadh  
Air a Maodh-shlin bharradh liadh  
Sheall Snaoish air a dha Shliagh  
'S ghlac Connul a Chloideamh
- 12 Fearghus Mac Rosaidh Mhic Radh  
'N Laoch a b' airde do Fhearaib Fail  
Cho b' airde Fearghus as tigh  
No 'n Gar'bh Mac Stairn na Shuighe
- 13 Thug iad as tigh an Shin Pronnadh Cheud  
Do Bhiadh 's da Dhibh gan Thuirreach  
Ga Chaidheadh gus an Fhear mhor  
A thainig as an Easraigh.
- 14 Nuair budh Shathach an Fear mor  
Agus a thug e treish air Ol.  
Thug e Shealtuin air a null  
Air Caogad mac Riogh mu thimcheal.
- 15 Do Bheathasa a Fhir mhoir  
A thanaig as an Easraidh  
Na bithidh na budh Leighe as tigh  
Dheibhe ta Fiagh is Failte.
- 16 Nin Tairishe liom ar Failte  
Gus an gia mi mu'r Braide  
Gus an Cuirin an am Luing  
Raoinin mhic Riogh na h Eirin

- 17 Sin nar thuirt Briccain go muadh  
Mac Mhic Cairbre fan Chraoibh ruadh  
Fear is Failte dhuit gan Fheall  
An a Fiadhnuish Fearaibh Eirin
- 18 Macanachd Eirin uile dhuitse  
Uamsa a Bhriccean Bhar-bhuidh  
Fadsa bhios miseam Ruagh go teann  
Air Ard Rioghachd na Heirin
- 19 Bhrathainse dhuitse na Braidin  
An a Faighidh tu na Taintin  
Buin leat Lugh Mac Cuth-shriogh  
Agus Tiamhaidh mac Ghoiridh.
- 20 Feardian taobh Ghil  
Agus Fraoch fial mac Fiuidh  
Aog mac gharadh o ghluin ghil.  
'S Caoilte geal Mac Ronain.
- 21 Lugham is Dearmad am Blaoth  
Deagh mhac Riogh Lethin Lubaidh  
Cormag an Luingis gu muadh  
Mac mhic Cairbre faoin Chraoibh-ruaidh
- 22 Buinne Borb laoch 's borb e Stigh  
'S buin leat go luabh faoi Fhearghus
- 23 Ghabhadh an Shin na mic Bhriogh  
An a Tigh Teimhredh gu Trior  
Agus Chureadh iad amuidh  
Don treun-Fhear na Fhianais.
- 24 Ge budh lughadh gach Fear dhiu sin  
No n gar'bh Mac Stairn Star-fhiacloch  
Cho tealaidh Fear Soir no Siar  
Air aisridh ghrian Lonnain
- 25 Sin nar thuirt Briccain ga muadh  
Mac mhic Cairbre on Chraibhruaidh  
Cea Shoirrudhe dhuit dul ad Luing  
'S thu gun gheil O Chuth-chullan
- 26 Bheil ag Cuth-chullan mac no Nian  
As gille glaic-innis gu fìor a Bhricain

- 27 Cho'n neil ag Cuth-chullan mac  
 No Nighean as gille glaic  
 No Daltan a b'Aineamh Bragaid  
 No mac Dileas deagh mhathar.
- 28 Ach b' eansa leis Snaoish an aigh  
 Brathàir Oilibhin is ardain
- 29 Fregair a Choin Chulan Chaoin  
 Mhic Sedridh So-fhailtigh  
 Toirbheirt Snaoish air a Chean  
 Air do Chuid do d-fhearaibh Eirin
- 30 Ni 'm fear mise no Snaoish  
 Ni fear Laoch a Cho-aoish  
 Ach dhionga Snaois ri h uair 'n Aigh  
 Ceud do gach Curaidh Comhla.

Bheireamsa Briathar Riogh ann  
 Fhearaibh aille na Herin  
 Nach teid mi fein am Luingis  
 'S mi gan gheil o Chuth-chulan.

Bheirimsa Briathar Riogh eille  
 'S e labhair an t ard Chuth armun  
 Nach toir thu mo gheilse air Muir  
 Is mi fein an am Beatha.

'S Bodach thu a bhiodh na Udlaich  
 'S olc thu fein is 's olc do mhuintir  
 'S ro olc Bean do thighe  
 'S Chon fhearr a Bean-mhuintir.

'S cho toir thu mo gheils' air Sail  
 'S chon bheil annad fein ach Allmharagh

'Sin nar dheirigh an da Thriadh  
 Le neart Cloidheamh & Sgiadh  
 Thogadar an Talamh Teth  
 Le 'n Traidhe san uair sin.

B' imidich Buille o Bhil sgiadh  
 'S Fuaim Clisniche re Cliat,  
 Fuaim Lainn ag gaoidh nan glean  
 Faoi sgleo nan Curaidh co teann.



Seachd oidhche & seachd Lo  
 Thug iad ann san imid sgleo  
 (An Ceann a t seachda Lo)  
 Cho b' airde 'n garbh air a Mhagh  
 No Cuth-Chulan na Gaisge.

An Ceann an T séachda Lo  
 Thug Cuth-Chulan Beum dho  
 Sgoilt e o Bruan gu Bran  
 An sgiad Eangach orradha

A Choin Chulan annaich Triath  
 Agamsa cho mhair mo Sgiath  
 Ach aon Cheim Teiche Noir no nìar  
 Cho tug mi Riamh 's mi 'm Bheath.

Bheirimse Briathar Riogh ann  
 'S e labhair an t ard Chuth armun  
 Aon Cheim teiche noir no nìar  
 Chon fhaighidh Chead a thabhairt.

Theilg Cuth-Chulan uaidh a sgiadh  
 Air an Fhaiche Oir is Iar.  
 Ga b' ainnich Sud brolc an Fhaoil  
 Le maithibh 's uaisle na Heirin.

Ach thug Cuth Chulan Beum eile  
 Le meud a Mhinmidh 's a sceinnedh  
 Thog e n Lamh leis an Lann  
 'S sgar e an Cearn on Choluinn

Macanachd Eirin uille dhuit  
 Uamsa arsa Connul  
 Agus Ceud Chorn gan Fhealt  
 Am Fianaish Fearaibh Eirin.

## Leith Duine

O Chalum a Radhair<sup>1</sup>

'N Lo shuigh Fean air sliomh Cairn  
 Theilg e airm air a thaobh Cli  
 Gu bh facamar Leith Duine n geil  
 Air am Leim shuas Le icin an Laoich\* \* Laoigh?

<sup>1</sup> [MS. 96 ; same handwriting as above. It contains also *Laomun*, *Manus*, and *Conn*, all from Calum A Badhair.]

Bheannuigh an Leith Duine d' Fheann  
 Air buain deth nan Ceann 's nan Cluas  
 Mhac samhla Bheanchan duit  
 Nir b fhaca mi t aon Leithid riamh  
 Mur bu Coslach thu re Roc  
 Aon Chos bhith a Bhrein  
 Aon Lamh shuas an t Uchd on nach teamh  
 Aon Suil an Clarach a Cheinn mhoir  
 Faigh'mar Chug ain dh'a t Fhidhil Fhein  
 Imirimid Cluiche gu grinn ait  
 'S ge b'e leish nach teid a Bhreith  
 Na Choisin e Breith re bheo.  
 Ach thug Feann air an Leith Cluich  
 Air leine nach bu bhreith Shaor  
 A Lan a Chuir air an t sliamh  
 Do gach Fiagh a mharbhadh Cuth  
 Dh eirigh an Leith Duine Suas  
 'S gu bu ro mhaith Chruas do d fhear  
 Thug e 'n Fhaighid nach rabh lag  
 Timcheal Chnoc is Loc is Thom  
 An t shnad Chaol thigeadh leish a ghaoith  
 An Ceann Feigh gu 'n tuiteadh i  
 Faghar Chugain dhà t Fhidhil Fheinn  
 Cho Riogh nach imir dho  
 'S ge b'e leis nach teid a Bhreith  
 Na Choisin e Breith re Bheo  
 Ach thug an Leith Cluich air Feann  
 As air Linn a bheirte i  
 Daoin mo Choise da Bhroig mhor  
 Na faghain gu Coir i  
 Fiona liabh tre a da Lios  
 Ni 'n iaruin am feasd ach i  
 Dhamhraic Feann air fad a shloigh  
 Labhair e gu buaigh 's gu beachd  
 Ge b' e gheidheadh a Bhrog Liath  
 Dheabhadh e Ciad da gach Crobh  
 Toiniaruin an giola bh aig Fiann  
 Bliadhna dha re 'm linn san Fheinn  
 Thuirt e go Soinnear d Sheimh  
 Gu gleitheadh e fein a Bhrog Liath  
 Na Faghadh e Ciad da gach Crobh  
 Sheisir da Mhaithibh nam Fian  
 Gluaisear le Toin-iaruin fos naird  
 Giodh bu mhor leo Cail gach Fir  
 'S é Toin iaruin a b' Eolus d aibh

Ghluaish iad gu Dun an Leidh  
 Mar gu n leis de Feicbne Fir  
 Rhug Toiniaruin air an da Chluaish  
 Bhuain e iad o 'n smuaish 's o n smear  
 Ach na bith fios agan Liath luath  
 Gu b' ann a dhiaruidh nan cluas glas  
 Mu b' olc am Baille re teachd ann  
 Budh mhise mar cheud re dul as  
 Ach beir mo Bheanachd uam gu Fiann  
 Nois o thaine mo lo  
 Giodh bhith aige an da Choish  
 Gu bheil a bhos an Daoin Broig

### An Gruagach.<sup>1</sup>

A Chruachan a Chraig nan Tulluch  
 Ta shuas air mulluch sliamh shaine  
 An nochd a tharla mi fa 'd thegradh  
 'S gur trom liom leaga do Laimhe

An lo shin duine re fiaghach  
 Shuas fa dhiomhair an tullach  
 gu facas an Gille Ceutach  
 Teachd le Sgeula Chugan

An t Each a bhi fa n Ghruagach  
 Ri gum b' uallach e re fhaigh'n  
 'S an na Cheann a bha 'n t Srean oira  
 Imirrich a dh'ora Chlachaibh

Mharcaigh 'n uchd ach araidh  
 Mar gu biodh fagrach air Fili  
 Agus bheannuigh e gu miagach  
 Am Fleasgach shibhalta sheannaidh

Ann an lathair F'hìn Mhic Cumhuil  
 San do bu Cumhaidh san uair shin  
 Labhair Feann a bhrìdh freagraidh  
 Cid e t asdar dhuin a Ghruagach

Thaine mi o Chruachan an Tullach  
 Se labhair an Gille Ceutach  
 Bithibhse a nochd nar faireach  
 Seachd Catha gar gabha Eibhin

<sup>1</sup>[MS. 166].



Cid e e nochd fath ar fairigh  
 Se labhair Maithibh na Feine  
 Snach bheil e lionn ta ar bualaidh  
 n taobhse Bhruacha na h Eirin

Nochd thig oribhse Cailleach  
 I fein sa h Earrachd le Cheile  
 'S gu tugadh i dhibhse Comhrag  
 Ge b' oille Comhna ar Feinne

Shin nar thuirt Connan an Ubhail  
 Cho bu mhoid moir gar Feine  
 Nam faghna i dhuine Chailleach  
 I fein sa h Earrachd le cheile

Air mo chumhsa a Chonnain  
 A dh' aindeoin comhrag na Feine  
 Nochda reubas i do ghonnain

Shin nar thog Connan an t Ubhal  
 Mar nach bu Chumhaidh dho bhuala  
 'S bhuin e muidh le h ardan sproigidh  
 A chluas o'n leith-cheann dan ghruagach

Shin nar dh' imich uain an gragach  
 'San gu fiamhach fuamhach faiteach  
 'S mar mhaom sleighe dul le Caislich  
 Chluinte thartar anns gach beaman

Sheallan an deis dan ghruagach  
 Gur e Chualadh Feann a gharaigh  
 A gharaigh bu Chruinne Chruaidhe  
 Thainig oirne an sluagh namhaid

Thain i oirne n shin a Chaillech  
 I fein sa h Earrachd le cheile  
 'S a ceile leith a Leapa  
 'S cho b' abhar aiteas duine

Tri-ficheadh is caogad cuiridh  
 A chuireadh am Buile le cheile  
 'S tri-fichead da Chlannabh Morna  
 A d fhulaing dorain o mhaithibh

Cait am facas sgeul bu truaighe  
 na na fuais a d fhalbh gan cheangal  
 Gun fheim air lus na air Leigheas  
 S nach rabh cuid ga n cnaimhe gearrta  
 An oidhche shin duine gu bronach  
 Ag tarruing ar marbhaibh gu h Uaighe  
 'S e sgeul as truaighe Cho Cheillim

Thainig oirne tri Chleirigh  
 Mu eirigh ghreine 'n la air mhaoreach  
 'S am Ballan Shithe bhi Sheannta  
 Gatra ga chuir a Lathair.

S e labhair rinne na Cleirich  
 Cia leis a rinneadh am marbha  
 Ach nan reachaimid ga innse  
 Cho bu mhoid a chliuth e re Chlaisin

Cuid iad air nach deargadh arm  
 'S air nach loisgeadh teinne ga mheud  
 Cho mho bhaite iad air Tuinn  
 Oh a Ri galinne mun Eug

N.B.—Gach neach a fhuair as a Bhallan Phaspuinn, dh' aith-  
 bheothaicheadh e.

### Marbhrann Ghuill<sup>1</sup>

Leac Ghuill a chradh mi nam Chroidh  
 Treun do threinibh an Indharbhui  
 Ionmhuin an taobh faoi Lic a ta  
 'S tearc ann Laoch & Iumarbhai

An Lae ga 'n deachadh shinn a nunn  
 Fein Fhionn bhui na h Eirin  
 A shealg Frigh air Rachdaidh Tonn  
 An taobh an tainic iad oirn

An taobh a Tuadh do Thir nan Trachd  
 Chunnairc mi 's gum b' ioma Barc  
 Ag seoladh a Chuain ghleinnich  
 Ficead ceud Long Lochlannach

<sup>1</sup>[MS. 110]

Fichead ceud do bhi iad ann  
 Manus mor mac Riogh Lochlan  
 Ceud anns gach Caros dan Chabhhlach  
 Neo-maothara ann treun Teanna

Loiscead ar [?] o Chrich gu Tuinn  
 'N Ti fa 'n tainic iad oirn

B'e sud comhairl an t sloigh  
 Dh' Fhionn Mac Cumhail arm roi  
 Eirin fhagail do 'n fhear  
 Seal mu'n marbhte mhuintir

Gu do lion uabhar na fir  
 Ag cuir an Loingis air muir  
 Ann Triall am Barcaidh air Tuinn  
 An Tra shin a thainic Iulluinn

Labhair Iulluin le Feirg mhoir  
 Re Fionn mor Crodha Cro-dheard  
 Ciod e an cas n do tharla sibh  
 Nar a dfhag sibh da Tamhasg

Oglach mor a thainic o'n Ear  
 Chugainn o Chrichaidh Lochlain  
 Dh Eabha leis an saoghal uile  
 Le neart a Chloideamh Chrodh-bhuille

O's Riogh e air Trion na Fairge  
 'S nach deirir mise co ard ris  
 Cia bheir Fionn Ban mac Buiscein  
 No Colla mac Chaoilte

No sechd mic Fhear & Eile (Fh[earghus] F[heile]  
 No Scaile Triagh o Neamhni  
 Cia hheir Fear Rodha nan Each  
 No Diarmad o Dunabharrach

No Caoilte Croidhe Catha\*  
 No 'n geal guidhe Mac Luthaich  
 Ca bheil Clann an Deirg nan Lann  
 No Clann Choitire coi-cheann

\* deleted

No Clann Threunmhor uile  
 Nach Diongadhmaid aon Duine



Air do Laimhse ghuil ghranna  
 Cho 'n fhead neach a dhol na Dhail  
 Aig airdid a sgeith o sgeith fhliuch  
 Fad a Ridhe is treine chuirp

Faidid is geirid a Lainne  
 Trumad is treunad a bhuile  
 Gun streup ris faoi 'n ghrein ghile  
 Ach Thusa fein Iullain.

Air do Laimhs' a Ghuill gruamaich  
 Cho tig Duine beo uaidhe  
 Seal mun' deantar uaigh do'n Fhear  
 Chuireadh e na sloigh a's Talamh

Air do Laimhs' a ghuill ghleadhraich  
 Air airin\* riut mo Theaghlaich  
 B' fhear dhuit dul fo Thalamh glass  
 Na dull a throd re Manus

\* *near*

Thabhair do ghealla 's do gheil  
 Thabhair fein & dean  
 Cho teid geil ghuill no ghairidh  
 Ann aon Luing re mac Allmharraich

Comhraigeadar air an Traidh  
 Goll is Manus Laimh re Laimh  
 'S chithimid 's an aird an Ear  
 Mar mhoiribh Teinne Teintineach

Is chithimid throimh thollaidh nan sleagh  
 An lassair uaine & Fodhra \*  
 Satha nan sleagh Simineach\*  
 Ann Corp nan curaidh cruaid dhionach

\* *smock* [?]

\* *well-tempered*

Mar Foirneal Folla Ruaighe  
 Anns na Treabhañaibh tre uaine  
 Nar bu Dearg an Talamh glass  
 Dh' fhas Fearg Iulluinn re Manus

'S tug Iulluin a bheum gu cass  
 Faoi bhilibh sgeith Mhanuis  
 Is thug e 'n Ceann de Bhraid bhain  
 Agus sgeubhar\* na leath Laimh

\* *carried*

Thuit le deas laimh ghuill  
 Triuir\* Chlanna Chonnuñain  
 Ciorthu & Comain chass  
 Agus Duilleann odhar ghlass

(\* *Iarnach*)

Ge do dhraotair \* shin uile  
 A Chlanna Baoisge Barr bhuighe  
 Bu doillghe liomsa Oscar Eimhne  
 Thuittim le mor Chosgar Calma  
 Na slogh an Domhain fa sheachd  
 Thuitin fa aon leac.

Leac ghuil, &c.

\* *did*

## Bas Artuir.<sup>1</sup>

Am faca sibh Artuir nam buadh  
 S an air Tulaigh nuagh ag shealg  
 Gun ghin bhith marris an Ri  
 Ach Shiphapan bu bhinne scealbh

'S an le Tartar a ghadhair chiuin  
 A chaidil an triuir a b' fhear Dealbh  
 Chonaire Rì Brettin na shuain  
 Bean bu ghile snuadh na ghrian

Nar a d'fhairigh se a shuain  
 Ghlaodh se san gu Luath air arm  
 B' ionnsa leis tuitim an shin  
 Ann comhrag an Fhìr a b' fhear dealbh

Na Bhean a Shinneadh an ceol  
 'S nach fhaicte i beo no marbh

Ge be shinneadh a chruit  
 'S binn an guth a chuirreadh lea  
 Thog e Shiphapain air tuin  
 E fein sa ghile sa Chuth  
 Nan triuir a dhiarruigh na mna

Bha se seachd Laethe is tri mìos  
 Mu n do chuir se sgios bhar Sal  
 Mun d'iar se d'fhearrann no d'fhonn  
 Ris an cheangladh se Lonn slan

'S ann an achlais a chuain ghuirm  
 Bha Leac na buira Beiste guirm  
 Fuineagan glainne orra steach  
 Air m bu lionar Cuip is Cuirn

<sup>1</sup> [MS. 166].

Rainig e uirre o Bun  
 I thaine 'n t Slabhra dhuth anuas  
 Roipe cho do ghabh e crith  
 Chuidh e na ruidh uirre suas

Fhuair e maighdin aite og  
 Ann Cathair an oir asteach  
 Chuidh e iomchuidh mu Poig  
 'S Bheannuigh e ga gnuis ghlain

Nois nan tigeadh tu steach  
 Cunradh Ceart gu faghadh tu

Cid e mar d eunainse shin  
 Is nach bheil e san fan ghrein  
 Airma dhrudhadh air an Fhear  
 Ach mo Chloidheamh geur glan fein

An Deis a bhith shubhala Chuain  
 Thuit e na Shuain shamhaigh thruim  
 Ghaid iad an Cloidheamh o Chrios  
 'S thug iad dheth gun Fhios an Ceann

Cuiribh na Shuidhe m Bord Cruinn  
 Cuiribh e le muirn 'se le Ceol  
 'S e sud agaibh Beachd mo Sgeoil  
 Non Cuala shibh fein nios mio ?

## The Rest of the MacLagan Ossianic Collection.

Mr MacLagan collected, in addition to the above poems, copies also of the following, which, for various reasons, are not here printed :—

### Suirigh Oisein.

It is the same as Gillies' copy, but, curiously, wants verses 4, 5, 6, and 9. It is in MS. 109, which also contains a copy of "Eas-roy."

### An Gobha.

There are more or less complete copies of this poem in MSS. 168 and 233.



## Uirnigh Oisein.

A copy of this appears in MS. 157, from Archd. Mac Nicol.

## Muileartach.

Mr MacLagan's copy of this poem, in MS. 59, is exactly the same as in Gillies'. A version also appears in MS. 168.

## Crom-ghleann, or An t-Athach.

There is an incomplete copy of this poem in MS. 168.

## Cath Ghabhra, or Bas Oscair.

This poem appears in MS. 69, but is the same as Gillies' copy. There is also a version in MS. 234, which is the same as Mac Nicol's in *Leabhar na Feinne*.

## Laomuinn.

The copy in MS. 69 is the same as Gillies'; versions appear in MSS. 96 and 200.

## Dargo's Wife.

In MS. 69, this poem is the same as Gillies'. A version appears in MS. 200.

## Amadan Mor.

This is a popular poem, and good versions appear in MSS. 200 and 216.

## Conlaoch.

A version appears in MS. 130.

## Fraoch.

A copy exists in an unnumbered MS.; it extends to 35 verses, and is very good.

There are various versions of the poems printed above scattered throughout these and other MSS., the "Ionnhuinn" being especially common; next to it the "Teanntachd," "Dermid," and "Clann Uisneach." There is a copy of the "Address to the Sun" and "Malvina."

# THE SAGE COLLECTION.<sup>1</sup>

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## POEMS OF OSSIAN THE SON OF FINGAL

Collected from and repeated by DONALD M<sup>c</sup> KAY  
of Borgybeg in Strathnaver ; & GEORGE MORRISON  
Lord Reay's Forester in Strathmore, two illiterate  
sagacious and genuine Highlanders, in Sutherland-  
shire by Mr Sage Min<sup>r</sup> of Kildonan in said shire at  
the request of the Rev<sup>d</sup> Dr John Kemp one of the  
ministers of Edinburgh, for the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Highland  
Society in Scotland.

1802  
to page 37.

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- I. Suireagh Ossian na Emhir àluin
- II. An Iomairt no Teantach mor na Fian
- III. Easruagh no Duan Inghin ri fo Thuinn
- IV. Imeachd Naonar
- V. Imtheachd se fir dheug
- VI. Duan na Cloinne
- VII. Duan na Muireartaich
- VIII. Dàn Chuinn
- IX. Dan Chonlaich
- X. Duan Leimioin
- XI. Duan Deirg.

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<sup>1</sup> Found in the most important of the Stewart (?) MSS., mentioned above on page 247. This MS. extends to 156 pages, and contains, besides the Sage-Pope and the Mackenzie collections reproduced hereafter, poems from the collections of General Mackay, Macdonald, Staffa, and M. Macdonald, Tarbert. viz., Ossian's Courtship (two copies), Cumha Oscair, Conlaoch, Dermid, Dargo, and the Amadan Mor, but they are of no importance whatever.

## Suireagh Oisein

“Co na daoine b’ aill m’ acanaich?”  
 ‘S e labhair rium mo nighean annsa :  
 Bha mi uair a’m’ dheagh laoch-feachd,  
 Ged tha mi ’nochd a’m dhibair seann-laoch.  
 La sin a bhreughte leinn Eamhar aluin,  
 Alt-chas fhinne : leannan Chormaic gu ceart  
 Inghin Bhrein nan cuach airgid,  
 Ghluais Cormac dha h iarruidh ;  
 Le sè cathar<sup>1</sup> (*sic* cathfhear?) deug do dheagh fhiannuigh  
 Air muir, air mointich, a rè-mhonaidh  
 Le grianan, ghiar-mhonigh. (*sic*)  
 Chuir iadsin, an fhailte mhearrach (meagh’rach !  
 Sluagh Chormaic, aird-rìgh Teanraigh Teamhraidh  
 Ruith ’nar diaigh, gu teann.  
 Bu lionar fleasgach mear, mearrach (meaghrach  
 Bha ’gòl le meughar nam mor thealich (*sic*)  
 ‘N uair b’ aighearrach iad ’s an òl  
 Dh’ fhiafruich Bran, “Ciod e air\* seol?” \*’ur  
 Creud ’ur turas gu mo thigh?  
 Gun fhis gnothach ar n ard flath.  
 Cormaic fhreagair air anceann  
 “‘S e an aobhar mu’n d’ thainig siun ann  
 Air dearbh ghnòthach gu do thigh  
 A dh’ iarruidh ort sa t inghean.”  
 Na mo chead, le Eamhar annsa  
 Gur tusa mo roghuin cleannis. (cleamhnuis ?  
 Ach Eamhar le molla mòr.  
 Cha leig mi thu le fear dhe t’ aindheoin.  
 Gu dearbh cha d’ theid mi leis a dhaindheoin  
 ‘S cha mhò is caomh leam a shamhuil  
 Caisgear Bran ’n a theaghlach fein  
 ‘S an tìr re taobh Lochan Leigh (Loch an fhéidh ?  
 Is iad an deibh air aon neach.  
 Chunnacas marcach an eich uimhrich (uabhrich  
 Bu luaithe na gaoth na h aon uaireach  
 Chuir seol-sith air gruaidh na m marcach snuagh  
 Air sealtuin air fear an eich as mò  
 Bu mhisde leinn a lu’as a chum ata sin  
 “Ceilear, ars’ Cormac caomh  
 Leam na rinneadh gu baoth ;

<sup>1</sup> cathan ?

Man cuir fir-alla oirne an guth  
 Air turas o'n t sior-shruth."  
 "'S i an inghean shuilghorm, sheirceach,  
 Bhuntain uain, le aon mharcach.  
 'Se labhair Mac Cu'il nan geal ghlac  
 "Na nàruich sinne is tu fein  
 Na teid dha h iarruidh Oisein."  
 Ged dhiultadh i iad uile  
 Eadar mhac rìgh is ro-dhuine :  
 'S toigh, gun tèidinn g'a h iarruidh  
 Le da fhear dheug do dheagh fhiannaibh.  
 Ghluais gu taobh loch an Fheigh  
 An da fhear dheug, b'fhearr d' ar Fian  
 Ge b'e leagadh ruinn, a rùn,  
 Cha teicheadh romhain ach an droch rìgh  
 Thainig 'n ar coinneamh amach  
 Oglach suairce ioghlach thug dhomhs' pòg ;  
 Is chur fàilt air an da fhear dheug.  
 'N uair a b'fhaoileach dhuinn do'n òl  
 Dh' fheoraich Bran, Ciod e ur seol  
 Ciod e ur gnothach gu h áraidh."  
 Caoilte fhreagair air ar ceann  
 'S e an t aobhar mu-d' thain' sinn ann  
 'S ar gnothach uile gu do thigh  
 A dh' iarruidh ortsa t inghean."  
 "Co agaibh dha 'n iarrar i  
 Mo nigheansa re thoirt leibh ?  
 No co an curaidh fiall fàilteach  
 Dha 'n iarrar i gu neo-mheatach ?"  
 "Dh' iarrar i do Oisein mac Fhinn ;"  
 'S mo nearachd do bhean, aon chinn  
 Nach gabh an laoch laidir beartach  
 Laoch laomsgar sultar, laochairteach."  
 "Ged bhiodh agam da nighean deug"  
 Labhair Bran "is nì canam breug  
 Gum biodh mo roghuin fein aig Oisein."  
 Fosglar an grianan còrr  
 Bha air a thugh le clòith \* ian (eun)  
 Bha comhlaichean ris do 'n òr bhuidhe  
 Agus ursanan do fhiundrain.  
 Dar chunnacas la Eamhar fhèill  
 Oisein mac flath na Fèinne,  
 An inghin ùr, bu ghile glac  
 Thairig i gradh do 'n deagh mhac.  
 Is Caolt rachadh teann 's a raghuin (*sic*)

\* clòimh



Thug raghuin, a flath na Féinne  
 Is do 'n inghean fhiall a thug an gradh.  
 Air Chormaic is air choisuil,  
 Chuireamaid an sliabh 'na thrial-lasair  
 'S mharbhadh naoi naonar d'ar sluaigh  
 Ge bu mhòr am buaidhs' an gnà.  
 'S ghabh mise do bhrod (bhraidibh?) nam fear  
 Ceud a frithealadh ua sceatha.  
 'N oidhch' sin An Ailbhe na Fiann  
 Bha sinn subhach, fiall re treis  
 Bu cheann-uigh sinn do shluagh  
 Bu cheanard do chuainn 's do choin—

Fingal Book IV.

### An Iomairt Dhlighe

Là do ruig Padruic do 'n tùr  
 Gun sailm air uigh; ach a dol, (*sic*) ag òl?  
 Do thigh Oisein mhoir mhic Fhinn;  
 Oir 's ann leis bu bhinn an ceol.  
 — Deigh do bheatha, a sheanair shuaire  
 Thugad air chuairt, thanaig mi,  
 Sàr mhili' thu, is àilte dreach  
 Nach do dhiult riamh neach no ni.  
 — Tha cumh' 's math leom fhaotain uait  
 Dheagh mhic Cumhail is cruaidh calg:  
 Cath is teinne a thug an Fhiann  
 'S e bha mi riamh air an lorg  
 Agus bha dheagh-bhath a' duit (*sic opinor*)  
 — A chleirich, leughas na sailm,  
 Cath is teinne thug an Fhiann  
 O là ghineadh Fiarmabh Fhinn (fiannaibh)  
 An iomairt-dhlighe do rinn Fionn  
 Anrs Ailbhe, re linn nan laoch.  
 — Air cuid do'n Fhiann, air druim dearg  
 Dar èirich orra fearg is fraoch  
 Air Caolt, mhic Cranchair chòir  
 Is air mac Rona, bu deoin leinn,  
 Is air Ealbhain, mac an Iabhair ruaidh  
 Triuir a dheargadh luath le rinn:  
 Dhìbeir e iad 's an òl  
 Sàr mhac Rona bu deoin leinn,  
 Thug eirsa (esan?) agus Ealbhain ùr  
 Mionnan buana, re taobh Fhinn.

Gun thog ar n òig-fhir an triall  
 Luingeas bu dìonar leinn  
 'S gur dh' imich iad sin an ear  
 Gu tìr Lochluin, nan sliabh slim.  
 Sin dar thug an da fhianamh ùr  
 Dithis nach do chur duil am buar  
 Bliadhna dh' aimsir aig an rìgh,  
 Ge bu namhaid e dhaibh gach uair.  
 Thug bean rìgh Lochluin nan long  
 An trom ghaol nach robh ceart,  
 Do Ealbhain meurach nan arm (meaghrach ?  
 Rinneas leatha cheilg gun fhios  
 Gluaisead i a leabaidh an rìgh  
 Sin an gnìomh mun doirtear fuil.  
 Gu Ailbhe fhilathail na Feinne  
 Trogar leo an triall air muir.  
 Throg Rìgh Lochluin, 'sin, a shluagh  
 Camhlan cruaidh re chur an ceill (camhlach ?  
 Deich cathan fichid o thuath  
 Do shluagh a b' fhearr feadh na gréine (fuidh  
 Aon catha deug, 'sin 'n an dàil  
 Do fhiannuibh Fàil a b' fhearr gnìomh.  
 Tagha gach mac rug bean.  
 San taghtadh ghlan ro Fionn  
 Dar dh' fhàs an Rìgh làn sprochd  
 Throg e Meirg a bhrat re crann  
 Shuidhich e phobul gu tiugh (phubull  
 Gearr air a bhruthaich ro (roimh ?) Fionn  
 'S e chumha bheireadh sinn (*sic*) uainn  
 Do 'n t sluaigh thanaig an céin  
 Gach treis (treas ?) claidheamh 's gach treis cu  
 Gach lùireach ùr le 'n èil :  
 Gach treis nighean nach d' fhuair fear  
 Do rìgh Lochluin 's a bhean,  
 Earghail mac Earghil nan lann  
 Oir bu mbath a laimh 's an àm.  
 Cumha cha ghabhadh fo n ghrein  
 Ach nach eibhtagh' Fiannaibh Fhinn.  
 Fhreagair Ealbhain comhrag teann  
 Sgeul truagh re chur an ceill !  
 Gun ghearradh le Earaghil nan lann  
 Ceann Aildhe air an dara beum

Battle of Lora.

## Duan Inghin Rìgh fo Thuinn

COMPARED WITH ANOTHER BY THE SAME PERSON.

La do Fionn air bheagan sluaigh  
 Aig eas ruadh na muirne-magh  
 Gu facas tighean o'n ear  
 Curachan agus bean ann  
 — Sheas iad, tri chaon (*sic*) dubh m' an rìgh  
 Deir an laoch b' fhearr gnìomh is gabhail  
 "Luchd ar mi-ruin 's mairg a chithte  
 Tighean an tìr an gabhamaid cala.  
 — Cha do ghabh i cal' is i teachd  
 Na gun thiachd, gu port a ghnà,  
 Is i 'g imeachd ri \* cluais an eas \* al. gu  
 Se thig as, mach a \* mnà. \* al. mac o. (macamh mnà ?)  
 — B' ionan dealradh\* dhi 's do 'n ghrèin \* al. dinghladh  
 Bu ro mhath mèin fo nòs a deilbh  
 A mhaduinn\* a thanaig an cèin \* maighdean  
 Gum bithmaid fein rith seamh.\* \* soilbh  
 — Seiseas\* i air beulaobh Fhinn \* sheas ?  
 Is bheannaich i gu glinn\* da \* grinn  
 Fhreagair Mac Cumhail nach tim  
 Beannachadh binn, is le doigh  
 — "Ingheann mi do rìgh fo thuinn  
 Is barail leam nach tim mo sgeul  
 Cha robh port air na luidh ghrian  
 Nach deir\* mi dhiubh\* shluaigh Fàil \* d'iarr \* dhuibh  
 — "Gabh mo chomraich, o's tu Fionn  
 "Air feobhas do lainn 's do bhuaidh  
 "Gabh mo chomraich gu luath tra."  
 Ghabhainn do chomraich, a bhean,  
 O aon fhear gam bi a chrìoch <sup>1</sup>  
 Nan innseadh tu dhuinn (uile) an car  
 Ciod e am fear tha air do thi \* \* al. shith.  
 "Tha tòireachd orm o'n mhuir  
 "S gur \* trom a ghabhail air mo lorg \* An laoch is  
 "Mac Rìgh na Sorch' nan sciathan arm \* \* al. àigh  
 "Neach \* sin dha † b' ainm Baire-borb \* Laoch † d' am  
 "Cha do chuir as \* a cheann \* fòs  
 "Ni mò\* ghlac claidheamh no lainn. \* Cha mhò  
 A bhean cha tugadh e uainn  
 Ceart aindheoin sluagh Innisfail.

<sup>1</sup> al. Co an t aon fhear a bhith air do chreach.

- Labhair Oscar le ghlóir mhear  
 Laoch sin a chaisgeadh na suinn  
 Ged nach fonadh tu Fionn na Fèine  
 Cha rachadh<sup>1</sup> tu leis mar bhean.  
 Sheas Oscar agus Goll  
 An dithis bu mhor glonn an cath  
 Sheas iad an iomail an t shluaigh  
 Eadar fear mòr agus flath.  
 Bha clogaid teinteach m'a cheann  
 Air an laoch nach (bu) tim an cath.  
 Bha neoil fala fo rosg an righ  
 An ceann a mhilidh bu chaoin dealbh  
 Bu ghorm a shuil, bu gheal a dheud  
 ('S bu luaithe a leig na gach sruth).  
 B' fhaide lamhan na cruinn-shiuil  
 'S bu bhinne na meoir-chiuil a ghuth  
 Cha d' ath (*sic*) do churaidh no do thriath  
 (No) Do aon laoch dha robh ann.  
 Ach sior-chuir far air an Theinn  
 Ach \* thainig leis fein Fionn \* Gus an d'  
 Scriob e bhean a\* laimh an Righ \* as  
 Air an taobh gun d' fhalbh e leatha  
 Ach na thilg Mac Cranchair an àigh  
 Urchar 'n a dheigh, do 'n t sliabh\* \* al. sleagh  
 Ma na \* scar an urchar re chridhe (chrè) \* Mun da  
 Rinn a\* sciath an da† bhliath (bhloidh ?) \* an † an do  
 Thilg an Toscar bu mhor fearg  
 (Chraoisneach dhearg a laimh chli)  
 Gun mhuigheadh leis deud an fhir  
 'S mor an ein a rinn an t saoidh.  
 Dar thuit i \* 'sin air an leirg \* e  
 Thiuntain e le fearg is le fraoch  
 Bhagair e ge bu mhòr am beud  
 Comhrag ri ce ceud (*sic*) laoch caogad ?  
 Mar b'e air ce-ceud (se ceud ?) laoch garg  
 Le beadradh\* nan arm neart \* leadradh  
 Chuireadh se uile\* sinn fo smachd \* e sinn uile  
 Nan cumadh sinn ris a cheart chòir  
 Thachair Goll an aigne mhir  
 An comhrag \* an fhir bu mhòr scleo. \* coinneamh  
 Dh' fhag e bliana(?) 'n a luighe Goll  
 Laoch sin nach bu tim an cath  
 Mac Muirne, gu deimhin leinn  
 Dha leitheas (*sic*) aig Fionn nam flath.

<sup>1</sup> tugadh e leis a' bhean.



Thialuic sinn fo bhruach an eas  
 An laoch sin b' fhearr mais' agus dealbh  
 'S gun chuir sinn air barain\* gach meoir  
 Fainne òir ann onoir an rìgh.  
 Bliadhna do Inghean Rìgh fo thuinn  
 'S i mar mhnaoi aig Fionn na Feinne  
 An deigh tialucadh an fhir mhòir  
 Le neart an t shluaigh, cruaidh (an) sgeul  
 Sgeul beag bh' agam air Fionn  
 See Fingal Book III.

\* bharaibh

### Imeachd Naonar.

'S cian sin, a thulaich,  
 Air a bheil mi nochd, làn goirt,  
 Bha mi uair, is binn leam  
 Mi bhi 'm aonar ort.  
 Mis' is m' athair, is mac Luach  
 'N triuir, le 's mò chaidh an t sealg,  
 Oscar, Goll, is Caolt,  
 Fillean, Cainneal is Diarmad  
 Och air m' uilin, a Phadruic !  
 Chuir sinn fair' air fiadhach  
 Le ar naoi coin, 's le ar naoi gadhair  
 Le ar naoi claidhmhean glas  
 Bu ghaist an tus gach comhrag  
 Leig sinn an sin ar cuid gadhar  
 Air fiaghail fiagh nam beann  
 Mharbhadh aighean doun leinn  
 Is daimh throm nan gleann.  
 An deigh dhuinn seios do 'n dlaid (t àit ?) sin  
 Chunnacas mar a b' abhaist  
 Na h airm gheal is ghlas  
 Bhith 'g an cosnadh air na faire  
 Sheas sinn sin, air an tulaich  
 Is thanaig thugainn oglach gabhaidh  
 Dh' fheoruich e gu h umhal  
 " An tusa Mac Cumhail aghor ?"  
 Mis Fionn na buidhin (nam buaidhean ?  
 Ge bé thusa do shluagh an domhain  
 Ma's ann thugainn, tha 'ur n iorgail  
 Tha sinn naonar ma air coair (m' ur comhair  
 Is dàn leam sud, re ar n eadan

'Sa liuthad fear calm' cas luath  
 Thanaig o Rìgh Lochlain  
 Gu cosnadh na h Eirinn  
 Air laimh t athar is do sheanathar  
 Is air laimh do leannain shuaraich  
 Cha tìgeadh thugainn d' ar sirreadh  
 Nach tugadh sinn dhoibh bualadh.  
 Dh' imich an teachdair' gu siubhlach  
 Charuich e iuil m' ar comhair  
 Mharbh gach fear againn dhiubh seisear  
 Sud mar chreai (*sic*) ar gnothach.  
 Thug sinn an sin ruadhar dàn  
 Gu ma lionar ann gainibh (guin ? gaine ?) fear sleigh  
 Gum' lionar clagan ga scoltadh,  
 'S gum' lionar fleasgach donn a snuigh go (?)  
 'S gum' lionar fear chasan geal  
 Frasadh fala air na fraochan.  
 Bu mhath Goll an tùs gach cath  
 Bu mhath m' athair is Caoilte  
 Co dhiubh sin nach moluinn  
 O rìgh ! bu shona an naoghnar  
 An deigh dhuinn bhith cur nan cath  
 Is na matheamh dhichuint. (*sic*).  
 Sheas sinn is cha bu dochair  
 Fear is ochdnar air an t sithain.

### Imeachd Sia fir dheug,

An cuimhne leat Oisein fheill  
 Do thuras gu tearnadh treun  
 Da ochdnar le m' brandar baile  
 Culhorn agus Cormaic.  
 Dar dh' àrduich an deoch air Cormaic  
 Dhagair e Fionn gu comhrag  
 Comhrag nadha gun d' agair  
 Gum b' aithreach leis m' an comhra (?)  
 Gun cuireadh e gun diuthar (?) dheth  
 Fionn fo ghothail a choire  
 Chaidh Fionn fo na ghothail siar  
 Cormaic fo na gothail eile  
 Da mhili na h-ard fhilath  
 Dar chunnaic Filleán fiall  
 An iris air flath na Feinne

Thug e am beum meurach mear  
 Is ghearr e am figh fo 'n iris  
 Ghearr e an iris chaol chiall  
 Faraon is an coire co-chruinn  
 Chuir e a chaith (ghath ? chlaidhe ?) le neimh  
 Seach troighin 's an talamh  
 Labhair Goll re airbhacan  
 Eirich is gabh an duan cheardach  
 Do chaisg fearg is iomadan  
 Mor niarachd thar an duan  
 Dar chaisg e fearg a mhoir-shluaigh  
 'S nach robh againn anns a ghabhail  
 Ach re fad ar nairm a throgail  
 Stad sinn an sin air tamh  
 Eadar fhir agus mhac-mhnai  
 A choimhead ma seach  
 Uair na h aiseirigh  
 Cha robh sinn ann ach se fir dheug  
 Is math b' aithne dhomhs' 's cha bu bhreug  
 Oir b' eolach mi mu lannan  
 Is mu àireamh ar muinntir.  
 Aon diubh mise fein  
 Dithis dhiubh Carail on Dichoill  
 Triuir dhiubh Mac Luthach gun fhoill  
 'S be ceathar dhiubh Earamhar  
 Cuigear dhiubh aoghus air mheud rath  
 Seanar dhiubh Mac Luthach  
 Seachdnar dhiubh Caoilte crodhach  
 Ochdnar dhiubh Aonghas  
 Naonar dhiubh m' athairse fein Fionn  
 Deichnear dhiubh Osgar ruadh is Raoinn  
 H-aon deug dhiubh Coll caomh cas  
 Dha dheag dhiubh Raoinn nan ros g glas  
 Ceathar deug dhiubh Colna na mòr fhearg  
 Cuig deug dhiubh  
 'S e sia deug dhiubh Maclamhain.  
 Thugadh leinn anis creach ceud bò  
 O Theamhair agus ni is mò  
 Air riun (*sic*) duinn coille nan dos  
 Ghair iad oirn Cairril is Cormac  
 Ghair oirne an ear 's an iar  
 O sheann rugh (*sic*) do aon riann  
 C'ait a facas roimh riamh  
 Aon chreach bu truime toir  
 Bha chreach mar sin, a Chleirich

'Se cheard a ghabh Aonghas uainn  
 Anns an uair sin ri uchd an t sluaigh  
 Fhear fein a dhiongadh 's an triath  
 'S a chreach ioman 'n a aonar  
 Dheanadh feith-lamhach buinigh  
 Mac ant saoi o'n iarr dhuinn  
 Gach neach mharbhadh sinn le gath  
 Dheanagh Aonghus a shaobhadh (fhaobhadh ?)  
 Chaoilte bhig bhuadhaich  
 Odha peathar mhic Cumhail  
 'S ann leam bu chuimhne  
 Dar chur sinn an rìgh fo-n ar smachd,  
 Dar throg sinn creach nan ceudan  
 — N cuimhne leat Oisein fhèill  
 Do thuras &c.

### Duan na Cloinne.

Innis duinn, Oisein fheill  
 Mhic Fhinn nan iomadh sceul  
 Co an cath bu truaighe leat fein  
 Chuir' le t' laoich airm-gheir (?)  
 'S mairg dh' fheoruich thu sin dhìom  
 A Phadruic, o tha dha m' dhian ;  
 'S gur e cath bu truaigh leinn  
 Là sin a chuir sinn a daor-chlainn.  
 O chath Gabhra nan sleagh geur  
 A Phadruic, dan innsin sgeul  
 Nach do thearuin dhinn o bheum  
 Ach mis' is Caoilte, do dh aon reum.  
 'S ann ruith sinn, a sin, ar dìthis  
 Gu Ailbhe far bheil ar mòrchìs  
 Far am bitheadh mnathan na Feinne  
 Agus clanna nan caomh-chleirich.  
 An deigh dhuinn gabhail gu sìth  
 'S ar smaointean uile chuir a dh aon-taobh  
 Thainig teachdair' oirn 's an uair  
 O mhac Rìgh Lochluin nam mòr shluagh  
 Ar cis thoirt dha laimh  
 No Eirin uile fhagail.  
 'S e fhreagairt chuir se uainn  
 Gu mac Rìgh Lochluin nam mòr shluagh  
 Nach tugadh sinn cìs no càinn  
 No aon nì air domhain domhail.



Ach gu fagadh iad cinn re làr  
 O'n a chlann chi iad 'g iòman.  
 Dh' innis an teachdair 's an uair  
 A fhreagairt chuir sinn uainn  
 Gun lion fearg is mor reachd  
 Mac rìgh Lochluin nam mòr fheachd  
 Thug e na briathra borb  
 Ged eireadh Eirinn le lainn  
 Nach gabhadh e cìs no càin.  
 No aon ni do 'n domhain domhail  
 Ach cath gun chairdeas gun dàil  
 Thoir do 'n chlainn chitear 'g ioman  
 Dar chunnaic a chlainn mhath  
 Teachdaireachd treun o'n tràigh  
 Fagadar am ball re làr  
 'S tilgeadar uath an cuid caman.  
 Thanaig thugainn 'n an ruith  
 'S chuir' leo tulach air ball-chrith.  
 'Sin dar thug ar mnathan lèir  
 Chomhairle ghlic ann a mòr-cheill  
 Sinn do ghleithheadh a chlann slàn  
 'S gum bitheadh an Fhian uile fòs iomlan.  
 Labhair mac Osgair an àigh  
 Na thig as a chath slàn  
 Fear nach tugadh cath dhoibh  
 Air mhath an domhain domhail.  
 Labhair mac Chairil a rìs  
 Na thig mis' air m' ais anuas  
 Mar reachamaid riu sìos  
 Man caileamaid ar mòr chis.  
 Throg sinn an sin re slìos suas  
 Bratach Fhinn flath nan sluagh  
 Sleaghan on beanagh buaidh  
 Na craoslichean (*sic*) cath crann ruagh  
 Dar char iad nan cula' chath  
 Chlainn sin 's cha bu neonach  
 Shaoil sinn gu robh Fianaibh Fhinn  
 Aguinn 's a chnoc 'n ar comhail  
 Dar thanaig iad uile air lainn  
 Clainn ge bu lag bu neimhneach  
 Thar leinn gu robh Fianaibh Fàil  
 Ac' anns a chnoc 'n ar comhdhail.  
 Mhuigh sin garbh cath 's an uair  
 'N uchd rìgh Lochluin a mhor shluaigh  
 Chuir sinn an treis a bha truagh

Dhithaichear sinn uile 's aon uair  
 Gun neach a thearnadh o bheinn  
 Ach an Dearg di-chiantach aon bheum.  
 Dar chunnaic Mac rìgh Lochlain an àigh  
 An Dearg cur di 'air mòr-shluagh  
 Chuir sleagh le punsagh(?) tro chrios  
 Mar shaighthe neamh air thalamh  
 Sin dar thiuntan mogha fein (mo ghath?  
 Re mac Rìgh Lochlain nan arm geur  
 'S rinneas leis da ord, da bheum euraanta lainn  
 An oidhche sin dhuinn fo bhròn  
 Ann an Ailbhe na mor shluagh  
 'G eisdeachd re gair bhan gu truagh  
 Diaghuigh (diaigh?) cunnart a' mhòir shluaigh  
 Leig sinn comhnard(?) a bheinn mhor  
 Dheth na slabhrainean bhuidh òir  
 Shuigh gach cuth air a thom fein  
 A Phadruic dan innsin sgeul  
 Donnalaich nan con 's an t sliabh  
 Gal mnathan nan gna-fhiannabh  
 Thug diar air mo chridhe nach tim  
 Agus siarrugh air m' inntin.  
 Chuir ar da chulagh re cheil  
 Ann a' sin sruthadh deur  
 O la sin cha-n fhaca mis'  
 Deagh mhac peathar an ard rìgh  
 Ge b'e neach a chreideas uainn  
 Mar chunnaic uair an tulach  
 A Phadruic a leibghas na sailm  
 'S mòr mo thruaigh' 'nochd is m' iar uain (?)

### Duain na Muireartaich.

From George Morrison, Lord Reay's Forester, now living.

La dhuinn air tulach ear  
 'S ag amharc Eirinn mu timchioll  
 Gu facas leinn air barraibh thonn,  
 A fuath arach adhbhail chrom.  
 'S e b' ainm do 'n fhuath nach tim,  
 Mhuireartach, mhagh ruadh mhoithean  
 O chrich Lochlin tighear air sàil  
 Gu cìs Eirinn a throgail.  
 Bha claidheamh meirg air a crios  
 'N àm dhi clisgeadh garbh glas

'S bha da shleagh fhad chaol chath  
 Air an taobh eile do na cailich.  
 Aodan du'-ghorm air dreach guail  
 Deud charbadach cham ruadh  
 Aon suil ronnach 'n a ceann  
 Bu luaithe na ronnag gheamhrai  
 Bha crin-fhàs liath air a ceann  
 Mar chailleach cham-chas chrisin (ghris-fhionn)  
 'S i 'g amharc na Feinne fo dheas  
 Ghluais a bheist gun ineas.  
 Aig meud mir' agus a h-àir  
 Rinneas leatha cin gun chomain  
 Mharbh i le tabhachd ceud laoch  
 Agus gàire ann a garbh chraos.  
 "O fhilath nan cuach thanaig mi  
 Thuirt a fuath diomisach deagh-dhàn  
 Geilidh gach naonar 's a mheigh  
 'S e dh' iarradh a fuath na comhrag.  
 "Gabhaibh a chungadh on 's i chòir  
 Deich ceud ubhal do 'n dearg òr  
 B' fhearr dhuit bhi chnodach chlach  
 Na comhrag na Feinne fuiltich.  
 "Ged gheibhinn bar brìgh Eirinn uile  
 A h-or, a h-airgiod is a h-aindriun  
 B' fhearr leam fo stàilin mo laimh  
 Ceann Oiscair, Raoin is Iulain.  
 Thuirt an laoch nach d' fhuiling sar  
 Mac Muirn do b' ainm Conan  
 "Fàgaidh thu dos chinn chrin  
 An duil mhic Oisein iarrudh  
 Ghearruin stàil fathach fann  
 'S nin deargadh orm do bhreun lann  
 'S air sciath chuileanach nan con  
 Na bi oirne muitheadh."  
 Dar chunnaic iad calg na beist  
 Dh' eirich Fionn flath na Feinne  
 Dh' eirich Oisein flath nam fear  
 Dh' eirich Oscar, du' eirich Iulain  
 Dh' eirich mac rìgh chlar-dhubh dhuine  
 Dh' eirich sud agus Luin\* na buighin  
 Dh' eirich an dithis, bu bhriagh dreach  
 Dh' eirich Raoin is Mac Luthach.  
 Dh' eirich Mac an Leithe na dhamhair  
 Dh' eirich Glaisean le tabhachd  
 Dh' eirich agus ard Aurag

\* [Lerin?]

Dh' eirich Caolt, dh' eirich Conan  
 Dh' eirich Diarmaid o Duibhn  
 Dh' eirich sin agus Treamhar  
 Dh' eirich an Reul nach tim  
 Feinne mhic Cumhail ma thimchioll  
 Do bhuin an athais, gun seleo.  
 Rinn sinn cro crodhant grabhail  
 An tsheisear b' fhearr d' ar Feinn  
 Chaidh a chomhrag ris a bheist.  
 Dheanadh i frithealadh ma seach  
 Mur gu an critheadh an lasair.  
 Ach na thachair Mac Cumhail an àigh  
 Agus a bhiast, laimh air laimh  
 Leithid cha d' fhuaras mar sin  
 O cheardach Loin mhic Luibhin.  
 Bha dealt air bar a lainn  
 Aig mac Cumhail mhic Tugheal  
 Bha struthaibh fola dol re làr  
 Agus ceo teas dol 's an iarmailt.  
 Bha tuth mhic Cumhail re guin  
 'S bha braon do fhuil air na fraochaibh  
 Mharbhadh a Mhuireartach leis an righ  
 'S ma mharbh, cha bu mharbhadh min,  
 Cha chualas leithid do ghàir  
 O bhas (a bha as ?) na Feinne re aon la !  
 Dh' imich sgeul ud fa thuath  
 Gu crìoch Lochlain nam mór shluagh  
 Throg an gobhuin leis an bhrìgh  
 Gu tigh Fothuin an ard righ,  
 Rinneas beud air (ars ? deir ?) Gobhuin nan duan  
 Mharbhadh a mhuireartach mhagh ruadh.  
 Thuir an righ, nach robh do shluagh  
 A mharbhadh a mhuireartach bhuidhe.  
 Mur do shluig i talamh-toll,  
 Na mur do bhath i muir domhuin lom.  
 Ars an gobhuin c' àit robh do shluagh an domhuin  
 A mharbhadh a mhuireartach mhagh ruadh.  
 Cha 'n e mharbh i ach an Fheinn  
 An droing o nach bunar geill  
 'S mòr an nàir do fhìlth Fàil  
 Bhith geilleadh do luchd aoin eilein.  
 Ged bhitheadh sluagh an domhuin uile ann  
 Eadar thuath is uaislibh  
 Fuath na duine cha rachadh as  
 O 'n tshluagh àluin fhalt-bhuidhe.



Trogair thugam mo theaghlach còir  
 Rìgh na h-easbaig is a lòd  
 Rìgh Greig Rìgh galeam glan  
 'S gun trogam deich mìle barcich  
 Trialaidh mis' an iar  
 Agus bheireams' mo mhionnan rìgh  
 Ma mharbhadh mo mhuireartach mhin  
 'N Eirinn cha 'n fhag mi clach,  
 Ann alt no toran no fireach  
 Gun throgail ann coruin mo long,  
 Eirinn choimhliont' cothrom,  
 Bheirinn breabanaich air muir  
 Dha tharuing as a shamhchair.  
 'S mor spliagh do luingeas bhan  
 Dheanadh Eirinn a throgail  
 'S nach robh do luingeas air bith  
 Throgadh do Eirinn cuig ceud dhiubh.  
 Deich fichead is deich mìle long  
 Throg an Rìgh, is bu luchd trom  
 Air crìoch Eirinn a chur as  
 Is dhitheachadh na Fiann na faragh.  
 Cha robh port, na leath-phort ann  
 Ann an cuig cuigibh na h-Eirinn  
 Nach robh làn dheth a luingeas bhan  
 Agus biorlainean fo thighearnan.  
 Chuir e teachdaireachd gu flath Fàil  
 A mhuireartach thighean dhathigh slàn  
 Le bàr brìgh Eirinn uile,  
 Eadar mhac rìgh agus rodhuine.  
 Bheireadh mac Cumhail sud uile  
 Do rìgh Lochluin gun aon bhuile  
 Deich ceud sciath is claidheamh cnoduich  
 Deich ceud sleagh le crann-lùraich  
 Deich ceud slabhraidh aintrin  
 Deich ceud cù le coilear èil  
 Deich ceud ubhal do 'n dearg òr  
 Deich ceud saltar chaol-chath  
 Deich ceud bratach mhin dath  
 Deich ceud saoi nam b' eigin leis  
 Deich ceud srian òir is diaghlaid.

Ged gheibheadh Rìgh Lochluin sud  
 'S na bha do sheoid bhuaghach an Eirinn  
 Mhionnaich e, nach pilleadh e shluagh  
 Ach am bith Eirinn na tòr luath.  
 Fear-labhairt a' chomhradh chiuin

Triath mhic Trathail, mhic Treinmhoir,  
 B' fhearr na sirreadh o thuinn gu tuinn  
 Ar faotainn uile, air aon bhonn.  
 Sin dar labhair Carthi' nan gleann  
 Ma ghabhas sibh comhairle Fhinn  
 Bheirear ar sar air Flath  
 'S bithidh sibh gu brath fo 'n Fheinn.  
 Ghluais Iulain 's bu cheim laoich  
 Gach neach lean e taobh air thaobh  
 Gu leagail Charthi o 'n àit  
 'S cha b' àill le neach a shoghadh  
 "Stad, Iulain mar a tha,"  
 'S e labhair Mac Cumhail an àigh  
 "Ge ole iomhaigh an fhir  
 'S ro mhath lamh 's an iorghail."  
     Ars' Oscar is e gabhail leo  
 "Ge b' e long dhiu' as airde seol  
 'S ma mhigh i fuil air a druim  
 Na cha bhith urad na coluinn.  
 Gluaisidh Fìli freagarach Fhinn  
 Fear thagradh gu h-eolach  
 'S a labhairt gu fìor-ghlic e  
 Ris an Rìgh neo-ghraidhte.  
 Ge beag leibhs' an Fheinn uile  
 Na seachd cathan co-chalmunt  
 Bheir sibh ar teann-leum troi' tom glas  
 Na ni sibh uile air aimhleas.  
 Breugach do bheachd Fhìli Fhinn  
 Co chual do chomhairle chruaidh  
 Ann tùs cath na mòr-shluagh  
 'N àm glacadh cruaidh nan creach  
 Is àm sathadh na sleaghan seirmneach  
 So labhair gu feargach an Rìgh,  
 Co math re trian na bheil sud  
 Ni bheill dh'eainn (fhèinne) an Eirinn  
 Trogar thugainn fearg an rìgh  
 Làn do mheirg sa dh'ainrian.  
 Nam b' ole dhuinn bhi air ar cinn  
 Cha b' fhearr dhiubhs' thighean thugainn  
 Rinn iad cro' mu ar (cromadh air?) magh  
 Sluagh Rìgh Lochlainn m' ar timchioll  
 'S cha b' àill leo gun bhith ann  
 Ach ar sgrios uile air an aon bhall.  
 B' iomadh 's a chro' mili-fear  
 Dheanadh calg gun chomain

'S bu lionar claigean gu chur re làr  
 Is coluinn air am maoladh.  
 B' iomadh ann geur-lot sleagh  
 Is gathan caol nimhneach  
 B' iomadh laimh threun dor easamh  
 O eirigh grèin gu cean fheasgair.  
 Mharbh Oscar ann tithad an t shluaigh  
 Ceud fhear ma cheud uair  
 'S ceud eile do 'n phobuil aris  
 Is e deanamh air Rìgh Lochlain.  
 Agus ceud eile do mhacamh nam fear  
 A bha thall air do Rìgh Lochluin  
 Eadar na Saoithean ma seach  
 Gu robh an Toscar gu crèach  
 Ach na mharbhadh le dithean na sluagh  
 Rìgh air meud onorachd.  
 Dar chunaic iad gun thuit an Rìgh  
 Aig meud am mir' 's an aire  
 Leig le strathaibh gu sàil  
 Bha chliar-chath air an ioman.  
 Deich fichid mìl rìgh Lochluin do shluagh  
 Air uchd cath Beinn Eaduin gu uair  
 'S cha deachaidh aobhar arm as  
 Ach aon mhìl gu loingeas  
 An deigh làn loir do 'n àir  
 Chithte gum bu chalp dha  
 Gu rachadh tromh thualadh na sta (sleagh? stàil)  
 Na corun tromh dhruim Oscair.  
 Nan tarladh tu là sin  
 Bhith air uchd cath Beinn Eaduin  
 Cha chual thu leithid ghàir  
 O bhas (a bha as) na Feinne re aon là.

(See Gillies, p. 250).

## Dan Chuinn.

Co bu mhò an Conn no 'n Dearg mòr  
 Oisein nam briathra ciuil  
 Na 'm b' ionnan dealbh dha is dreach  
 'S do 'n Dearg mhaiseach mhin mhorachdach.  
 Bu mhò Conn gu mòr mòr  
 Tigheán thugainn bharaibh an t shluaigh,  
 Taruing a luingeas a steach

An teamhair cuain & caolais  
 Bha lann neimh ri leadradh chorp  
 Air slìos t eagal nam mòr olc  
 Air claidheamh air scath scè  
 Air an laoch iad gu ain reidh.  
 Bha gruaigh cuire mar iuthar caoin  
 Fo chaol mal' nan rosg mìn  
 Falt ùr aghor ceard oir grinn  
 Uais mhor aithreil éibhinn.  
 Buaigh gach àit a robh thu riamh  
 Air ghaisgeachd 's air mhòr ghnìomh,  
 Bheireadh Conn mach gun sgios  
 Le togail chreach is trom chis.  
 Sheas air an tulaich fa n ar comhair  
 Mili' curant gle mhor  
 Leis an gaibht' a chleasachd gu hard  
 Ann a baile na h iarmailte.  
 Lainn neimh re leadradh chorp  
 Lé calg feagalach na mor olc  
 Le fuachd is faluin a rìnne e  
 An deigh athair a dhiachadh.  
 Ach bheirinnse mo bhriathar cinnte  
 A Phadruic ge bu nàir re innseadh  
 Nach do ghabh sinn roimh uile  
 Leithid dh' eagal roimh aon duine.  
 Re faicinn dhuinn confhadh Chuinn  
 Mar sruth mar gu treun tuinn  
 Meud fuachd is fal an fhir dhuinn  
 An deigh Athair adhichiont.  
 Sin labhair Conan na muirn mòr  
 Leigear mis' thuig a cheud doigh  
 'S gu scarraim an ceann ud dhe  
 Gu chasg dhuinn a chontuin.  
 Beir a mholachd, a Chonain mhaoil,  
 An onoir, c'uim' a gheibheadh tu choidh'  
 Gun caisgeadh tu dhuinn Conn.  
 Deir re Oscar na mor ghlonn  
 Ach gluaisleadh Conan le mi-cheill  
 'N aindeoin na Feinne gu lèir  
 An coinneamh Chuinn bhuaghaich bhrais,  
 Air car tuathal aimhleis.  
 Dar chunnaic an laoch bu mhin dealbh  
 Conan dol ann seilbh arm  
 Thug e seangadh an ear  
 'S ghabh e teicheadh gu Ailbhe.



Ach 's lionar scread agus meall  
 Bha 'g eirigh suas air an droch ceann  
 Air maoil Chonain gu reamhar  
 'S na cuig caoil 's aon ceangal.  
 Beannachd dh' an laimh a bhuin riut  
 Deir Fionn flàth na Feinne  
 Bu thuras gun crith (eirigh ?) dhuit  
 A Chonain do mhi-chèille.  
 Ach 'se chomhairle chinn' aig Fionn  
 'S aig uaislibh fhearuibh Eirinn  
 'S clainn na mear muirn (muim ?  
 Aig Cormac mac Art-enbh.  
 'S e comhairle a chinnich dhoibh  
 Fearghus mo bhrathair fein bu bhinn a ghloir  
 Ach gluaisidh uain an cein  
 Gu muirneach, aitreach, moralach.  
 Air comhairle athar mar bu chòir  
 Ghabhail sgeul Chuinn ro mhòir  
 Mhic an Deirg dhimisich mhir  
 Chuinn uasail a dheud ghil.  
 Ghabhail sgeula thanaig o Fionn  
 Ciod e gu d' thocair gu Eirinn ?  
 Dh' innsin dhuit gu ceart  
 Fhearghuis nam balt b' fhearr leat  
 Eiric m' athar b' àill leam  
 Uaibhse mhaithibh Fhinn Eirinn.  
 No ceann Ghuill is dha mhic mearr  
 Fhinn, Chrifin agus Carthi marchair  
 Ceann chlanna na Muirn uile  
 Dha air diachadh dhan aon duine  
 Cormac mar Art enbh agus Fionn  
 'S na bheil beo do fhearaibh Eirinn  
 Eirinn o thuinn gu tuinn.  
 Fhaighean dhomhs' fo 'n aon chuing  
 No comhrag cuid ceud 'ur sluagh  
 Air mhoch mhaduinn a m'arach,  
 'S gu scarruin an cinn ri 'n cuirp.  
 Dh' aindeoin Fhinn is Chormaic,  
 Gluaiseadh oirn an cein  
 Le Ferghus mo bhrathair fein  
 Ris mu chlost sinn nan Fhiann uile  
 Dh' eisdeachd re sgeul Fhearghuis.  
 Sin labhair Fionn flath nan slogh  
 Fhearghuis cia do sceul air an fhear mhòr  
 Innis dhuinn gu beachd  
 'S na ceil oirn an-iochd.

Is e sud mo sgeul air an fhear mhòr.  
 Nach gach cumh gun cuig ceud ar slogh  
 Gun chomhrag mear diamhalach  
 No ceann Ghuill is dha mhic muirn  
 Ceann chlanna nam Muirn uile  
 Fhinn Chrifin 's a Chathri chòir  
 Dha air dithachadh dha 'n aon duine  
 Eirinn o thuinn gu tuinn  
 Thoir dha fo 'n aon chuing  
 No còmhrag cuig ceud ar sluagh  
 Air mhoch mhaduinn màrach  
 'S gu scarradh e an cinn ri 'n cuirp  
 Dh' aindeoin Fhinn is Cormaic  
 Sin chuir sinn cuig ceud amach  
 Gu muirneach, aithreach moralach  
 Coimhead Chuinn bailceadh na sciath  
 Si dol innt gu h ainreath (aimhreidh ?  
 Mar sheobhag an ealt mhin-eoin  
 'S mar tiuntain tu bar-bois  
 'S lionar leath-laimh agus cas  
 'S lionar coluinn a bha dha maoladh  
 'S iad nan caigean (claigean ?) air a bhall  
 'S cuig ceud eile nam bitheadh iad ann  
 Bhitheadh iad marbh air an aon bhall.  
 Sin ghluais na seachd-fichid fear mòr  
 'N tu dhan dthanaig an iorghail  
 Is thug e ruathar mar mhaol mhuilinn  
 Sin thuit ar seachd fichead fear mòr  
 Aobhar ar tuirse is ar-dubh-bhròin  
 Leis an tug an Fhiann an gaire cruaidh  
 Re faicinn diachadh (diòthachadh) a mhoir shluaigh  
 Ach fhir dha d' thainig ar cobhair riamh  
 Air ghaisgeachd is air mhor ghnìomh  
 Mhial sgeul gach dail (sic)  
 Is a phrionns' na teugbhail  
 Nach faic thu Conn muigheachd ort  
 Ga b' ann ceil an nàmhaid  
 Nach buin' thu cheann gu fearail dheth  
 Mar rinn dheth Athair roimh.  
 Dheanains' dhuit Fhinn  
 Rìgh Fian ain nan ceol binn  
 Na cuirimid fuachd is fal air cul  
 'S gu bitheamaid uile dh' aon rùn  
 Sin chaidh Goll 's a chul' chruaidh  
 Afianuis maithibh a mhòir shluaigh

Bu gheal dearg gnuis an fhir  
 Sheall garg an tùs na h iorghail  
 Ach shinn da churai' bu mhòr àgh  
 'S chuir leo tulach air ball-chrith  
 Le 'm beuman b' fhearail leinn  
 'S an Fhiann uile 'g an coimhead  
 Bha cith fal cnamh nan corp  
 Bha cith binn nan armachd  
 Bailceadh na sciath gu hard  
 Dol suas 's an iarmailt.  
 Sè là na'aon trath deug  
 Bha na laoich 's a                   ghairg  
 Ach na mhuigheadh le Goll nam beum  
 Conn mòr a chuir air eigin.  
 'S an gair èibhinn thug an Fhiann  
 Re faicinn Ghuill crodhuint  
 An uachdar air Conn treun treorach  
 Tunicadh Chonan a cas  
 An deigh Chonan na mi-ghrais  
 Seachd reath do Gholl an àigh  
 Dha leitheas ach an robh e slan  
 G' eisdeachd ceoil a dh oidhch 's a là  
 Gu ma chruinn air Feinne as dheigh  
 A Phadruic dho 'n innsin sgeul  
 Tha m'anam an dail dhruide  
 'S ann teaghlach nan treun  
 Is t aghaidh's ri neamh nan neul  
 Far faighear gach mor sgeul

*Sean Dana 123. Gillies 38.*

## THE SAGE-POPE COLLECTION.

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The following poems were copied by Mr Sage, of Kildonan, from MSS. written by the late Mr Pope, Min<sup>r</sup> of Reay, who got them from Donald Mackay of Borgiebeg, in Strathnaver, & Murdoch Iverach, at Dirlet, in the county of Caithness.

### Duan Chonloich.

Thainig thugainn dheth bar baobhuidh  
Curaidh crodhant' Conlaoch  
Le geasan mor e garbh glinn  
O Dhunscathaich do Eirinn  
Dh' fhainich Cuchullin re each\*      \* dh' fhaoinich  
Co chuireamaid dh' fhios an oluich      (ogluich)  
A dhfhaotainn beachd na sgeul dheth,  
'S gu teachdair fhaighin uaith.  
Ghluaistadh Coineal buaghach bras  
Adh fhaotuinn sgeul o'n mhacan  
Ge bu mhòr agads' spairn an laoich  
Cheangaltadh Coineal le Conlaoch,  
'm Fianuis na Feinne uile  
Agus Rìgh nan curaidh co-raite.  
Ceud d' ar sloigh gun ceangaltas leis  
Bu deacair sgeul re innseadh  
Ach Cuchullin nan sleagh slim  
'Nuair chunnaic e cuimhreach Choineil  
Gluaiseas e le neart treun lainn  
A dh' fhaotuinn dheth na mhacan  
Comhrag riumsa is eigin dhuit  
No, do shlanuigh (sloinneadh ?) dhomh mar charaid



Gabh do raghuin do gach cuid  
 Ach cha chuis dhuit mo chomhrag.  
 Geasan thug mi o mo thigh  
 Na faodainn sgeul thoirt do neach  
 Ach nan tugainn do neach fo 'n ghrein  
 B' ann dhuits' a ghnuis aithreal.  
 Ach bheireams' dhuits' mo bhoid 's mo bhriathar  
 Ged a thoilte\* mi mar chriathair                      \* tolltadh?  
 Nach teantagh\* mi gu teaghlach Fhinn              \* tionndaidh  
 Gun do cheann no do lannan.  
     Fhir agus fhir bhig  
 Gun labhair thu is cha bu ghlic  
 Cha buireal\* dhuits' an Fhiann uile                      \* b' uilear.  
 'S na deanadh do shloinneadh re aon duine  
 Ach nan tigeadh Fiannaibh Fàil  
 So chuid bu laigh (lugha?) dhiu' re ghràdh (*sic*)  
 Chuireadh tu t' airm re làr  
 Is b' eigin dhuit do shloinneadh.  
 Ach thug sinn gus a chéile  
 Na diachan\* 's cha b' ann gu réiteil (?)              (\* deuchainn  
 Macan sin gun d' fhuair e ghoin  
 Agus an dalta sin do na chruidh . . . .  
 Leig e uilin air an tom  
 Cliathadh fhal gu ro throm  
 Olaich bhig ! ort fein do chron  
 B' fhearr do shloinneadh a chianuidh  
 Dean do shloinneadh gu trà  
 'S na bithmid na 's faid 'n anmhiain  
 O coli (?) d' fhainich\* leat mis                      \* dh' aithnicheadh  
 'Nuair chrathains' gu fuar fann  
 'N t shleagh geur ort, a harlig  
 'S mise Conlaoch mac Chuinn  
 Oighre dligheach dun dealbhuin  
 'S mi 'n run dh' fhag thu 's a bhroinn  
 An Dunscathaich gu m' fhoghlum  
 Seachd bliadhna deug dhomh 's an tir  
 Foghlum gaisgeachd o mo mhathair  
 (Guil do chomhrag 'nis le grain)  
 Och an dan nach truaigh an turas  
 Do mharbh mi thusa gun aon lochd  
 'S truagh nach e mo bhàs a ghearr mi  
 Mur do dhearg mi air do chaomh chorp  
 Ach a Chonlaoich etnighe  
 'S mairg dh' eirich air do shaoghal  
 Nam biodh tu mairrium  
 Cha bhithins' am aonar.

'S math do Gholl, 's math do Charaigh  
 'S math do mhac Chalum chille  
 'S math dhoibh uile  
 Nach hann leo thuit mo mhacsa.  
 Oir mharbhainus' ann an tarig \* (\* ad éiric  
 Ceud nan ceudan do dhaoine.  
 Ach mi 'nis an deigh sar laoich  
 Gun mhac dilis na gun bhrathair  
 Agus gun Chonlaoch, thu is duilligh,  
 Och an dàn mo lan truaigh !

*Sean Dana 79. Gillies 24.*

### Duan Leimoin.

- Is cianail Thulaich aird  
 Air a bhar chunnacas uair  
 Mhuinntir nach diultadh ri 'n eachdar  
 Ged tha i nis gun teach gun tuar innt'.  
 Innt' gheibhte Leimoin mhoir r. mòr.  
 Mac Coineal, chaidh ghloir air ais Neach  
 Neach chuir Alb fo chuimh \* \*chuing? chàin?  
 Le neart a laimh 's a threis.
3. 'S ann thuig' thigeadh gach aon lò  
 An ceart aindheoin sloigh is righ  
 Cruineachd Alb is a hòr  
 Hairgiod, a feoil 's a *fiann* \* (\*fion ?)
4. Cha do bheaguich sud dad dhe do mhuirn  
 Thulaich uir bu bhriagh uail  
 Ach gu'n d' thainig Cairiol e fein  
 Gu mac righ Alb, ria<sup>n</sup> scian oìre
5. Thainig tri chathan *air* Feinn r. ar  
 Ged bu mhath a feim 's an tòir  
 Laoich nach diultadh comhrag da dheoin  
 Iulain mor mac Mhuirni mhòir
6. Diarmad agus Caolt crogh \* (sic) \*crodha  
 Le 'm brataichean éili' iomruaguidh  
 Thainig clainn an Iubhair ruaidh  
 Buidhean dhearg is bu luatha ruinn.  
 Ge mor ar cairdeas is ar dalmh  
 Do thaobh feirg is mòir bhaigh

7. Thainig triuir o a chiaruigb dhaoine  
 Thainig ar buidhean is ar ionmhas  
 Seachd fichead sgiath *dhearg nan Gall* (gharg ann goil ?)  
*Duiluidh* gach aon fhear dhiu ceud. (dioladh ?  
 Ge iomadh agus air thus  
 Le bratach ùr dhait' sròil.
  
8. Thainig mis a cath gach (nach ?) tim  
 'S cha do phill mi a aite cruaidh  
 Gun eagal faobhair no ruinn  
 Na no bha air mo chinn do shluagh.
  
9. Deich ceud sciath le 'n amaladh òir  
 Bu deacair aon clo an cath  
 Do mhaithibh meurach\* nan sluagh (\*meagh'rach ?  
 Thainig Raoin ruadh gu bras.
  
10. Thainig sud is Fithlan fial  
 Le chlogaid,\* sgiath, 's a chladheamh glas (caogad ?)  
 O dhaoine fir-ghlic na Feinne  
 Gu dun Leimoin claidheamh (al. ciamh) glas.
  
11. Thainig Fionn innt' chul bar (bui' al.) mhoir  
 Agus Glaisein miomh (*sic*) gach neach  
 'N Fhiann air gach am  
 Air tighean gum trom air feachd
  
12. Air bhith dhuinn bhith tamul mu 'n dùn  
 Chunnacas dunlachd nan sluagh (dumhlachd ?  
 Co aguinn an curaidh mòr  
 Oir b' iomadh an srol is fear.
  
13. Co chunnacas an iomal an t sròil  
 Ach mo bheans' do laimh ghlain is cliamh  
 Bha scabul òir air a gualain  
 Le ceann bheart do chlacha buagh.
  
14. Le gach sleagh fhad-chaol direach  
 Le claidheamh cruaidh co-shinnt' ris  
 Bha sud laoch *feargach* fuilteach (feardha ?  
 Osgar calmunt cruaidh *cruaidh*-bhuileach. (crodha ?
  
15. Bu chomhrag leis gach cath  
 Macan mor mhic an ard fhath  
 Air bith dha thighean greis do 'n t slighe  
 'S ann gu Oscar nan airm nimhe.

16. Ghluais sinn ar taruig<sup>1</sup> mor meurach (mear meaghrach ?  
 Thar sinn fein anns an lan teaghach  
 Sheas sinn mu na *Gheal* ghrein ghille ?  
 Seachd cathan nan dearbh fheinn.  
 Bha 'r Bhratuich uir-dhait ghlan  
 Ma Ribhinn an dair.
17. Deich agus deich mìle bàrc  
 Thainig steach air traigh nan dos  
 Sud a' chal an gabhadh iad tamh  
 Tanamh is blàs is fois.
18. 'S ann gu Dun Leimoin nan lann  
 Oir bu lionar ann iomadh fear  
 'S ann thuig' shireadh an Fhiann  
 As gach sliabh an ear 's an iar.
19. 'S iomadh sciath, gu scuaibte leis  
 Agus crios as na tharuig e lann  
 'S iomadh leath-lamh agus cas  
 G' an ghearradh leis agus ceann.
20. Mo mhacans' Oscar nan cathan  
 'S ann leis a choisèann\* na slòigh (choisneadh? chosgadh?  
 O chomhrag Leimoin nan cleas  
 Thug mor-goinnin leis gun sheorbh. sòradh ?
21. Dh' innsin dhuit, Phadruic fheill'  
 Sgeul beag eadruin air an dùn  
 'S e thuirnich mo chridh' is mo chliabh  
 Nach mairrean Fiann nan cleas dlu.
22. Gur mi Oisein bochd mac Fhinn  
 'S ann *ruinn* leigeadh iad gach *ruinn* rium & rùn  
 'S ged tharlam bhi nochd gun rath  
 Bha mi anns gach cath bha air thùs.
23. Dh' innsin dhuit, Phadruic nam bochdan  
 O is tu chuireas mo chorp gu ùir  
 O 'n fhads' cha d' rinn mo lamh  
 'S fhad leom so nochd, 's gur cian.

*Gillies, p. 302.*

<sup>1</sup> taruing ?



## Duan Deirg.

Naidheachd th'agam air Fionn fir-ghlic  
 'S air Dearg o na Gealladh  
 'S air mhacan nan calp disneach  
 Thainig thugainn 's air bruach Anamh  
 Mhic Cumhail mhic Treunoir so sgeul tha re innse  
 Gun d' thainig shealg do Alb  
 'S ann airsa urghlan dh' innsinn  
 O nach fac sinn Fionn le Feinne  
 Air an t sliabh fo gach cuideachd  
 Gun leig e gadhar gu diomhair  
 Do thogail nam Fiadh thugainn.  
 'G eisdeachd ri fuaim nan sruthan (sruth ?)  
 Is re guth nan eoin buidhe  
 Gu na thuit suain nach robh gu h eatrom  
 'S ann air aon mhac teuggill. (teugmhail ?  
 O nach fac sinn Fionn nan sleaghan (sleagh ?  
 'S e air tulach ghorm-ghlas an domhuin  
 Gun bhith cuid ris do'n Fheinne  
 Ach Dearg donn mac an Deur.  
 Labhair an curaidh finealt  
 Is gun innsin dhuit mo sgeul  
 Ma's e Fionn tha do chomhail  
 Nan tagair thu dol d'a ionnsuidh.  
 Air an da laimh th' ort Dheirg  
 Naidheachd dh'innsin dhuit  
 Ach an duighail [diol ?] mi bàs m' athar  
 Air Fionn oir 's e flath na Feinne,  
 'S bu chainnte bheirt assuin  
 Mhic Anamh a gleann sleimh  
 Bhith tu gun cheann gun fholt  
 Le do chainnt bhuirb do ro-bheag cèill.  
 An trà ghluais fearg an da dhraigea  
 Is dar throdadh iad re cheile  
 Gum b'airde na glaodh Curaidh  
 Taoch (?) am buillea s' am beuman.  
 'Thairgte (tharruingte) leo na sleaghan neimhe  
 'Thairgte\* leo na claidhmhean geur \*thairngte ?  
 Bhitheadh cuirp is cnamhan dh'an gearradh  
 Ach gu ruigeadh iad a cheile.  
 Eadar Dearg òg nan Gealadh  
 Is mac Anamh a gleann sleimh.  
 Do ghluais Fionn nan sleagh geur gabhaidh

A dhol lathair na fir chalmunt'  
 Ruig (al. throg) e air dheas lamh Dheirg  
 La thiuntainn sinn sinn gun Armunn  
 Cach air m' uilins' Dheirg  
 No mo faodains' do thearnadh  
 'S truagh gur mi m' aonar do na mhacuinn  
 Do mo dhi 's do mo chathan chalmunt'.  
 'S mor cliu sin le Deirg  
 Labhair, la an labhairt  
 'S tu treun laoch re cathan  
 Bh' agads' la na h Albhi  
 Ach so laimh nach dibreadh mis'  
 'S ann le maoin na re macannamh\* \* macannaibh?  
 Ach gu d' thainig na seachd strathan  
 Thugads' o bhruach Anamh,  
 'S e sò mear bu bhinn air a h eudan  
 Fo na bheul bu ro mhath h aogais  
 Lamh bu ghile 's b'fhearr rinneas  
 Gun deach inealt roimh an uisg  
 Ach trogamaid e nis gu Ailbhe  
 Far an dioladh iad an deur  
 Mo mhìle bheannachd air do lannan  
 Oir 'stu deagh mhic Alpin chleirich  
 O nach fac sinn Fionn le Fheinne  
 Air an t-sliabh so gach cuideachd  
 Gu leig a gadhair gu diomhair  
 Do thogail na feachd thuguinn..

## SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE'S COLLECTION.

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The following poems are copied from MSS. transmitted to the Highland Society by Sir George M<sup>c</sup>Kenzie, Bart. of Coull.

### Duan air Dearmad dibh rinn Fionn.

Tha sgeul agam air mor Laoch  
Gun do bhris Conan maol an corn  
'S bhuail e Faothlan Mac Fhinn  
Fior-mhullach a chinn a dhoirn.  
Gun d' thug Faolan laimh siar  
Ghlac e sgian air a crann  
Ghonadh leis Mac Moirne maol  
Sud dh' fhag an laoch gu fann  
Dh' eirich Garradh an taobh thall  
Dh' agairt air Faolan Mac Fhinn  
'S thug e tharruing d'a lann ghlas  
An sin bha air a chinn Caorall cas,  
La dhomhsa bhi an Albhin Ghuill  
Sinn air ardanach Mhic Cumhail (*sic*)  
Bho mo cheann chinnich an guth  
dar dh' eirich Fionn ann an corruich  
La chuir Padric a mhùr  
Gun suim aig do ni air bith ach òl  
Ghluais e do thigh Oisein mhic Fhinn  
La 's ann leis bu Bhinn a ghlòr  
An dith mo bheatha sheannair shuairc  
Thugad air chuairt thanaig mi  
Innis uirsgeal domh air Fionn  
Otha Chumhail gam beire' buaidh.  
S mise dh' innseadh sin dhuits'  
A Phatruic 's gille cruth  
An cath is tinn 'thug an Fhiann  
La bha sinn riabh air a lorg.

Shailmse 's tinn 'thug na fir  
 La ghineadh iad am Fheinne Fhinn.  
 Am dearmad dibh rinn Fionn  
 An albuinn re linn nan laoch  
 Air bi do 'n Fheinn air druim dearg  
 Gun d' eirich fearg is fraoch  
 Thachair Mac Cumhail nan cuach  
 Agus Rìgh Lochlin nan sluagh bu liuth  
 Re cheile an am measg a chatha  
 Bu mhoir an cath 'n an dithis  
 Cuireadar an airm le lair  
 'S feuchadar spairn an da laoch  
 Clochan agus talamh trom  
 Dh fhuasgail siad fo bhonn cois  
 Chuir Fionn ceangal nan trì chaol  
 Air an rìgh bu lionmhor float (phlod ?)  
 Fear is dara leath na Fiann  
 Dh'fhag sinn air an t sliabh fo dheas.  
 Thachair Oscar agus Daol  
 Taobh re taobh amasg an t sloigh  
 Comhrag an da churaidh chaomh  
 Mar gun doirteadh gaath an cuan  
 Mar cheo thaomadh an fhuill  
 Bu naimhdeach gnìomh nam fear  
 S a bhaiteall bu mhor an guin  
 'S gur mairg a tharladh 'n an car  
 'S cha bu ghna leo sgiath re goill  
 Bu chomhrag dà leomhan sin.  
 Sin dar bhris Oscar àigh  
 Caogad sgiath air Cormac cruinn  
 Agus bhris Cormac cas  
 Caogad lainn ghlais *on s an chuimh*  
 Chuimhnich Oscar air a sgian  
 An t airm bu mhiann leis an laoch ghlan  
 'S chuir naoi guineadh dhi ann Daol  
 B 'ann seal mun do chlaoidh e ghreis  
 Thug e uaith sgian le h òir  
 Chuir naoi goineadh goin 'n a chraos  
 Ghlac Oscar a ris an sgian  
 'S ann ghlac e i air Iàaran  
 Mar gun sniota gad an Coill  
 Mar sinn thug iad sgian as a hearluinn  
 Thug Oscar gaisge beum buaghach  
 Ghlac e cloch ruagh 'n a laimh  
 An tur char leis an do mharbhadh Daol  
 Sud a bheart a chlaoi a ghreis.



## Fearg eadar Fionn & Goll.

Dh' eirich fearg ro-mhòir air uair àraid eadar Fionn is Goll,  
air chor 's gu'n d' thug an Rìgh amach Binne a' bhais air chor 's  
gun d' orduich e Goll a mharbhadh leis an fhear bhiodh  
Gleidheadh nam muc aig an Fheinn mar thàir ro mhoir do Gholl.

Tiomnadh Ghuill dha fein r' a mhnaoi fein  
A maireach thig Muc mac Smalla  
Aine uchd gheal mo dhaill (ghaoil ?)  
Marbhaidh Muc mac Smaill mise  
Aine *gun* nàir sud ri *inish* (gu ? innseadh ?)  
Aine druid fo mo cheann  
Nighean Ludgha Laimh ghil  
Na dean ni nach fheaird dhuit  
Tuirse dheoir ach dean deagh mhisneachd  
Taogh \* fein fear gu do shlios geal \* tagh  
'S na biodh aon tràth 'n ad aonar,  
Ciod am fear a phosas mi  
Ghuill mhoir mhaiseach mhileanta  
'S nach 'eil sionald\* dhuit re fhaotain \* samhailt ?  
Ann am measg catha na connadgh (*sic*)  
Innsidh mise sin, a bhean,  
Aodh cas mac na Caillich  
C' uime an dreinse \* fein \* deirinnse ?  
Dhionn\* (*sic*) mac Caillich tha fo 'n Ghrein \* aon ?  
Gur am biodh re raite rium  
Ach bean Ghuill mhic Morna chlaisdin  
Cha bu Chaillich a b' ainm g' a mhathair  
Ach nighean Chuinn o'n Chruinn làireach  
B' e fàth mo shloinneasa air a mhnaoi mhear  
Luadse a thraobh air a h athair  
Cuimhnich do shoirean glanna  
Cuimhnich do sheilearan geal  
Cuimhnich t' airgiod is t' òr druit  
Cuimhnich sud agus do mhuinntir  
Beir \* tusa Mac do Aodh \* beiridh  
Ghlacas Eirinn taobh air taobh  
Agus nighean bhas gheal bhàn  
Bhios 'n a bainrigh air Lochlain.  
  
Bha sinn 'n ar luidhe air n ar cluain  
'G eisdeachd ri comhra an t sloigh  
Bha 'n amhuin 'n a bhuinne bhrais  
Cha taireag duine air thairis

'G eisdeachd ri gaath nan gleann  
 Ach an thraogh an abhuinn  
 Thainig an curaidh gun sgath  
 Thug e spurr do na bharruin bhlair (*sic*)  
 Nach do haol riabh an tatha.  
 Tharruing e lann as a thruaill  
 Dhicheagh\* moran do 'n t sloigh      \* dithichcadh  
 Mharbh e oirne sonan eagh (*sic*)  
 Agus naonar mac an neagh (*sic*)  
 Dar bha Saoull air South  
 Chleachd mi aon laoch fhasda  
 Cha do chleachd mi air meud mo ghlonn  
 Ach aon bhuille roth na chuiridh  
 Thug e dhìom sgiath s le a h oir  
 Mu mo cheann dith rinn a bloidhean  
 Mar bhiodh feabhas mo chlogaidh ghil  
 Chaillin an ceann ga leanmhuia  
 Thearruin e mo cheann re seal  
 Maraon agus m' anam ionmhuin,  
 Thionntaidhean e dachaidh gun Fhiabh  
 Rainig e Fionn flath na Fiann      [Fiain?  
 Gun dith do bheatha Mhic i Fail  
 Shuith Chuireanta chomhnaidh  
 Is aghor chuir thu do ghréis      [ghéis?  
 Ma thainig thu slan o heirish  
 Creud na sloigh bha thall  
 Aig Mac Morna nan Gorm lann  
 Bha shluagh cuimhneach, ciallach, narach  
 Neagh mhisgeach ann am catha  
 Mar biodh do ghrasans' Fhinn  
 Cha tiginns' slan o heirish

### Duan Cuchullain

's e air la àraid teachd shealltuin air  
 Rìgh na h Eirinn.

Thainig an doirsear\* a steach      \* dorsair  
 An tigh teann-ruith gun fhuireach.  
 Bhual e shlabhraidh òir 's tigh thall  
 Ris an d' eisd Fiann Eirinn  
 Labhair rìgh Chonchar gu còir  
 An deagh mhac àluinn Idirsgoil  
 Creud sìn tha air oirr (*sic*) fhir

Na creud d' eirich do dhoirseir,  
 Gu facas thall cath-charbad sin  
 Am foudhn (fonnadh) fioghal fionn  
 Gu lios\* (*sic*) agus gu luath \* liosda?  
 Gu làmhach 's gu làn-ghlic  
 Am popuil uaine cath rounbhuidhe (caidh ronhhaidhe  
 'N roth fiondruin bhiodh ceir uirard  
 Ebhin eforra a (bheann iubhra) ghisach<sup>1</sup> ghasach  
 Chaoineach uile ard<sup>2</sup> do bhi anns na carbadaibh  
 Na h eich chruinn bheag cheann bheag [chrainn?  
 Bhas tana is leus taineanteach soluis  
 (*sic*) *Eidibh bhran eidibh*<sup>3</sup> bhroinn dearg  
 Mar *fhriol ghalluidh* (fhreothal ghealghaidh?)  
 (*sic*) na mara *mdhaol fhaoir in ngath f thuireard*<sup>4</sup>  
 (*sic*) na mar *chuach galluidh n geiribh*<sup>5</sup>  
 fuidh a iomall *n earag* chaoin dearg  
 Air mullach maol liath.  
 Air mhachair bhan liath (bhàin ligh?  
 'N gum be sin 'n ar druid is 'n ar luas  
 'S air mhaol na heachdruidh (eachraidh)  
 Agus iad a' teachd dar n ionnsuidhne.  
 Do bhiodh anns na carbuidibh sin  
 An t each liath luthar uircach (r. urraiceach  
 Airceach\* treasdach luathbharra (r. arraiceach.  
 Stuaghmhor, deagh fhaicilleach, ionn ruith  
 Caomh ciun aonfidh ciun [cinn?  
 Ga b' ainm an Liath-maiseach.  
 Mhoir muirneach saoidhleanda<sup>6</sup> sioth fhada  
 Do bhiodh anns na carbaidibh sin  
 An t each cruadh,<sup>7</sup> sichionta<sup>8</sup> searachail  
 'M fad shliosach, bao-leumnach  
 Ga b' ainm an dubh-sronmhor.  
 (*sic*) Chi dubh mar fichead ceud ainbhidh bhuait  
 Thugad agus teachd dar n ionnsuidhne.  
 Agus do bhiodh anns na carbadaibh sin  
 Laodghair (Ladhair) bheul dearg buadhach,  
 Mac bhrionna, cobhra<sup>9</sup> le bruid & le brionna.  
 Sliom dhonna, grinn achduin na h eachrai  
 'S teachd d' ar 'n ionnsuidhne  
 'S do bhiadh Laoch laidir lainireora lannor ann?  
 Ga b' ainm Cuchullan  
 Bhiodh seachda meoir bhuadhach

<sup>1</sup> dhiasach?<sup>2</sup> Caoine gach reile airt.<sup>3</sup> A dibh-rionn a dhibh.<sup>4</sup> ma thaobh libhearn ag aibh duireort.<sup>5</sup> cheathach gealdhain ag eirigh.<sup>6</sup> Mor-mhuirneach saoi-oileanda.<sup>7</sup> crubhach.<sup>8</sup> sithionta.<sup>9</sup> gabhra in the MS.

Air gach laimh ofhd gheal ollghodhuin doth (*sic*)  
 Agus bhiodh seachda meoir bhuadhach  
 Air gach cois chuilpeanda dho  
 Agus bhiodh seachda ruis sgeidmhe  
 Brisfidh tohd bharra nan rosgabh  
 Agus bhiodh aon rath cabhair roth  
 Agus bhiodh tri fiult iongantach air a cheann  
 Falt eamhurra dearg na mheadhon  
 Falt donn ri taobh aoinfuidh chinn  
 Falt buidhe air bhoadh roth (bhaoph robh si)  
 Agus snaidhne òir fairceadal air a bhar  
 Bhiodh claidheamb iondla mhor iongha?  
 Ann truaill ifidh aifidhair a thaobh chli  
 'S bhiodh cheufradh chlabruigh shollais mheanmuin  
 Air a togail air a deo\* thurladgh dho \* deagh  
 Air choir 's nach druidfeadh 'n a dhàil  
 Ach feur a baimhle leis an fholach mhoir  
 Frostan mar fhrostan bha culcach airm  
 Agus eididh Cuchullin mhic Sheimhi  
 Mhic Subhailt mhic Beagalta  
 Mhic Iolaran, mhic Aularan  
 Mhic Cadghu mhic Caudghu eile  
 Mhic Caoilndghne dearg mhic Iolair casbolt  
 Mhic Ruraidh mhoir mhic to teach  
 Mhic Fheille mar theach  
 Mhic Staoir mhic Stair mhic Stamdgha  
 Mhic Ruis mhic Rois mhic reile ruadh  
 Mhic Dhuillaphoil mhic Cairbte dhliach  
 Mhic Chaoimhne cheud chathach  
 Sud mar thainig Clann Ruraidh amach  
 Bho na h ochd Curaidhnean deug 's o'n ochd  
 fichead deug curaidhnean agus teachd d'ar ionnsuidhne.

*Report, p. 204 ; Appendix, XV. Ossian, Fingal, B. I.*

### [Turus Fhinn do Lochlainn].

Chuir Rìgh Lochlin air uair àraid teachdair dh' ionsuidh Fionn  
 is e 'n a rìgh òg 'san trà sin air Albainn 'g a iarruidh gu luath gu  
 pòsadh nighean fein ann rioghachd Lochlain. An sin dh' fhalbh  
 Fionn le deich ceud gaisgich glan maille ris do Lochlain a shuiridh  
 air inghean a rìgh.

Sin 'n uair labhair Patruic re Oisein  
 Innis duinn mu thimchiol là *toteal sgian*  
*Totail sgian sin's toiteal sgian*  
 'S e 'n catha sin mu 'n do thuit na fir



'S ann leam a b' aite thu ma rìreadh  
 Thoir sgeul air *toteal sgian* (court or palace)  
 Da theach deug an Longphort Fhinn  
 Dar Rachadh sinn a Chrom ghleann  
 Da thein' dheug anns gach tigh  
 Fear agus ceud mu gach teine  
 Thionail sinn an sin an Fhian  
 'S bhiodh mac Chonn 'nan rian chon?  
 Dh' ionnsuidh Chrom-ghlinn nan clach  
 Thainig e thugainn am Fathach (an t athach  
 Sin dar thainig am fear mòr  
 Dhruid am fiadhnuis an t sloigh  
 Thuirt e le ghloir bhuig nach tiom  
 Nach caith sinn cuid an Cromghleann<sup>1</sup>  
 Dar chual conan maol rè tha  
 Gloir an fhathaich bhi ri thaobh  
 'S an dhruid e dhorn gun uamchalachd  
 Ri fathach mòr na haon sullach (sula, suilea)  
 Fhir od sgoirm suile gun tlachd  
 Innis duinn cia as tiomach\* (timeachd?)  
 Thainig mi a Lochlain shleaghaich  
 Bho 'n chuideachd ghuirm shèamaich  
 'S mi thug an cas-cheim nach gann  
 Thainig mi nall o rioghachd Lochlain  
 Chuir inghean Rìgh Lochluin am bla-bhuig<sup>2</sup>  
 Thug i gaol gu Fionn a h Albinn  
 Shir i oirbhse a flath na Fiann fhlattha?  
 'sic) Dhol e deibh bhair druim cliar bharr?  
 Thug i bòid nach treig i steach (a teach?  
 Ach an rachadh am Fiann da\* sireadh \*g'a  
 Labhair Fionn le ghuth fòil  
 Chonan sguirs' dhe t' ainobh (*sic*) (anmhodh)  
 'S mòr taobhar† reachd leinn  
 Bhuail thu teachdair Rìgh Lochlain.  
 Ghluais sinn gu druim chlair a' chuain  
 An gasradh aiginteach fionnuair  
 Bhiodh deich fichead còta sròil  
 Aig Mac Cumhail mhic Treunmhoir  
 Inneal osraidh\* air gach fear (\* gasda? cosgraidh?)  
 Fraoch meadghol air gach laoch laimh-gheal†  
 Claidheamh am beart chruaidhibh gach fir

<sup>1</sup> Cromghleann nan clach, i.e., Glenlyon in Perthshire.

<sup>2</sup> am blath-bhuidh?

\* In the marg. taireadh is t iompai. † tainiochd in marg.

‡ lann-mhear in marg.

Sgiath òir gu ruom do-chraidh  
 Ulachd air gach fear an droing.  
 A luchd nan urchairin inealta  
 Shuidh sinn anns a mheirghe\* mhòir<sup>1</sup> \* Bheirghe  
 Teaghlach Fhinn bu lion thional  
 Sin ag iomairt 's 'g òl air Fion  
 'S na sloigh uile mu righ Lochlain  
 Sin 'n uair thuirt Righ Lochlain ruinn  
 Fhinn an d' thug thu leat mo chuid mac  
 An d' thug leat Ciothach mo mhac  
 No 'n d' thug thu leat Beatoir buineach (buidhneach)  
 No Lann nam beud mo mhac eile (lamh)  
 Am feidhnigh phropag an iorghail (sic)  
 Labhair fear an taobh thall  
 Ma 's e an fholachd 's fearr leibh ann  
 Fagaidh an Fhiann sibh marbh 'nar teach  
 'S a righ Lochlain, 's mairg a dubhairt  
 'S mise mharbh Ciothach do mhac  
 Thuirt Raoine fuidh 'n gile glac,  
 Gabham orm marbhadh an fhìr  
 'S gur ann leam thuit e ann iorghail.  
 'S mise mharbh am Betoir buineach  
 'S e labhair Diarmad o Duibhne  
 Air tràigh Chliathan fuidh thuath  
 Am feidhnigh mu'n do thuit am mòr shluagh (feinne)  
 'S mise mharbh an Lann nam beud (lamh)  
 'S e labhair Oscair is cha bhreug  
 Gun taing dhuinn ga chinn  
 'S na bheil uile an Rioghachd Lochlain  
 Thuirt Fionn nam bu Ghobha mise  
 'S math a dheanain sgianan  
 Chuirinn cruadh na rinnean  
 Is siom na Saoidhean  
 Chuirinn casan caol buidhe  
 Cùl tiu, am faobhar tana,  
 Tharruing sinn deich ceud sgian  
 Bheireadh 'n ar maise is 'n ar miadh  
 Mharbh sinn dithis an laimh an fhir  
 Do luchd tigh righ Lochlain  
 Ghlac leinn Righ Lochlain fhein  
 Bhreis sinn doras a thur (mhùr, marg.  
 Ghabh sinn air a chuideam dghoir<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Bergin in mg.<sup>2</sup>cuid throm do dh'oir.

'S chuideam eile fadheoidh (arcuid throm)  
 Is fo'n là sin amach  
 Bha buadh aig Fionn air Lochlainn

### Sealg Tuirce.

Chaidh Fionn rìgh na Feinne air là araid a shealg air an torc nimhe 'na bheinn g' am b' ainm. Beinn an tuirc, is dh' fhairtlich air fhein 's a chuid con a mharbhadh agus thainig an rìgh dathigh fo throm fheirg an deis e fein leon leis an torc agus a chuid con a mharbhadh. An sin gheall e nighean b' fhearr bh' aige fein thoirt do 'n ghaigich mharbhadh an torc nimhe.

La dh' an deach Fionn a chluaineachd  
 Shealg Muc alluidh 's da ruagadh  
 Cha do ghluais roimh 's an t sealg  
 Ach muc dhrisneach, dhonn, dhearg  
 Ghreas e na se luimhne deug (cuibhne ? lothain ?)  
 Air a cinn 's ni can mi breug  
 Chuir i dath dearg air gach coinn (cu ?)  
 Dh' fhaghadh leis an t shealg gun deunamh  
 Lion e le naire flaith Fàil  
 Gum b'e Fionn chrùth chomhlain  
 Rìgh na Feine o Dhun Baobh  
 Dh' uirligeadh e dhol beo 's an talmhuin  
 Labhair Mac Ronan an àigh  
 On is mise mac rìgh is fearr  
 Marbhaidh mi mhuc air nar ceann .  
 Air na bheil sibh beo ann Albuinn.  
 Sin nar labhair Conan gluaireach  
 Leis bu tric an t olc a ghluasad  
 Cia h iad luchd nan guthan mòr  
 Dar bhios iad 's na tighean osda  
 Theireadh air gualaibh an cuid ban  
 Nach bn tualeasg mac a mharbhadh  
 Sin dar ghluais Caoilt a *shiachaur*  
 Shealg air na muic *tachaur*,  
 O bheinn nimhe gu Beinn tuirc  
 Gu shliabh leathan làn druit  
 Far am biodh an t shean mhuc nimhe  
 Ann gleann Fuath ga h àrach  
 Thilg e oirre cheathar sleaghan  
 Gu cuathanda, gu coram, curanta  
 'S a shluig an t shean mhuc sud

Air gach sith an sean srath luachrach  
 Gach buille bheireadh se dhi  
 Dhe an Ubhail uasal òrbhuidh  
 Bhiodh druim a mach 's a steach  
 Mar gach tonn re carruig cloich  
 'S truagh nach ann an deis mo bhais  
 'S ann bu mhò mo chuid iomarradh  
 Bhiodh mnathan na Feinne Fionn  
 'G am airse ann an Cromghlinn  
 C' ait am biodh mo leannan sith  
 Nighean donn na mala mìn  
 Nach tigeadh i gam chobhair  
 'S gur i odh-peathar o Conchair  
 Sùile dan d' thug e san fhrioch (fireach ?)  
 Gum facas nighean Bhaou  
 Tighean o chnoc gual amach  
 'S a h earradh caol uain 'm 'a tiomchìol  
 'S a sgian bheag bha 'n a laimh dheas  
 'S i toir a mach bair a hioann (*sic*) iongan  
 Gur tric leatsa Chaoilt chòirr  
 Bhi 'g am iomaradh 's tu 'n ad eigin imreadh  
 'S ainmic le do ghnuis ghil  
 Tighean do 'n t shith-bhruach d 'am feuchain  
 Suidhe cuid ruim air làir  
 Mhic Ronain nan airm àigh  
 Ach an innis mi o 'n uiridh  
 Na suirridhe agus na sean taghal  
 Mar tugadh tu air mo cheann  
 Bean a b' annsa leat na mi  
 Cha chuireadh ma mnàoi air bith  
 Geasan ort nach dean mi fuasgladh  
 Cha toir mise air do cheann  
 Bean 's annsa na thu fein,  
 Na bi 'g a cleith orm fhir  
 'S nach mi idir bean a h ainm,  
 Tha triuir a chloinn Fhinn  
 Gach aon tè dhiubh air do thith  
 Ge b'e tè 's taire dhiubh sinn  
 Na diultsa i air lughad ratha  
 Air a laimh mhic na h ard fhatha.  
 Cuir an crios diosneach mu do thaobh  
 'S gu bràth cha tig olc no tearrag.  
 Cuir fainne mu do mheur  
 Naoi oidheche roimh do bhàs  
 'S gun tuit a chlach as an aimhne (fhainne ?)



Biodh mnaibhne na Feinne is Fionn  
 Gad tairse ann an Cromghlinn  
 Gabh sgian beag 'n ad laimhse  
 Is beir air a mhuc air a chluas deas  
 'S na gabh roimhe fiamh no feagal  
 'S na beanadh riut deur dhe 'm fuil  
 Air na bheil a dh oir an Teamhar  
     Sin arsa Fionn dar chaidh e dhathigh  
     le ceann na muice.

Gun dith buadh rath air a cheann  
 Air nach bu dual bhi mall  
 'S tu mac na feinn bhear moudh (*sic*)  
 'S ann duit bu dual maith a dheanamh.

Sin arsa Conan  
 Tha gliocas an t saoghail uile  
 Air a chàradh\* ann Caolt 'n aon duine      (\* charuadh?)  
 Air neadh teagaisg Mnai-sith  
 Nach 'eil 'n aon riathachd ruinne      (rioghachd? riochd?)  
     Sin labhair Leanan sith.

Maireach nitear do bhannais-se  
 Mhic Ronain na tath sholluis      (rath?)  
 Chi thu mise thugad le arraig      (earradh?)  
 Gum b' e sin air arraig bhuadhach      (eiric?)  
 Tighean o Chnoc Guaille amach  
 Laogh bheag is biatagann  
 Mucan mara is muagann      (mathghamhuin)  
 O laimhe na ban sgathach      beann?)

'S o choille chrith ghuailleach  
 Air na heachaibh broinn dearg  
 'S air na heachaibh donn dearg  
 Bhiodh gille cas d' am frithealadh s'  
 'S cha b' urrain e d' an tionalsan  
 Ochd fichead deug daimh alluidh san  
 'S cha n fhacas riabh a sianalsann  
 Sin aguibhse Fhiannaibh Fail  
 Arraig Chaoilt o Leannan  
 Gus an tig sàil air bhraighibh bheann  
 Agus fraoch air fairge ghlas  
 Gu lo bhrath cha-n fhaic thu Ailbhin

## Duan Fraoch agus Meagh.

Am bodach sin on d' fhalbh a bhean  
 Ged bha i seal 'n a reir  
 Nis na biosa fo Lionn  
 Dh' imich o Fionn a bhean fhein.  
 Dh' fhalbh bhean o Raoine Ruadh  
 Bu cheannard e air shluagh cheud  
 Dar chair an curachan air seol (chaidh ?)  
 Thug i gradh do mhac righ Greug  
 Cha do chuimhnich i rosg malla  
 Cairreal ge bu gheal a ghnuis  
 Rinn a bhean cuis air a cheann  
 Mac Rudor an domhain mhoir  
 Bu mhor a shòlais re mhnaoi  
 Dh' imich i uaith g' a deoin  
 Shilleadh e deoir thun a làir.  
 Thuirt Meagh nach biadh i slan  
 Ach faigheadh i làn a bais mìn  
 Do chaoran Loch an Fhicar  
 Gun duine g' am buan ach Fraoch  
 Cheud la chair Fraoch a snàmh (chaidh)  
 Air ghuth mhnai \* 's cha b' aill leis olc \* mnà  
 Thug e lan a bhruid a thir  
 Choran abuich mhion gun lochd.  
 Sin dar labhair a bhean bhaoth  
 O na bha i gun ghrais gun chèil  
 Bhrosluich i Fraoch thun t snabh \* \* snamh  
 Ach an deach' e an dàil a bheist  
 "Sud am meas am bheil mo mhiann  
 "A dheagh mhic Chuaich nan sgiath dearg  
 "Meas a' chrainn is airde dos  
 "Chi mi air an loch ud thall."  
 Gun do ghluais Fraoch 's cha ghille trom  
 Shnamh leis air an lith \* bhuig \* linne  
 Cha d' fhaod e ge bu mhòr àgh  
 Thighean o na bhàs robh a chuid.  
 Thachair Fraoch mac Chuaich fein  
 Agus a bheisd taobh air thaobh  
 Shluig i, ge bu ro mhath aghleus  
 Leith laimh na beul o sgarra thaobh  
 'S truagh gun chladheamh crudigh cruadh  
 Laimh mhic Chuaich na gruagh dearg

Agus làn a chois a thir  
 Aig an rìgh nach smuainich cealg.  
 Labhair i ris le fearg  
 O là bha i làn cealg is guinn  
 Cha do chreid i Fraoch bhi marbh  
 Ged bha bheisd gharbh na bhuinn. (mhuin?  
 Seachd righean chuir i gu bas  
 Bu mhor a càs 's a h olc  
 Bu chuid diubh Conall is Aogh  
 Is Cairreal caomh nan airm goirt  
 Conchullin sgoilteadh sgiath  
 Agus fear dìon an taobh ghil  
 Fraoch mac Chuaich nan ros g reidh  
 Fear nach d' ob ni do dhuinne air bith  
 Chuir Fraoch gonadh anns a bheist  
 Leis an treis bha 'n a dhorn  
 Dh' fhag ise Fraoch air an traigh  
 Chaidh i fein a snamh is i leont'  
 Gleidh gach fear fo na grèine  
 Mhnaoi fein ma 's dean i lochd  
 Air eagal 's gum bi i fhein  
 Mar bha Meagh an deigh na corp.

*Gillies 107. Report of the Committee of the Highland Society,  
p. 99 ; Appendix No. VII.*

### Duan na h Inghin.

Thachair do dh' Oisein air uair àraid bhi air tulaich ro bhoidh-  
each 's e fuaidh mhulad ro-mhòr cuimhneachdain air catha ro mhor  
chunnaire e uair eigin air an tulaich air an robh 'n a shuidhe.

Sin nar labhair Patruic re Oisein  
 "Oisein uallach mhic Fhinn  
 "'S tu ad shuidhe air tulaich eibhinn  
 "Mhilidh mhoir nach" meata  
 "Chi mi bròn air t inntin."  
 Fà bhròin bhiodh orm fhein  
 Phatruic mhic Alpuin fheil  
 Bhi cuimhneachdain Fionn na Feinne  
 Seachd cathan na gnà Feinne  
 An tulaich air am bheil sinn maraon  
 Phatruic chaomh na Preas saor

Chunnairc mise teaghlach Fhinn  
 Gu muirneach, aigeantach, meaghrach,  
 Thigeadh iad uile na slòigh  
 Seasadh Fionn conagh aigmheall (*sic*)  
 'N ar suidhe dhuinne uile an Fhiann  
 Air an tulach oir is iar  
 Chunnaic sinn tighean o 'n ear  
 Bean fhorium 's i 'n a h aonar.  
 Bhiodh rosg gaireachduin 'na ceann  
 'S bhiodh h earradh àluinn m'a *hiamchuin* thiomchioll  
 Bhiodh shlabhruidh òir bu chaon h *eabhra*  
 'S bhiodh shlabhruidh òir m' a caomh bhragad  
 'S bhiodh leantag de n t sròl a bhurre (b' ùire  
 Ma crios gradhach caomh curr (cùbhraidh  
 Bhiodh fainne an òir m' a geall ghlaic  
 Bhiodh Dunag òir m' a brat uaine  
 Bragad bu ghil fuidh dealt  
 Aig a righin uasal aigmheil  
 Thug sinn na trom chion uile  
 Teaghlach Fhinn bu lion tional  
 Gun cheisd aig duine an Fheine Fhinn  
 Dha mhnaoi fein ach dha 'n inghean  
 Chuir i comradh air Fionn fein  
 Nighean uasal, is rioghail beus  
 Mo chomraidh air Oisein 'n a dheidh  
 Lamh chosgairt an teugbhoil  
 Mo chomraidh air Oscar an àigh  
 Loach nach gealtach an comhradh (comhrag?  
 Mo chomraidh air Goll mòra  
 Mac Morna na Bratach sròil  
 Mo chomraidh air Caoilte cruadh  
 Air Dhiarmad donn 's air mac Lughach  
 Mo chomraidh oirbh Fhiannaibh maith  
 Eidir mac righ is ro-flath (al. ard-fhlath  
 Sin arsa Fionn  
 " Ciod an toir air do dheigh  
 " Ghruagach òg nan rosca reidh  
 " Nach innsidh tu dhomh a nighean  
 ' No cia 'n t-shlighe thug thu 'n ceum.  
 Tòireachd bhiodh ormsa fhein  
 Fhionn uasal is rioghail Fheinne  
 Fear mòr mileanta treun  
 Fhuileach, faobhrach, airm gheir  
 Bas luath, beumnach, toilgeach  
 Mac Morra righ na h Easbuilte



Eagal ormsa a Fhiannuibhse Fhinn  
 E ga leaduirt 's 'g an dorruin  
 Thug Ceathrar mac Fhinn gu m buadh  
 Faolan 's Aodh is Raoine ruadh  
 Thug Raoine rodach mac Fhinn  
 Na briathra aild uir eibhinn  
 Nach robh duine 'n iar no 'n ear  
 Fo cheathar Rannaibh an domhain  
 Nach fhagadh Eanchinn a chinn  
 Mu 's leig iad leis an inghean  
 Suidhidh mi so air do sgath  
 Nighean ais ailde comhradh  
 Mus toir fear mòr thu leis  
 Ge mòr do bheachd as fheabhas  
 Cia fhad bhiodh fear mòr uaibh  
 Mhic Fhinn gam beireadh buaidh  
 Bith dhuinn tamuil air a bheinn  
 Agus bheir a bheannachd Oisein  
 Chi sinn fear mor uainne  
 Seoladh a chala 's a chuain  
 Taruing luing air tìr  
 Tochd \* oirn gu h ainmin (\* teachd)  
 Gum b' e sin fear mòr mallda (al. dàna)  
 Na stuagh dhireach Allbharuidh \* (\*Allmharuidh)  
 Le fraoch feirg gu Fiann Fhinn  
 'S e 'n a chaor theinte thugainn  
 Leine d' an t sròil bhuidhe mu 'n fhear  
 'S a chriosuibh siad 'g a cheangal  
 Da shleagh is cruadh na rinn  
 'Siad na buille sheas air a ghualain  
 Sgian mhòr is òr air a blaoph (*sic*)  
 An dorn tousgeal a mhilidh.  
 Bhiodh chladheamh mòr frasach nimhneach  
 Cruadh Cosgarra co-chinnteach  
 'S a cheann bheart clochara 'n òir  
 Os ceann socharra a mhacain  
 Thug e ruathar gun cheill  
 Cha do bheannaich e dh Fhionn no 'n fheinne  
 Mharbh e ceud do Fhiannuibh Fhinn  
 Agus mharhhadh leis an inghean  
 Cheangal e naonar mac Fhinn  
 Le naoi naonar do luchd leanmhuin  
 Le cinnidh meanmnach mear mor  
 Rinn Iulain armach euchdach  
 Thiontan mo mhacsa air learg

Oseair 's e làn do throm fheirg  
 Rinn e connfhadh gu dana  
 Ris an fhear mhòr mhinàrach  
 Rinn e connfhadh ris gu dearbh  
 Fhuileach faobhrach is e garg  
 Bhiodh sgriosadh faalagh gu teann (fala)  
 Mar chlochan le garbh ghleann  
 No mar chaor theinte o 'n tealuich  
 Bhiodh tarruing nan laoch nimhneach  
 Thug Oscar am beum gu fearail  
 Os ceann Sochair a mhacan  
 Dhicheth leis a bheum ghrand' Dhithicheadh  
 Oighre aluinn na h easbuilt :  
 Chladhaich sinn leac do 'n ghaisgeach  
 Air an tulach mu 'n iadh na Fleasgaich  
 'S leac mhnai<sup>1</sup> air an taobh eile  
 Mhic alpuinn a Albhuidh  
 Sud an tulach a b' àilde dreach  
 Far nach d' fhuair sinn gaiseg riabh  
 Ach aon là sinn 'n ar cluain  
 Thainig Righin uasal òg  
 Ga mhòr thug sinn di ghradh  
 'S iomadh fear a phaidh a poig  
 Thuit iad mar dhoire gun bhath  
 Dar thainig am Fear mòr  
 Sud agadsa Eachdruidh nam fear  
 Phadruic is glaine ceol  
 Fearr is darna leath na Feinn  
 Dh' fhag sinn air an t-sliabh gun deo  
 Ge mòr bh' aguinn chleas  
 'S beag dhe nar leas rinn an lo.

### Dan Eibhin &

Thachair an Fhein air la araid ri gaisgich ro-mhòir g'am  
 b' ainm Eibhin agus Trostan is thug iad cath fiadhaich ri cheil air  
 traigh Chlian.

Air bhas gus an deach' an Fhiann  
 Cha d' thug i ceum teichidh riabh  
 Ach nodag beag air an traigh  
 Air an taobh siar do dhun gallan  
 Cha d' fhuair sinn Ciuthach 's an dùin

<sup>1</sup> a mhnatha ? do 'n mhnai

Nam faigh bu mhistè dhuinn  
 Fhuair sinn iomanadh agus gràin  
 Bho Eibhin & o Throstan  
 Chair (chaidh) Goll leadairt na lurach\* (\*nan lùireach ?)  
 Le Eibhin mac ghorm shùileach  
 Dh' ghugar Trostan garg an ghoill  
 Air Oscair euchdach connfhadh.  
 Dh' ghuagair\* iad air clanna morna (\*Dh' agair ?)  
 Na laoi ch eannarda chrodha  
 Dh' ghuagair iad air clanna Sgainne  
 Fhionn fhuileach nan sleagh rinn gheur  
 Dh' ghuagair iad air clanna Ceardal  
 Clann an rìgh fhuair an dearbhadh  
 Dh' ghuagair air Ryn mac Fhinn  
 'S air na Bailbh gabh boil leinn.  
 Sin nar dh' eisd uille an Fhiann  
 Mar nach cual iad focal riabh  
 Thug iad nodag air an tràigh  
 Le teicheadh is le con ghraid (*sic*)  
 Ghluais Oscair nan airm àigh  
 Coinneamh mhic an Nuamharan  
 Bhiodh fras falbh (fala ?) ri lair  
 Ceo teas dol 's an iarmailt  
 Cloidhean gam bualadh gu cruaidh  
 Fhuil air chraoslich\* cnaudhe ruadh (\*crò ?)  
 Sgiathan 'n am blòidhibh ri làir.  
 Aig mac maiseach Nuamharan  
 Thug Oscar an \* gaisg bheum buadhach \* na  
 'S ann leinn bu leor chruadhachd  
 Bhuin e ceann gun bhaol (mhaol ?) deth  
 Le faobhair geir a chlàidheamh.  
 Beannachd, a mhic air an laimh  
 Buadh lamhach leat agus coineachd  
 Glac an ceann air bhraud (*sic*) bhan bhraghad  
 Thoir e fianuis do Sheanathair.  
 Ceann mhic Rìgh air thoir chreach  
 'S e chuireadh feum air ceud long phort  
 Cha d thugainnse sud air sail  
 Air mhaith an domhain donbhail. domhail.  
 Cha leig mise fein 'sin dhuit  
 Se lathair Goll Mòr e\* Cruachan \*a ?  
 Beir air a cheann gun aufachd (abhachd ?)  
 'S thoir e 'm fianuis na\* hardflath \*nan ?  
 Air a laimhse Ghuill mhic morna  
 Cha tugainn dhuit urram crodha

Cha tugainnse cloinn t athar  
 Air sliochd Chuinn cheud cathach  
 Thug an t Oscair calma còir  
 Ruadhar feartha fearail  
 Dh' alluiceadh\* e dh' aindeoin nam fiann \* adhlaic  
 Ceann 's a cholluin a dh' aon rian  
 Chuir e 'n ceann mileanta Badhach (*sic*)  
 Chuir e seachd traighean 's a bhlàir  
 Air deagh mhac maiseach Nuamharan  
 Cha tugadh e snoise a ghearr  
 do dh' Oisein no do dh' Iolann.  
 Dh' eirich Oisein baughach (buadhach) fial  
 Ghlac e chlaidheamh 's a sgiath  
 Chuir e bhean cruidmhe m'a cheann  
 Dha shleagh 's a ghorm lann  
 Thog a chrìos caoitheanta catha  
 An aghaidh mhic na h ard flath  
 Chair (chaidh) clann ronn is clann saoth  
 'S am bratuichean taobh air thaobh  
 Chaidh iad gu tulaich nam buadh  
 Mu thiomchìol Oscair airm ruadh  
 Chaidh clann Laghach nighean Fhinn  
 'S am brataichean os an cionn  
 Chaidh iad gu tulach nam buadh,  
 Mu thiomchìol Oscair airm ruadh,  
 Chaidh clanna Deirg nan lann  
 'S am bratuichean nach robh mall  
 Chaidh iad gu tulaich nam buadh  
 Mu thiomchìol Oscair airm ruadh  
 Cuigear mac Ailbhin ri Fionn  
 Cuigear Bhear (fear? mhear?) bhan Eirinn  
 B'e Cairreal Ceutfach na creach  
 Agus Aurul euchdach na hiorghail  
 Faolan 's raon mac Fhinn  
 Agus Aodh crodha coitchionta  
 Cuigear ud uille bho sheol  
 Gu crothanda 's gu calma toirteil  
 Mu thiomchìol Osaìr an aigh  
 Gun easbhuidh sgiath na sgannan  
 Ciod nis is fuireach dhuit  
 Osaìr mhoir nach eisd na gluig  
 Clann Mheacuin Fhinn mu d' cheann  
 'S maithibh clann mhic treun mhall.  
 Cha teid mi bhualadh na Fiann  
 No Oisein mor nan garbh sgiath



O nach 'eil iad so uile  
 Na dhiobhalas\* aon duine (i.e., dhiolas  
 Cha robh m' athairs' fein  
 Catha no comhrag 'na feim  
 As nach d'thug e dhealbh chorp slàn  
 Air ghealachas a leannan  
 Agus a cholluin chaomh choire  
 Mar aon agus anam ionmhuin  
 Deansa sud a mhic ghradhach  
 Thur ghasda mhòir àluinn  
 Thoir sith do dh' Iolunn nam flath  
 La 's e guile is treis 's an Teamhar  
 No bu chuimhne leat catha cnoc.  
 No latha catha beinn eudainn,  
 Bhiodh fuil Ghuill gu dhornaibh  
 'N ti sheideadh na chup cornaibh  
 'S ann thuit Cuoll nam fleagh  
 Le laimh Iolainn euchdaich  
 Cha b' e Iolainn mharbh 's a chath e  
 Cha mharbhadh ceud deth leithid  
 Co thionnailinn Domhuin uille  
 Tochda mu chuill chrodha bhuilleach  
 Chuir Fearghus an ceann a cheile  
 Seachda cathan na gnà Feinne  
 Fhuair e sith bhuan bhaubhach (sic)  
 O Gholl crodha cruadalach.  
 Sheall sinn *teirthear* a mach,  
 O Dhun Chiuthaich gu h uaibhreach  
 Bean an rìgh na coisin beud  
 Aig mac chatha 's a choisin  
 Sheall sinn teirthair suas  
 Gu crìochan b'aille a snuadh  
 Shuidhich sinn pubul sròil  
 Ann an Riachd chuimhne chatha mhoir  
 Thiontadh mac Nuamfhir a shluagh  
 Fhuilleach faobhrach taobh ruadh  
 Air thoireachd a mhnaoi gu mall  
 Eamhur nighean rìgh na h Easbuilt  
 Chuir Ciuthach theachdair uaith  
 Gu Fionn M<sup>c</sup>Cumhail nan airm ruadh  
 Ceann Oisein thoirt da na laimh  
 'S ceann Oiscair 'n ceud char.  
 'S ceann Ghuill 's Chonan ma seach  
 Fhaoin (fhaotainn ?) uile do dh' aon fheachd  
 Se tràthan an d' iarr e sud

Osgair 's a ghreug Laoimneach  
 Air bith dhoibh bhi tochda bho cheile  
 Ciuthach & Fionn na Feinne  
 Labhair fear air a bhaoph (thaobh ?)  
 Chi mi Osgair teathn (tighean ? teann ?)  
 An ceann na seachda trà mar sin  
 Thainig Osgair nan rosgan ghlan  
 Gu fuathr faoithreanda nimhneach  
 Gu cruadh coisgeara co chinnteach  
 'S maith dhlustadh us sinn  
 Thruph (*sic*) Chiuthach mhic an Nuamhfhir  
 Gur mise mharbh do bhraithrean  
 Agus cinnidh do shean mhathair  
 Agus ga b' Chiuthach ainm gach fhir  
 'S na thainig dhiubh air saile soir  
 Cha dreug dhiubh om' lainne  
 Ach fuigheal faobh agus Bhrenan  
 Muinntir Chiuthaich 's an dùin  
 Tharug iad air chul Osgair  
 Muinntir Osgair dail mo ghlaic  
 Chair (chaidh) iad sud air chul chiuthaich  
 Thog Osgair an lamh bheumnach lom  
 Gu frasach as a ghuallain  
 Chuir dheth Ciuthach an ceann  
 Am fiadhnuis Fiann Eirinn  
 Beannachd a mhic air do laimh  
 Beannachd rìgh nìgh na neull (*sic*)  
 Gu robh omhrdan is aubh (sic agh )  
 Air laimh Osgair is connfhadh.  
 Dar chunnairc Eamhur fhiall  
 Ceann Chiuthaich air an t sliabh,  
 Shileadh i na frasan fola  
 Air na rosga rann ghlan  
 Shileadh i na frasan deurach  
 Air na Rosga aird aird gheurach.  
 Air a bhas gus an deach an Fhiann  
 Cha d' thug i ceum teicheadh riabh  
 Ach nodag beag air an traigh  
 Air an taobh siar do dhun gallan.

## Laomain Mòr.

Thachair an Fhiann air uair àraid re Laomunn mòr Mac  
Nuamhfhir is thug iad cath fiadhach re cheile air an tulach.

'S cianail sin a thulaich àrd  
Air bhàr gu facas uair  
An commun nach diultadh roimh neach  
Ged tha e nochd gun teach gun tuar  
Ort a bhiodh Laomun mòr  
Mac an Nuamhfhir chlaoi' a ghreis  
Laoch chuir Alba fo chàin  
Le neart dh' a laimh 's a chleas  
Thugad dhise gu h umhal  
Dh' aindecòin a sluagh 's a rìgh  
Cruinneachd Alba 's a feoil  
A h airgiod, a h òr, 's a fion,  
Thainig Cairreall ort dhe nar Fheinn  
Mac rìgh Alba nan sgiath òir  
Cha bheag sud maoin dhe do mhuirn  
Bho 'n thulaich uaine 's geal uail  
Thainig mise ort cath nach tiom  
'S nach till ann ionad cruadh  
Gun eagal faobhair no rinn  
Ge mòr air mo chinn a shluagh  
'S e liunn (leinn ?) thainig Faolan fial  
Caogad sgiath is claidheamh glas  
O theaghlaich Fhinn flath na Fiann  
Gu dùn Laomun na sniogha cas.  
Cath iongantach caom an uail  
Sgioba duimasach do dheagh shluagh  
Bha Diarmad is Caoilte cruadh  
Fo na bhratuich eucdaich (euchdaich) airm ruadh  
Thainig clann Niaur chruaidh  
Clanna dheargadh luadh an rìnn  
Naoi fichead sgiath gharg ann goil  
'S mharbhta ceud leis gach aon fhear,  
Thainig Clann Niaur dhuinn  
Thainig buighne nan ainm iuall  
Catha mòr gun chairdeas nan dhàil  
Le fraoch feirg is iomarbhaidh  
Thainig an Fhiann ghaolach gu mòr  
'S na ghlas sloigh bu mhòr neart  
Fian mharra harrum (fathram ?) nan tonn

Thainig iad 's bu trom am feachd.  
 Thainig droing eile dhe nar Fheinne  
 Is iad gabhail gèill gach fear  
 Lom lan loingeas agus long  
 Luireach agus lann is sleagh.  
 Thainig tri chathan deth nar Fheinn  
 Leis Ghiolla 's maith feum air thùs  
 Laoch nach d' thug breathra do fhear  
 Iulain mear mac Morna mòr  
 Air bhi dhuinn bhi gaorraid o'n dùn  
 Chunnaic sinn doire dluth is sleagh  
 Aon chath fhuileach feardha mor  
 Bu lionmhor an slòigh is fir  
 Aon laoch fuileadh roimh air thòs  
 Le harradh siod agus sròil.  
 Le luraich mhor iarsach ulaich  
 Le sgabul treun bhreac bhuadhach  
 'S le dha shleagh fhad chaol dhireach  
 Sgian mhòr is or air a thearluin  
 Air crios mac na mhoir mheinmein  
 Be sud laoch feardha fuileach  
 An toscair calma crotha builleach  
 Odha Fhinn reubadh na cathan  
 Deagh mhac uasal na h-ard fath  
 'S ann beagan an deigh na shlighe  
 Thainig Oscar nan airm nimhe  
 Thainig an tarraim mhear mhearach  
 Bratach Fhinn 's a threun teaghlach  
 'S e thainig fo na gille ghreine  
 Seachd cathan na gna Fheinne  
 Thug sinn tarruing chleas chruadh  
 Mu dhun Laomun anns an uair  
 Ga nar Faothag ann iomairt chleas  
 (*sic*) Cha dghuth dha mo threis bhi buan.  
 B' e mo mhac Oscair nan cathan  
 'S ann leis chosgadh an t saoidh  
 'S e connfhadh Laomuinn nan cleas  
 Chuir mòr ghonadh deas 'na thaobh.  
 'S mi Oisein an deigh nam Fiann  
 Dh' iomairichin sgiath ann catha garg  
 Cha toir mi 'n duigh aig meud m 'uile  
 Ceum an aghaidh uchd no aird  
 Gur mi Oisein bochd mac Fhinn  
 'S ann rium leagadh e rùn  
 Ach an duigh ge beag mo rath  
 'S mi an dara cath bha air thùs.



## Dàn an Deirg.

Thainig an Dearg dana Treathal (Druibheil) air la araid  
asteach air chuan na Eirinn gu glacfadh Eirinn uile, is gu  
tabhairt fo chios gu h iomlan.

Innis caithream an fhir mhòir  
Thainig thugaibh air ceud doigh  
'N treun laoch tha làn do ghoil  
B' e an Dearg dana mac Treathal  
Fuidh aisgill na Fiann is gairbh ghoil  
Thogar an Dearg mac Treathal  
'N fhoir o thir nam fear fionn  
Gu crìochan fuilleach fionn Eirinn  
'N geall gaisgich an domhan torr  
Bhuineadh an Dearg mac Treathal  
Air mheud, air leud, 's air dhealbh 's air dhreach  
Air chòmhnadh ceart, 's air chèatfuidh  
Dithis laoch nìor chumdhà ndhfail (*sic*)  
'G amharc chuan chobhar bhan  
B' e Raoin rodach mac Fhinn  
'S an Caoll crodhà mac Rifin  
'N dithis bha fhorior (fair' air) chuan  
'S ann thuit iad nan soirm suan  
Cha do ghabh iad sgeul an fhir mhoir  
Ach gun do e treuchd man ceart choir  
Thug an laoch bu ghlaire dreach  
Leum e crannuibh chraoslaich  
Air a Phaire bhar a snaidh  
Air an traidbach gheal ghainnich  
Fhalt maoth buidhe mar òr cheard  
Os cionn mhala mhin dealbh  
Da dhearc shuil, ghorm ghlan  
Os geal gnuis a mhillidh  
Lann tana gu leadart chuirp  
Aig an laoch nach gealtach an comhrag  
Da shleagh craimhe reamhar catha  
An laimh mhic na h ard flatha  
Briathra thug an laoch làn  
Mun drachadh e air sail  
Nach dreug e gun gheill thoirt leis  
O gach Fiannuibh 's math dha fheabhas  
Thoir sgeul dhuinn, fhir mhòir  
Oir sinn tha fhorir a (fair' air o) chuan

Dà mhac rìgh sar mhough (?) sinu (*sic*)  
 Dh' fhiannuibh slan mhoughs Eirinn  
 Tir o'n d thainig mi mi anois  
 'S teare aon laoch dan bith m abhnais (*sic*)  
 'S mi 'n Dearg o thir nam fear fionn  
 'S mi 'g iarraidh ard' rioghachd Eirinn.  
 Dha maith do ghaisgeachd, fhir  
 'S ge mhor do bheachd dhe d' fheobhas  
 B' iomadh ann Fianuibh Finn  
 Laoch dh' fhag air do chonnfhadh  
 Com'nach feuchmaid re cheile  
 'N ar fiabhruis anns an aimhreite  
 Thun an Dearg a b' ailde dreach  
 Thogair 'n Caoil crodha cathmhor  
 Nochd iad lanna tanna  
 'N corpuibh caomh crios-gheal  
 Bhriseadh iad an earradh gabhaidh  
 Air a cheil' anns an t eugbhoile  
 Ghlac iad cuim a eheil'  
 Anns an iorghail gu aimhreite  
 Ach gun do cheangaladh leis an Dearg  
 An Caol crodha 's na codhrannan (*sic*)  
 Dh' eirich Raoine an aigne mhir  
 'N deis 'n Caol crodha chrioplain  
 Mac Rìgh na Feinne gu sàr  
 Chun an treunfhir chonbhail  
 Nochd iad lanna tanna  
 'N corpuibh caomh criosgheal  
 Bhriseadh iad an earradh gabhaidh  
 Air a cheil' anns an teugbhoile  
 Ghlac iad cuim a cheil  
 Anns an iorghail gu h aimhreite  
 Cheangal e 's bu chruaidh an fheum  
 Raoine rodach nan luath bheum  
 Sgaoil do Chrioplain a laoch luim  
 'S tog sinne mu da thimchiol  
 Gabh briathra dinn ma seach  
 Nach tog sinn airm 'n ad aghaidh  
 Dh' fhuasgail an curaidh an treas fiach  
 Coimbhreabch<sup>1</sup> (*sic*) na n deas<sup>2</sup> treun laoch  
 Ghabh e briathra dhiubh mar sin  
 Nach tog iad airm 'n a aghaidh  
 Ghluais e der an sin gu teach an rìgh

<sup>1</sup> Cuibhreach ?      <sup>2</sup> dithis ?

Gu tigh Chormaie mhoir theaghlaich  
 B' iomadh fear ceann bheirt is sròil  
 Bhiodh mu Chormac an ceud doigh  
 Bu lionmhor curaidh gun sgàth  
 'G amharc chuan a chobhrdha bhhain  
 'S maith 'n tigeadh duinne 'nall thairis  
 Dh' iomairt chleas air Fionn Eirionn  
 Ceud chuir teann ri leadurt  
 An dearg dhe a mhuinntir  
 'S dà cheud eile fuidh gnìoadh dha (*sic*)  
 Chlaoidht' leis an Dearg 'n aon là  
 Uiread eile ged bhiodh iad ann  
 Bhiodh an anam 's an aon bhall.  
 Dar chunnaic an Rìgh teann rìgh Teamhr  
 Dichìol an Deirg a leadairt a mhuinntir  
 Chuir e teachdair gu luath  
 Gu mac Cumhail nam mòr shluagh.  
 Mochthra latharn mharach  
 Thainig mac Cumhail gu tromdha  
 Le naoi mìle gaisgich glan  
 Gun easbhuidh sgiath no sgannan (*sic*)  
 Dheagh sluagh mhic Mhoirn nan creach  
 Cuirm is poig an teach teann rìgh Teamhra  
 Ceud chuir Fionn leadairt  
 An Dearg dhe mhuinntir  
 'S dà cheud eile fuidh gnìoadh dha (*sic*)  
 Chlaoidht' leis an Dearg an aon là  
 Uiread eile ged bhiodh iad ann  
 Bhiodh an anam 's an aon bhall.  
 Dar chunnaic Fionn nam Fian  
 'N Dearg leadairt a mhuinntir  
 Bhrosluich e chip catha  
 An aghaidh mhic na h ard flath  
 Seachd la agus seachd trath  
 Gum bonmhuin (*sic*) mic agus mnàì  
 Dioladh nam fal gun sgath  
 Air a churaidh le còmhnadh  
 Na leigt' suan no codal  
 Do rìgh no 'n Dearg gruadh coirc  
 Ghlacfuidh e Eirinn le bheachd  
 Agus bhiodh 'n geill a luingeas.  
 Greis air uirsgeul 'n an deighs'  
 Trian gaisgeachd cha-n innis

*N.B.*--Then follows Conn M<sup>c</sup> an Deirg verbatim, the same with the edition in Gillies, p. [39].

## THE MAC NICOL COLLECTION.

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Of the 2819 lines of heroic poetry which formed the Mac Nicol Collection, Dr Cameron transcribed 1063. This is a very fortunate circumstance, inasmuch as it appears that the Mac Nicol MSS. are now lost, possibly beyond recovery. The following are the pieces which he has transcribed :—

An Invinn.....	106 lines.
Urnidh Ossian.....	146 „
Ossian agus Clerich (Manus) .....	188 „
Conn Mac an Deirg.....	188 „
Cath na 'n Seiseir.....	62 „
A Chios Chnaimh .....	66 „
Cath Bein Edin.....	112 „
Two Extracts, corrected forms, from	
(1) Manus.....	68 „
(2) Invinn.....	22 „
Luidh Fhraoich.....	105 „

Dr Cameron published Mac Nicol's "Urnidh Oisín" in the *Scottish Review* of October, 1886. He has left corrections of Campbell's text in *Leabhar Na Feinne* for one poem only, viz., "Ossian and the Cleric" or "Manus." This we reproduce in full. Unfortunately Campbell's text is not very accurate, if considered *literatim*. It is easy to see his mistakes in the case of well known poems, but in the unique poem of "A Chios Chnaimh," as well as one or two more, we subjoin corrections of the most serious errors.



## DR CAMERON'S CORRECTIONS ON "MANUS."

Verse.		Verse.	
2.	Fhoin for Thein.	30.	So for Se.
4.	Fagamaid for Tagamaid.	31.	Chuineas for cluineas chureas.
8.	prop for prap. mhachd for mhac.		s' car for 'scar.
9.	bn for bu.		Doighansa for Doigh annsa.
10.	Hogiad for Hog iad.		nan for 'na 'n.
12.	Shaoladh for shaoileadh.	32.	lomlan for lom-lan.
13.	Rechidh for Rachidh. don for do 'n.		A guinne for Aguinne.
15.	Racharsa for Rachansa.	33.	chur for chuir.
16.	Fearghus for Feargheas. armail for armoil.		chron for chran.
17.	feasich for fearich. bu for bo.		Bu for S bu.
18.	ghluas for ghluais. Thian for Fhian. thair for hair.		o sair for os air.
20.	do d' for dod. ma 'm for mu 'm.	34.	Colan for Cotan.
21.	Fearghus for Feargheas. chosmhuil for chosmail.	35.	Tuadh for Tuath.
22.	dhomh for dho.		'N iath for 'N cath.
23.	tugamse for tugainse. (neach comgrase). brath for brach.	37.	Thachair for Hachair. na 'n for nan.
27.	Dianamaid for Diarmaid.		Re for Ri.
28.	e for he. a nochd for an nochd. sgaram for sgarrain.		<i>Tuitem</i> for Thuitem.
29.	Bearmachd for Beannachd. bumaibh for buinidh. na 'n for nan.		ba for bu.
		38.	Turleim for Turloim. ghumeach for ghuinneach.
			Sheilg for Heilg
		41.	airsan for air san.
			Chaol for Chaoil.
		42.	nan for na 'n.
		43.	(na caomh) for na Gaoil. Fhaalt for Fhoalt.
		44.	Fuasgeath for Fuasglath.
			Fhreun for Threun.
		45.	treid for heid.

## CORRECTIONS ON "CHIOS CHNAIMH."

- Line 5, for eug read eisg.  
 „ 13, for ceutach read conlach.  
 „ 19 & 22, read oscionn.  
 „ 23, alternate for *gar* is Ge 'm bheil.

## CORRECTIONS ON "CATH NA 'N SEISEIR."

- Line 3, read, Ban du Osgar 's Fearragan Fial.  
 „ 12, delete an ceud.  
 „ 15, for oscan, read oscean.  
 „ 27, for Gloir, read Gloin.

Between verses 10 and 11 a later hand suggests to insert this verse :—

Diongidh misidh Aheissir eille  
'She huirr Caorrl nan arm gaiste  
As cha chuir e trom oir chach  
Aoin Laoch a hig am chobhail.

## CORRECTIONS ON "FRAOCH."

- Verse 6, read mach e hein.  
 „ 8, for Ospic read Bhie.  
 „ 15, for masibh, read maoibh.  
 „ 17, read Veid aibh.  
 „ 19, for Chial, read bhial.  
 „ 20, for cu si, read ensi.  
 „ 26, for *chloghreach*, read *hriach* or *a cholg*.  
 „ „ Friach, read T riach, also *bhara*.  
 „ 28, for provid, read pronnir.

## CORRECTIONS ON "INVINN."

- Verse 7, line 5, for an Righ, read an aigh.  
 „ 16, for Inmaccain, read Mhaccain.  
 „ 20, for bha rarich, read bhi-narich.

## CATH BEINN EDIN.

In the second line *ceol* has the *ce* deleted, and the result is *ol*.

- Line 8, for snad, read mod.  
 „ 85, for Oiohin, read Oichin.  
 „ 86, for as, read an.

## ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.

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THE following poems in the Dean of Lismore's Book are endorsed by Dr Cameron as revised in May, 1888, from the 9th to the 12th, inclusive, of that month, viz. :—

The two poems on page 2.  
Anvin in nocht, p. 8.  
Goll's Praise, p. 54.  
The Heads, p. 66.  
A Zorri, p. 75.  
The Graves of the Féinne, p. 76.  
Am Brat, p. 76.  
Fleyg vor, p. 84.  
Tulach na Féinne, p. 86.  
Bennyeh di hylyeh, p. 90.  
Mark Dwnna, p. 91.  
Alexander's Grave, p. 92.  
Hanic yvyr, p. 101.  
Di vi za'nich, p. 102.  
Margi za gallir, p. 103.  
The Seven Sins, p. 104.  
Gillipatrick Onachtan p. 107.

Page 10—This poem, known as “Urnaigh Oisein,” was published in the *Scottish Review* (1886), and it is here reproduced from that version of text, transliteration and translation.

Page 20—The Ballad of “Essroy,” here given, appeared in the *Scottish Celtic Review*, both text and modern version, with translation.

Page 33, line 7—Aliter, *Righ na Fola trom*, or *Righ na Fodhla truim*?

Page 37, line 2—Properly *gun bladh*, “renowned.”

Page 63, line 20—Aliter, *Inghean Mheadhbha*.

Page 67, last line—Better *hast* than *has*.

Page 71, line 6—Properly *le m'*, not *leam*.

Page 71, line 22—For *duiltadh*, read *diultadh*.

Page 97, verse 8, last line, read—

Ceann nan ceud agus nan cuire.

“The head of hundreds and of hosts.”

For this rendering, compare *Coimpert Conchobair* in Rev. Celtique VI., 176, where at line 71 occurs the exact equivalent, viz. :—*bud cend cét is cuire.*

Page 121, Poem II., line 8—Read *dhuinn*.

Page 123, verse 4, last line—Read either *sol* or *sal*.

Page 125, line 28—For last word, read *baidhf*’.

Page 126, line 6—Read *ancoml*’ and *m*’.

Page 126, Poem VIII., verse 5, first line—Read *chruthidh*.

Page 127, Poem IX., line 2—Read *toighbheim*.

Page 129, note 1—Read *maittghin*.

Page 130, line 8—Read *seisi*.

Page 135, line 10—Read *ni* ; line 17, for *a*, read *o*.

Page 137, line 13—Read, *La da deach*,’ &c.

line 24—For *x*, read *f* in *bæ*’.

Page 139, line 7—Read *ancnoca*.

line 5 from bottom—Read *tonn*.

Page 140, Poem XXI., line 1—Read *brathis e fein*.

Page 141, last line of Poem XXI.—Read *cunradh*.

Page 143, line 4—Read *an tochtmadh*.

Page 151, line 12 of poem—Read *árd* ; 22, read *agh*.

Page 152, line 19—Read *heighfar* ; 32, read *ttalmh*’.

Page 153, Proverb 29—Read *fealtta*.

Page 160, line 8 from bottom—Read *cláirsech*, not *clairsech*.

Page 161, line 3 of second poem—Read *choimhéd*.

Page 162, line 8 from bottom—Read *iomairt*.

Page 163, line 6 from bottom—Read *don tseors*.

Page 164, line 9 from bottom—Read “*sheinnx*’ *sisi cruit*.”

Page 165, line 6 of Poem II.—Read *spíonadh*.

Page 166, line 3 from end—Read *duimne*.

Page 385, line 7 from bottom—Read *geilt* rather.

Page 386, line 24—Read *ro*, not *robh* ; last line, read *chiuin*.

Page 387, line 30—Delete hyphen at *mor-shluagh*.

line 33—Read *Se* for *So*.

Page 388, line 25—For *loir*, read *toir*.

Page 390, line 6—Read *flath*, not *flàth*.

Page 391, line 17—Read *aimhrèidh* ; 29, delete hyphen at *ar-dubh*, &c.

Page 393, line 5 of poem—Read *càch*.

Page 394, line 5 from bottom—Read *mun*.

Page 395, line 5 of second poem—Delete *Neach* on margin.

Page 395, verse 4, last line—Read “*na scian òire*.”



Page 396, verse 10—Read *fìr* and *Féinne* in line 3 ; verse 14, last line—"Osgar calmunt' *cruaidh*-bhuileach."

Page 397, verse 18, last line—Reverse *ear* and *iar* ; verse 19, line 3—Read *leath*.

Page 398, line 17 from bottom—Insert round brackets, not square.

Page 399, line 12 from end—Read *so* ; line 9, *deach*.

Page 400, line 1 of poem—Read *mòr*.

#### ERRATA IN "MEMOIR."

Page xlv., line 16—Read *emotion*.

Page xlviii., line 12 from bottom—Read *Kilmun*.

Page clvii., line 22—Read *benefited*.

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Cameron, A.

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